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A COMMON COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Yonder, friend, is the sun coming up,
A little swollen and red, by the way,
All on account of this long dry spell—
If the Court knows itself we'll have rain to-day.
Well, rain is good for the oats and grass,
And our crop, this year, looks thin, do you see;
Water has merits—but let that pass;
For general drinking, why, whisky for me.

A drop of whisky, that's what I like,
(Wonderful how the taste has increased)
I don't object to some other sort,
If that's not handy, not in the least.
But you've your likings, so have I mine,
It's the same with us all, the sinner and saint;
Some have a weakness solely for wine—
A milder form of a common complaint.

That's what's the matter with me, my friend,
This same complaint that I speak of now—
Always a trifle worse at this hour—
And then last night I slept in a mow,
Right in among the rough, dry hay.
It might have been worse—a ditch would have done.
Yonder's the barn, down there, by the way,
With its big brown gable facing the sun.

That accounts, do you see, my friend,
For my being here in this very place,
For, peering in through each crevice and chink,
The sun came, staring me full in the face,
Waking me out of a morning dream;
And, fearing the farmer might find me there,
I dropt to the floor from the long cross beam
And sauntered out to inhale the air.

"Early to bed and early to rise"—
You see the truth of the adage in me;
I never thought much of those wise old saws,
Whatever the drift of them chanced to be.
I once had a snug little house of my own,
With plenty of arable land, by the bye;
And I've not enough now, an' the truth be it known,
To make me a grave when I come to die.

All on account of this queer complaint,
Affecting in some way the palate and throat;
Mine's not at all a peculiar case—
There's many a one in the self-same boat.
I know a man who, when first taken ill,
Had a dollar for every cent I possessed,
Yet the poor fellow died without making a will—
The reason of which is easily guessed.

Singular, ain't it? How common it is!
A learned doctor should give it a name;
I suppose it has one—it ought to have—
Whether or no, it's all the same.
There's our squire, he's got it, the very worst kind,
And lawyer Sharp has it good and strong,
And I doubt if the parson's not inclined
Just a little that way, when the sermon's been long.

"See saw, Margery Daw,"
Up to-morrow and down to-day!
The village? Yes, sir, you're on the road,
A mile ahead, sir, straight that way.
Only a dime? It might have been more;
But, then, it might have been less, you think;
The wind sets in towards the tavern door.
So I'll off and trade my dime for a drink.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISSING.

Mr. Gaveston roused himself from his trance of terror or agitation, as the fair, pale face of the lady he had seen vanished from his sight behind a clump of shrubs. He wiped away the cold dew which had started to his forehead and vainly tried to compose his shaking limbs. No effort could bring back the color to his ashy face, and he went to a side table, where the wine he had offered Mr. Ord still stood. He poured out two glasses, one after the other, and drank them off hurriedly.

"Brandy would have been better," he muttered; "but, pshaw! it may be nothing; only a fancy after all. I'm getting a hipped, nervous fool, to shake and shiver at the sight of a woman's face."

He reseated himself, and strove in vain to assume an attitude of indifference and ease; but there was agonized expectation in every line of his harrassed face, and his heart beat wildly as the bell of the side door, towards which the lady had been making her way, rung with a noise that echoed through the still house with a loud clang. In another minute a servant entered with a card.

"A lady, sir, wishes to see you particularly."

"I can't see any one, John; tell the lady so—if she will leave any message."

"I said that much, sir; I thought you'd wish it, and that there was trouble in the house, but the lady was very urgent, and said if you only knew who she was she thought you would see her. I understood her to say she was the wife or widow of an old friend of yours. I beg your pardon, sir, have I done anything wrong?" for Ralph Gaveston had started up in uncontrollable excitement.

"No, nothing, nothing. Give me the lady's card."

It was a neat card, with Mrs. Dale" engraved on it, and underneath, written hastily in pencil, "Formerly Mrs. Alfred Bennett."

"Give my compliments to the lady, John, and tell her I should feel much obliged if she will communicate with me by letter; I cannot possibly see any one to-night; and for the future," he added, lowering his voice a little, "I am never at home to that person. Never! Do you hear?"

"I think Mr. Gaveston will hardly repeat *that* order," said a clear voice behind them, and turning round they saw the lady standing in the doorway. In all his life afterwards the servant never forgot her face—so still, white and resolute—nor the calm, cold voice in which she said:—

"Your servant can go, can he not? I wish to see you alone."

Mr. Gaveston made a sign—it was only a sign, for words would not come—and the man turned away, only stopping to ask, "Shall I light the gas, sir?"

"No," his master replied fiercely, and the man left them standing face to face in the sumptuous room—with the evening shadows stealing cold and still over the glittering trifles that lay about, and the golden glances of the costly hangings and elaborate picture frames on the wall.

Down to his fellows in the servants' hall he carried his story of the visitor who had come at such an untimely hour, and moved his master so deeply, and much wonderment was expressed and felt at the curious circumstance.

They listened for the summons for one of them to let the lady out, but no such summons came, and when, an hour later one of their number went to the drawing-room with a message from his mistress, he found the room in darkness, and Mr. Gaveston sitting there, white and rigid, with a face, he afterwards told his fellows, "like a corpse in a coffin."

The man was puzzled. The lady was gone, but she must have gone very softly, for no noise of departing footsteps or sound of opening or shutting door had caught their ears.

"Now then light the gas and stir up the fire, if I have not let it quite out," Mr. Gaveston said, sharply. "It is confoundedly chilly and uncomfortable."

He spoke with evident effort, which was not lost on the servant.

"What are you staring at me like that for?" was the next question. "Can't you do as you are told?"

"Yes, sir; my mistress was wishing to see you, but seeing you were engaged with the lady she bid me say—"

"Can't you see the lady is gone, you blockhead? Go and tell your mistress I'll be with her directly."

The man cast a hasty glance around him, and withdrew; this strange, snappish manner of speaking was very unlike the courteous, gentlemanly style in which Mr. Gaveston usually addressed his inferiors.

A quarter of an hour or more elapsed before he presented himself in his sister-in law's apartment; he had been to his own room, trying to improve his jaded and agitated looks, but with small success. Mrs. Gaveston exclaimed about his pale face the moment she saw him.

"Why, Ralph, what has happened?" she asked. "I hope your visitor brought no bad news."

"My visitor!"

"Yes, the lady John said you were engaged with. To judge by your scared appearance she might have been a ghost."

"A ghost!" he repeated, with a sickly smile. "Well, in some sort she was, for I had no idea she was alive. She was the widow of my old friend Alfred Bennett. You know I told you——"

"Yes; and she has come to see you? Where is she? Why did you not press her to stay a while?"

"To answer all your questions in rotation, she did come to see me. I don't know where she is now, and I did not press her to stay, because the business on which she came was unpleasant. Will that satisfy you?"

"Then she is gone?"

"Yes; she did not stay many minutes. She is married again, and out of my world altogether. Ugh! it is a very cold evening!"

It seemed so by the way he shuddered and shivered over the bright fire which burned in his sister's pretty room.

"Alice said it was cold, too," she remarked. "I sent her to bed, for she seemed altogether out of sorts."

"It was hardly well to let her sit up at night," Ralph Gaveston remarked. "She seemed sadly excited this morning; and now, sister, what did you want with me? I am going to follow Alice's example and go to bed."

It was some detail of arrangements that Mrs. Gaveston wanted to speak of, that was all, and her brother was soon released. It seemed, however, that the fates decreed that he should not go to rest as soon as he wished, for scarcely had he wished her "Good night," and retired to his own room, when there came a startling peal at the front door bell. Not the side door this time, but the grand entrance; and again he shivered and shook as though with an ague fit.

"Go down and see who that is, Simmons," he said to his valet; "and mind I can see no one to-night."

"Very good, sir."

Simmons went away, and his master, listening through the half opened door, heard hurried voices in the hall below. One was that of his own servant, the other had a familiar ring in it, though he could not recall where he had heard it before.

"Who is it?" he murmured. "Can she have changed her mind already?"

He touched a spring in a cabinet that stood near, and a little drawer flew open, revealing two or three small bottles, and a tiny pistol, scarce bigger than a child's toy, but carrying certain death in the hands of a skillful marksman. The gay, *debonnaire* manner of Ralph Gaveston, and the pleasant smile he had for every one, were quite gone now; and the look of blanched horror with which he had gazed upon his dead comrade in the forest of British Columbia had come back to his face.

"Can the time be come for me to use this?" he asked himself. "I think not; it would take more than a *woman's* wits to out-manœuvre me, but I'll be ready. Well, Simmons!"

He closed the drawer with a touch, and concealed the pistol, as Simmons, silent and discreet, came quietly up.

"A gentleman, sir; says his business is most urgent. I can't get rid of him anyway. I understand him to say he was the husband of the lady who was here this evening, and that his business was connected with her."

"*Curse* the lady!" ejaculated Mr. Gaveston, vehemently, and then, seeing his valet's astonishment, he added, in a sort of apology, "I'm tired and unwell to-night; and I've had enough of visitors, lady or gentleman, though this man can be no *gentleman* to force his way into a strange house at eleven o'clock at night. It *is* eleven, is it not?"

"Near upon it, sir. What am I to say to the—the person?"

"Oh, I suppose he'll make some row or unpleasantness if I *don't* see him. Take Mr.—a—a—Dale" (taking up the card) "into the dining-room and say I'll be down in a minute."

Ralph Gaveston assured himself that the pistol in his pocket was properly loaded, and gave one glance at the mirror on his dressing table before he descended to encounter this new disturber of his peace. George Dale was standing by the table, with impatience and trouble in his handsome face, as he entered; they had met before, these two men, though only one of them knew it now. Ralph Gaveston knew the sun burnt features before him in a moment, though the sight of *him* only roused the faintest recollections in Mr. Dale's mind. There was a moment's pause and then the visitor spoke.

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Gaveston, I presume?"

"The same, sir. Mr. Dale, I believe? May I ask your business at this somewhat unseasonable hour?"

"I am aware it is unseasonable, sir; but I am alarmed. I trust there is some mistake. My wife, where is she?"

"Your wife! My dear sir, I do not understand. Has she been here a second time?"

"There is some strange misunderstanding," said Mr. Dale, with quivering lips, "my wife, my Mary, started about eight o'clock from the village inn yonder; she was seen to enter this house and she has never returned. I—I came to fetch her; that's all."

There was something very pitiful in the strong man's affectionate agitation, and Ralph Gaveston was sorely perplexed.

"My dear sir, I assure you that Mrs. Dale was not a quarter of an hour in the house. She announced herself as the widow of my old friend, Alfred Bennett" (how his voice quivered as he mentioned the name!) "and, of course, was admitted to see me, though we have great trouble here, as I dare say you know; but she left almost immediately."

"Good heavens, where can she be? Three hours, and no sign of her."

"She can hardly have lost herself, I should imagine," said Ralph Gaveston, calmly. "I watched her coming to the house, and she came straight across the park. I let her out myself, and she took the same road home, without any hesitation, as though she knew it quite well; besides, it was not dark."

George Dale looked terribly bewildered.

"May I ask," he said, with some hesitation, "if anything of a painful nature took place at the interview? I don't know whether I should speak of it, but my Mary had taken a strange, wild suspicion into her head regarding you."

"I know," replied Mr. Gaveston calmly, though without looking at his visitor; "what passed between us is of little consequence, but this I can tell you truly before your—before Mrs. Dale left this house she was thoroughly convinced how untrue her suspicions were."

"I'm glad of that, any way; but where can she be?"

"I trust there is no occasion for alarm. Did you ask the woman at the lodge if she had passed out again?"

"No, I never thought of that. I am a rough, wandering sort of fellow, not accustomed to grand houses and lodge gates, and I just came up to you."

"And quite right, my dear sir. I am only sorry I can give you no assistance or information. I trust to-morrow I shall see both you and Mrs. Dale, and find there has been no cause for your alarm."

George Dale went away in utter bewilderment, and Ralph Gaveston watched him down the avenue in scarcely less perplexity.

"Where can she be?" was the question in the hearts and on the lips of both—a question not to be answered that night, at least. Ralph Gaveston retired once more to his room, after running the gauntlet of numerous questions from his sister-in-law, who sent her maid to inquire from the valet what the untimely disturbance was about.

The valet, of course, discreetly inquired of his master, though he had applied himself to the keyhole during the visit, and was amply supplied with information.

Meanwhile Mr. Dale went wearily down the avenue, to spend a wretched night of anxiety and terror, mixed with a strange foreboding caused by the report of the lodgekeeper, who, having been knocked up and questioned, declared positively that the lady she had admitted during the evening had *not* passed out again.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GAVESTON IS ATTACKED.

There was not much sleep at the Gaveston Arms on the night succeeding the little heir's death. Mrs. Dale never returned, and her distracted husband and Mr. Badger wandered far and wide in search of her. Early morning saw them at the Hall once more; for the report of the gatekeeper that she had not let the lady out, filled them both with undefined suspicions, and they resolved to see Mr. Gaveston again.

The valet received them with much curiosity; the news of what the late visitor of the night before had come about had spread among the servants, and there was a good deal of excitement about it. Early as it was Ralph Gaveston received them, though his manner was rather cool and haughty, as though he considered their presence an intrusion.

"I couldn't help coming," Mr. Dale said, and his brown healthy face looked all pinched and drawn with agitation and watching; "but I must have word of my little girl somehow, or I shall go mad. There's no place to get it but here, for no living soul has seen her since she entered this house last night."

"I think that's a mistake, Mr. Dale."

"The woman never let her out, Mr. Gaveston—never saw her after she came in."

"Perhaps not; but there are other ways out of Gaveston Park besides the great gates. I have made strict inquiries, and I find one person at least saw the lady leave the house and marked the road which she took.

"I did not know till a few minutes ago, and was just about to send to see if she had returned."

"Returned! No. Something dreadful has happened to her. You best know, Mr. Gaveston, what passed between you, and whether aught occurred to make her take any rash step."

"My dear sir, I will not attempt to reason with you," Mr. Gaveston said quietly.

LISA WEBER, Burlesque Actress at Wood's Museum.

"I read suspicion in your face last night; I see it there now. I can only assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, that Mrs. Dale had neither scathe nor harm from me.

"Our interview lasted but a few minutes, and I had no more idea that she was going anywhere but straight back to the inn than you had.

"I saw her go down the avenue till she was out of sight from the drawing room; one of the servants met her afterwards. Would you like to hear what he says?"

Mr. Dale made a gesture of assent, and the bell was rung.

"Send Jerry," was Mr. Gaveston's mandate; and "Jerry" came—a stable lad, apparently much abashed to find himself before his master for no misdeeds of his own.

"Now, Jerry, tell this gentleman where you met the lady in the park last night."

The lad replied frankly and without any hesitation that, coming across the park from the north side, he had met a lady walking hurriedly and strangely, as though she were careless where she was going; that he had spoken to her, but received no answer; and that he had turned and watched her till she was out of sight.

Questioned as to her appearance, he described Mrs. Dale so clearly that her husband could no longer have any doubt as to his wife having left the house, but then why did she not come straight to the inn? It seemed inexplicable, but certain also that the solution of the mystery was not to be found here.

"I trust you are satisfied," said Mr. Gaveston, with a slight sneer, when they had dismissed the lad, "and that Mr. Dale no longer thinks that his good lady has been spirited away by me. There is an outlet to the Warwick Road from the north side of the park; doubtless she left by that gate. May I hint to you, gentlemen, that we have trouble in the house; my little nephew lies dead upstairs, and these interruptions are somewhat unseasonable."

"Mr. Gaveston need fear no *unnecessary* intrusion," said George Dale, in a marked manner. "If any evil comes of this business, and I should not find my Mary alive and well—which heaven forbid—he will not object to state what passed at the interview, which seems to me to have been the cause of her disappearance, and to testify to the time of her leaving his house?"

"Certainly not; I will do all in my power. But, my dear sir, you attach undue importance to the few words that passed between us. I assure you——"

"The happiness of a lifetime may be crushed out with a single sentence," Mr. Dale said, gloomily; "but we waste time. Good day, Mr. Gaveston. I may have to ask your aid again."

By the time the breakfast bell at the Hall rang out its summons to those who were disposed to attend to it, the little village was in a state of wild excitement about the strange disappearance of the lady from the Gaveston Arms, and before evening the police of Warwick, Leamington, Stratford, Coventry, and even Birmingham were in possession of the facts, and prepared to aid in the search.

No tidings could be heard of her. She appeared to have vanished suddenly and mysteriously, and the commotion in the neighborhood was great. An advertisement appeared in the local papers the next day describing her minutely, and giving with the utmost correctness the exact time of her being last seen, etc. Ralph Gaveston was terribly annoyed at all this.

He did not wish his name dragged before the public just now; and here, with his nephew lying dead in the house and the eyes of the country turned upon him, perforce, in consequence of his being next in succession, he was mixed up in this extremely disagreeable affair.

He was vexed and angry at the long advertisement; but his chagrin was increased tenfold when he read an elaborate paragraph in another part of the paper, going into the most trifling particulars relating to the lost lady.

Who she was and where she came from—who her first husband had been and who her present one was, were all set forth for the wonder-loving newspaper readers, by an ingenious penny a-liner, and he chafed as he read it.

"Am I never to have peace?" he said, fiercely crushing the paper in his hand! "Shall I never enjoy what I came so far to win without some poison in the cup—some snake among the flowers?"

"What is the snake now?" Mr. Ord asked, entering the room. He had caught part of the purport of the speech.

"Why, this affair of Mrs. Dell—Dale—what's her name?—who has chosen to disappear in this most extraordinary fashion. I wish she had selected some other place than Gaveston for such an extraordinary freak. I'm worried and annoyed about it, Ord, more than I can tell you."

"It *is* a nuisance," Mr. Ord replied, "especially as the gentleman, her husband, seems to entertain the idea that you have either spirited the good lady off the face of the earth or else have her here somewhere in durance vile. He said some very queer things at the office at Warwick. The superintendent tells me he was obliged to remind him there was such a thing as an action for libel in our English law."

"By heaven, it is *too* much! I'll have it, Ord! How dare he say or hint such infernal lies?"

"Let him alone, my boy. The poor fellow was almost mad when he said it. Consider what a dreadful calamity has come upon him. Of course, you will be questioned about the matter. The police have it in hand now, and they won't let it rest until they find out what has become of this poor lady. My idea is that she is mad—indeed, from something her husband let drop, I fancy she has at some time been out of her mind—and so has wandered off. She'll be caught, depend upon it, and it will be all right in a few hours."

"I wish she had never come here," Mr. Gaveston said, with a new expression stealing into his face like that of a man who sees his way out of a dilemma, "I wish I had never admitted her, for your notion is a true one—she is mad. Her husband pressed me very much to tell him what she said to me; but, hang it, I couldn't! Both the matter and the manner of her speech were too absurd. Mind, I say this to you in *confidence*, Ord; to any one else I could only speak of her as 'rather excited, but perfectly lady-like,' and so forth. But if ever there was a mad woman on the face of this earth, she is one!"

"But she appeared quiet and self-possessed, they all say."

"They! Who?"

"Her husband, and Badger and his wife, and the two or three of your people who saw her."

"Oh, she came and went out quietly enough, and her visit was very short, poor thing, poor thing!"

"And this delusion of hers; you will have to speak of it unless she turns up; it may help to find her."

"Never. I never will, unless she forces me to do so. Why it would break her husband's heart, and he seems a fine fellow, though he is hot-headed and rash. I shall just tell the simple truth, that I let her out, and how far I saw her go. I can do no more than that."

And that seemed to be considered quite enough by the questioners who came to ask, though Mr. Ord puzzled himself not a little as to the meaning of Mr. Gaveston's words. What could have passed between him and this poor lady? and what was the strange delusion he spoke of? While he puzzled himself over this knotty question, as he walked away, Ralph Gaveston sat where he had left him, strangely exultant.

"I've got the clue to guide me out of this labyrinth," he exclaimed; "and to think that old Ord, of all men in creation, should give it me! I thank you, with all my heart, my legal friend. Yes, Mrs. Dale is mad! And her madness frees me from the web that was closing round me. Mad! Mad! 'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.' I can say that with more gratitude than ever Gratiano did."

Day after day wore on and all search seemed fruitless. In vain the police scoured the country on all sides, and George Dale offered unheard of rewards—not a trace could he find, nor a person who had seen Mrs. Dale after she passed out of Jerry's sight in the park.

The bereaved husband remained at the Gaveston Arms, like one distracted, and wore himself out with riding in all directions to aid in the search. He felt, somehow, surer of finding her there than if he went away, and he stayed on, suffering only as loving hearts can suffer from suspense, which was wearing itself into despair.

The funeral day of little Ralph came at length, and though everything was, as Mr. Badger had predicted, very quiet, as far as any doings up at the hall went, great numbers of the country folk came to see the burial of the child who so lately at his father's funeral had been the cynosure of all eyes, as the infant master of the old place. It was a sunny day, and flowers bloomed and birds sang as though they would speak to earth of the heaven that had received the little spirit.

Ralph Gaveston—the master now—the lawyer, the doctor and a few intimate friends, formed the group which stood round the little grave under the blue sky. The Gavestons lay in the churchyard under the free air of heaven and not in a stifling vault, and in his father's grave they were to place the blue-eyed boy, whose baby face would be so long remembered.

George Dale was there, looking on as the coffin sunk out of sight, and feeling as though he would rather have seen the earth falling into his darling's grave than live in uncertainty as to her fate. He peered curiously into the uncle's face, but he kept it hidden, and handkerchief and hand shut all emotion from the bystanders' sight.

A curious incident occurred at the conclusion of the ceremony. The priest had spoken the words which the church ordains for a final consignment to the earth, and the mourners were stooping forward to get a last glimpse of the coffin, when a large dog came bounding through the throng, and, with a growl that was almost a roar in its fierceness, sprung at Ralph Gaveston's throat.

Luckily it missed its hold, and before it could spring again a dozen blows had in some measure subdued it. In the confusion it escaped, but one or two persons heard a low whistle outside the churchyard wall, which they said it obeyed.

Ralph Gaveston was unhurt but strangely agitated, and George Dale, who had come up in the excitement, heard him exclaim, as they raised him from the ground, "Wolf, by heaven!"

CHAPTER XX.

MR. DALE RECEIVES A LETTER.

Mr. Gaveston appeared to attach almost undue importance, in the opinion of those about him, to the curious episode [illegible] occurred at the funeral. He did not tell [illegible] the dog which had so strangely attacked [illegible] an old acquaintance, but he had it searched for, [illegible] all possible inquiries throughout the neighbourhood in a vain endeavor to find out how the creature he had last seen so many thousand miles away could have found its way to England and with whom.

His search ended, as Mr. Dale's had done, in nothing. No one had seen such an animal, or could have identified it if they had; and the new master of Gaveston began to wonder if there were such things as witchcraft and the evil eye, and whether he was being pursued by the fates of his former backslidings.

One or two people declared they had met a tramp with a large dog on the Warwick road; but beyond the fact that he was shabby and miserable, they could give no sort of description of him. Late in the evening intelligence came, and from a quarter whence Ralph Gaveston least looked for it. Dinner was over and he was sitting alone, with his wine before him, when the servant announced:—

"Mr. Ord and Mr. Dale."

"That fellow again!" he muttered. "I thought I was rid of him. I suppose I must see him, as Ord is with him. What can he have been pottering with him about? Ask them to walk in," he said, turning to the servant.

"You must excuse us disturbing you, my boy," said the lawyer, "but Mr. Dale here has news for you, and as he is going away to-night, we came at once."

"Thank heaven for that," Ralph thought to himself, as Mr. Ord made the announcement, "I shall be free from him at last. I trust Mr. Dale has had news of his wife to take him away in such a hurry."

"I have, I have; and I trust in heaven I shall find her now. Something must have happened to her, after she left here, I think, to upset her, my poor darling."

"And where is she? May I ask that much?"

"I don't know; I have a letter with the Birmingham post-mark, nothing more; but you shall see it, Mr. Gaveston. I had strange thoughts about you, sir, till I got this, but my poor girl says you were not to blame, and it is but right you should see what she writes. May be you can suggest some way of helping me to find her?"

He held out an open letter as he spoke, but Ralph Gaveston made no motion to take it; indeed he turned very pale and turned away his head.

"There is no need for me to read it," he said. "If Mrs. Dale exonerates me from any blame in the matter of her disappearance, that is quite enough. I am very glad to hear you have some clue to her whereabouts at last."

"Hardly that," Mr. Ord remarked; "nothing but 'Birmingham,' and that is a wide direction to give. However, there are police there, and Mr. Dale will be there himself to-night. But read the letter, Ralph; we should both like you to know exactly what she says."

"It was a very shaky hand that held the charred and blotted paper, and it was some time before the contents were very clear to the reader's understanding; but he felt that he was watched, and nerved himself to the task of deciphering it. It was hurriedly written and scarcely legible, and many a blot betrayed the agitation which had shaken the hand and tortured the heart of the writer:—

"BIRMINGHAM, June 10, 18—.

"MY DEAR, EVER DEAR GEORGE.—Dearer than ever now, when in the midst of my sorrow and humiliation I sit down to write to you the last letter you will ever receive from me.

"I am not mad, dear, though you will think so when you see this, and may be there will come a time when people will say I was mad—ay, swear it too; for men will do much to save themselves. But don't believe it, George—remember always that I was in my right mind when I wrote this letter, even though you should never know it till the Last Day, when all secrets shall be known. I wonder if I shall keep mine till then; it is a sore weight upon me now; a terrible load, but it must be borne.

"I shall never see you again, my darling, never willingly look into your loving eyes, till the grave shall give up its dead, and we meet in the next world, where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. I love you more than ever, dear, while I write this; better than life, better than heaven; and yet there is a gulf between us, an awful abyss of horror, which must not be passed. I was obliged to go away.

"You and I can never be re-united in this world; and though my brain burns with the weight of the awful truth, I cannot tell you why. You must never try to find me out; never, never! or the blow will fall upon you as heavily as it has upon me. One thing I may tell you—more I dare not. You know what took me to Gaveston Hall; well, my *suspicion was not true. Ralph Gaveston did not murder his friend*, mind that; and I humbly beg his pardon, and heaven's, for ever saying so.

"Don't blame any one for my going away, it was my own act; nothing drove me to it but my own free will; and don't curse me, if you can help it, for the misery I have brought into your life.

"You will know all some time—not in this world, though—and then you will say I did right to go. It is no use your searching for me; in this world no one will hear any more of Mary Dale. And now, once more, good bye, till we meet again in heaven (may be there'll be no heaven for me though), and try and believe that I always was and always will be,

"Your faithful, heart broken
"MARY.

"G. Dale, Esq.,
"Gaveston Arms Inn,
"Gaveston, near Warwick."

There was a silence for a few minutes when Ralph Gaveston laid the paper down, and then Mr. Ord spoke.

"What do you think now, Ralph?"

He had to moisten his dry lips before he could reply, and then his voice was hoarse and low.

"I think as Mr. Dale does, that something very terrible must have occurred to his—his wife after she left here. I am glad she exonerates me from all blame in the matter; absurd as her suspicion was, it was extremely painful to me to know that it existed; poor Bennett never came to any harm through me. I sincerely hope you will be successful in your search for her, but you had something else to tell me, had you not? I should be sorry to detain you."

"I had," Mr. Dale replied, looking at his watch. "I've half an hour yet, and my story won't take long. You were making inquiries to-day about that dog, Mr. Gaveston."

"I was."

"He's an old acquaintance of mine as well as your's, though how he got here puzzles me not a little, unless his master has risen from the bottom of the Atlantic to bring him."

"The bottom of the Atlantic!"

"Yes; I saw him go there, about half way across, and he never came up again, to my knowledge. But I'll tell you all I know. May be it may be useful to you."

Ralph Gaveston listened with averted face, which grew whiter with every sentence, to the story of George Dale's meeting with Jack and the dog in New York, and of all that had passed since; how Jack had sailed for Europe in the Uriana, and of the quarrel and its consequences. He told how the one man had sunk to the bottom of the ocean, and the other been put in irons for attempted murder.

"You have not mentioned the men's names," said Mr. Gaveston, with attempted carelessness: "did you know them?"

"The one who had the dog and was drowned was called Jack, 'Limping Jack,' he said his mates at the diggings nicknamed him; and well they might, for a more miserable lunatic never scrambled and limped through life. The other I'm not sure about—something 'devil' I fancy I heard him call himself, but I never heard him speak above two or three times, and he never opened his mouth without spitting out curses and imprecations enough to frighten a swearing sailor."

"I met so many fellows of that sort in my digging experiences," Ralph Gaveston said, "that I scarcely know who *he* may be. I think I recognize the description of the other, 'Limping Jack,' he *was* called. So he is dead, is he? Well, the world's well rid of him. But your story, Mr. Dale, already makes the dog's appearance here more mysterious than ever; how Jack got possession of him puzzles me not a little. Poor old Wolf, I would give a good deal to have him again though he did make such a savage onslaught on me. He used to be very fond of me out yonder."

No one could throw any further light on the mystery, and the visitors departed, Mr. Dale to take the evening train to Birmingham, and Mr. Ord to his quiet home, where he pondered till far on into the night upon the events which had happened within the past few days. Clear headed lawyer and astute old man as he was, he could not see the clue to the mystery which appeared to encircle Ralph Gaveston.

And yet why should there be a mystery? Everything had appeared straightforward enough. The younger brother of Gordon Gaveston had come home from his long wanderings and taken the vacant place his birthright gave him. He was affable, gentlemanly, straightforward and upright to all appearance, but—ay, there it was! There was a "but," a something; all was not right, though it was impossible to say what was wrong. The object of his thoughts, meanwhile, sat alone where they had left him, thinking seriously and deeply; there was evidently a "but" in his musings too.

"Owner of Gaveston," he soliloquised:—

"'Lord of this fair mansion,
Master of my servants.'

Ah, the quotation won't hold any further, I'm afraid. Portia goes on to declare she was 'Queen o'er herself;' I'm afraid I have not myself in such subjugation. I fondly deemed when I set foot on British ground that I was the arbitrator of my own destiny. I begin to think that I was mistaken, and there are several in the world who have some influence.

"There's Mattie Brook, curse her for turning up so inopportunely. Why did I never find out she was here? It was strangely remiss of me; I'll work upon her through her love—I see that can be done. Her gratitude will make her obey my slightest wishes.

"Then there's my pretty niece Alice, who certainly does not love her dear Uncle Ralph as she should. I don't fancy she has brains enough to be dangerous; hysterical women never have; but I'll keep a sharp look out.

"Mrs. Dale—I've disposed of her, too, I fancy. Mr. Ord suggested she was mad; and, egad, her epistle to her doting fool of a husband pretty well proves it. I'll stick to that, my dear madam, if ever we meet again, which I devoutly hope we shall not. So she was sorry for her suspicions, was she, and humbly begged Mr. Gaveston's pardon? It is granted, I can assure her.

"Then there's the new dilemma of to-day; my faithful Wolf, who used to love his master so dearly out yonder, suddenly makes his appearance, spirited across the Atlantic, and flies at my throat, as if—pah!

"What am I thinking of? Actually letting my hand shake like a girl's, and my hair stand on end at a fancy picture. Ralph Gaveston! you're a fool, with all your cunning. Let me see. Where had I got in my reckoning of chances? Oh, to the dog. Well, the man who brought him, or rather, was bringing him here, is dead, drowned, at the bottom of the sea; and there remained Dan the Devil, for I recognised his agreeable portrait at once.

"Now, I must find out what brings those men to England, and if their object has anything to do with me. Were they at Yale that night? and, if so, did the birds of the air, or the winds of heaven, carry them any intelligence? Pshaw! the thing's impossible, and their coming a mere coincidence. Besides, what are they to *me*?

"They were Bennett's acquaintances; *I* never drank with them, or gambled with them, as he did. Mr. Gaveston need hardly receive such visitors. It is a tangled web that Fate is weaving, and the flies drop into it one by one, while the spider waits and watches.

"I felt two days ago as though I were one of the flies, and my new acquaintance with the brown beard was the spider. It is changed again now, and I've won back my position. The web is mine now, and it will go hard with me if the spider is not a match for the biggest and strongest fly that flutters in its meshes."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHO BOUGHT THE PAPER.

George Dale carried a heavy heart with him as the train sped roaring through the night from Warwick to Birmingham. Express though it was, yet it was not half fast enough for his impatience; and yet he hardly knew what he was going to do at the end of his journey, or how he was going to begin his search.

A letter with the postmark "Birmingham," and no other token by which anything could be discovered, was but a small clue; and yet that bit of paper was all the trace he had of his lost wife. He had traveled all over the world almost, yet he was but little versed in the ways of business men, and but for Mr. Ord's advice would most likely have commenced a frantic personal search for her through every street in the town.

Acting by that gentleman's directions he took the fastest cab he could find, and drove at once to the chief police station, and stated his case to the superintendent. That gentleman rang a bell, and summoned "Hawkes."

Hawkes came—a stout, florid, countrified looking man—and was presented to Mr. Dale as the acutest detective in the force; and he was recommended to his good offices and politely dismissed.

"We'll talk it over quietly if you please, sir," the officer said, leading the way to a quiet hotel close by, and entering with the air of a man used to give orders therein. "What do you take, sir—brandy? Two brandies, Sam, and the little room to ourselves—mind."

The waiter touched his forehead, uttered the conventional "Yes, sir," and vanished.

"Not until the brandies come, if *you* please, sir," said Mr. Hawkes, as his client began wildly to state his grievances. "We'll settle down to business, then, and make sure there's no one uncomfortably near that door. That's it; thank you, Sam. We shan't want *anything* more."

Sam took the hint and walked away; and then the detective, toying with his spoon, disposed himself to listen. From the very beginning George Dale told his history, going back to the old days in Australia, when his wife was only a poor servant in his father's family, and he a lad, with his way to make in the world, as poor as herself.

All about her marriage, her husband's supposed death and all the events before related in this story were elicited by clever questioning, and the letter placed in the officer's hand. He examined it attentively, turned it over and over, and finally held it up to the light.

"Curious water mark," he said; "large paper cut down evidently. I know something about the stationery business, you see. This letter may be some clue. Money is no object in the affair, I suppose."

"Money! If I could lay down the whole earnings of my life to have her back, I would do it. Oh, cannot something be done?"

"Everything, I have no doubt; but you must be patient."

"Patient!—when she may be dead or dying at this moment. How can I be patient?"

"Things will go better if you are, that's all," said Mr. Hawkes, drily.

"Nothing is ever done by fretting and fuming. I don't believe your wife is either dead or dying. There's a purpose in that letter—a deep lying motive—that will keep her alive in spite of her grief and agitation. Had she any *other* fancy in her head besides this suspicion of Mr. Gaveston?"

"None that I know of; but from the hour in which she was convinced that her husband, poor Bennett, was *really* dead, she insisted that this Ralph Gaveston was his murderer."

"I had a suspicion of it myself at first, but I had ample proof to the contrary before I left America. Mr. Gaveston's liberal and noble conduct in the affair was the theme of universal laudation in Yale and its vicinity."

"And your wife had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Gaveston?"

"None. She had never seen him."

"He's an affable gentleman, I hear."

"Well, he has scarcely been so to me; but then my visits have been very unseasonable. But for Mr. Ord, his solicitor, I should hardly have gained admittance this evening."

"You showed him this letter?"

"Certainly; it was but justice. He told me he was aware of my poor girl's suspicions, and that they were very painful to him."

"It was, no doubt."

"So I was glad to be able to tell him she exonerated him."

"And what did he say?"

"I don't know—not much; but he told me distinctly a day or two since that he had convinced her in a very few words that he was innocent, and that she had left the house after scarcely ten minutes' stay."

"And that was proved?"

"Yes; a lad about the stables met her crossing the park. He described her so minutely there could be no mistake. I inquired everywhere, but no one else had seen her.

"Mr. Gaveston has something the matter with one of his hands, has he not?"

"Yes," replied George Dale, secretly wondering what the question had to do with the subject. "He has sustained some terrible injury to the right hand. Sometimes it is nearly powerless."

"You have seen it?"

"No; he wears a sort of mitten. Mr. Ord described it to me."

"Ah!"

There was a pause, during which Mr. Dale was vainly endeavoring to connect Mr. Gaveston's maimed hand with his wife's disappearance, and Mr. Hawkes was making certain mental calculations of a most abstruse character.

"Nothing can be done to-night," the detective said at length; and then, seeing the look of pain on the other's face, he added, "Now, don't you go worriting yourself.

"You may depend, if the office give me a job, they mean business; and if your wife is alive—or dead either for that matter," he added *sotto voce*—"we'll find her. I know it's hard—I should find it hard myself if I were in your place; but you are a sensible man, I can see that, and you know, don't you, you can do no good by wandering about through the darkness of the night.

"You'll only wear yourself out and gain nothing. 'Tisn't in the streets you'll find her, you may be sure of that."

Mr. Hawkes delivered himself of his opinions oracularly; and George Dale being, as he said, a sensible man, saw the good sense of the [illegible] he was bid.

"Twelve o'clock to-morrow I'll [illegible]," the officer said, at parting. "I shall have [illegible] thep, and put things in train a bit, may be.

Twelve o'clock! It seemed an eternity to the bereaved husband; but there was nothing for it but to wait, and, if he could, be patient. He went back to his hotel and retired to bed, feeling that he should never close his eyes, but that he must do so much for the sake of appearances.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

L. H. H., Des Moines, Iowa.—"P. bets G. F. W. $100 that any bets made that Seymour and Blair would be elected President and Vice President of the United States in the year 1868, would, if these candidates should withdraw from the contest now or at any time before the election, not be lost, while W. bets that they would be lost. Please decide."...... We can only offer an opinion on the subject in dispute, as there are no rules in betting directly applicable to the case in point, and that opinion is, that in the event of those candidates being withdrawn, all bets would be null and void.

J. C. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The best recorded six mile four-oared time in this country is 39:28, made by the Ward brothers last year. The weather was much more favorable than on the occasion of the late contest between them and the Paris crew. We hear that several outside timers made the time in the race of the 21st inst. some forty seconds less than that officially given, which is 39:28¾. Leary and the Biglin brothers are accredited with having made the best five mile time, viz, 30:44¾, over the Empire City course, Sept. 10, 1860.

POSTULATUM.—Mr. W. H. Charlock informs us that John Slowey was killed on the night of February 3, 1863, about 11 o'clock, at the fire corner of Cherry street and Pike Slip. An election for Chief of the Department was held on the same evening. George W Badger was Foreman of 19 Engine at that time, and was injured at the same time, from the effects of which he died at the City Hospital about three months afterwards.

MARINE, Elizabethtown, N. M.—Heenan fought Sayers April 17, 1860. He returned to New York, July 14th, same year, and landed in England, upon a second visit, April 3, 1862. He had no intention of fighting anybody the second time he crossed, but a match was subsequently made between him and Tom King. They fought at Wadhurst, Kent, Dec. 10, 1863, for £1,000 a side, King winning in 24 rounds, 35 minutes.

JOHN SMYTHE, Hamilton, Canada.—All we can learn regarding Mr. McGuire is, that about ten years ago L. B. Lent, of the New York Circus, brought him to this country and he was in his employ for some time. Mr. Lent has not seen or heard of him for a long time, and he is no doubt dead or gone out of the circus business.

A. B. C., North Bridgewater, Mass.—In making bets of the kind a certain office should be named, and the result of the contest for that office would decide the wager. As it is, we cannot determine how the matter stands, for certainly men on both tickets were elected. Our opinion is that both bets are drawn.

T. E. McK., Ottawa, Ill.—1. It was a balk. 2. Section 3 of rule 2 says: "and whenever the pitcher moves with the apparent purpose or pretension to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver it," and if he does not, section 4 of rule 4 says; "every player running the bases is entitled to one base without being put out."

J. P., Newark, N. J.—The monument erected by John C. Heenan over the remains of Charley Freeman, the American Giant, cost £82. The sexton of the church gave Heenan a pocket-knife, which is said to be the only remaining relic of poor Freeman.

J. E., Shawnee, Kansas.—1. Coburn and McCoole fought near Charlestown, Cecil County, Md., May 5th, 1863, Joe winning in 67 rounds, 1 hour and 10 minutes. 2. McCoole was born March 12, 1837; about 190 pounds.

E. W. H., Warren, O.—1. The poem will probably appear at an early day. 2. A short story would be acceptable, if of general interest. 3. We cannot make up a full file of recent Nos., several issues having run short.

A. B., Paterson, N. J.—If exactly thirty-one is made on playing the last card, two points only are taken, according to rule and custom, and not three points, as A supposed; consequently, A lost the bet.

J. W. B., Rockville.—A player cannot score four points unless he secures all five tricks on a lone hand. The player who takes the responsibility of the trump can go it alone, and he only.

J. T. H., Baltimore.—1. She has been on the stage since she was eight years of age, and never sold peanuts at the Holliday street Theatre. 2. He does not play star engagements, as he is located at the Boston Theatre.

ALBERT.—1. Lotta received one half of the receipts after deducting $225 nightly. 2. There are many ways of taking a benefit, but the customary way is to share the gross receipts after deducting a certain amount for the nightly expenses.

BROAD GUAGE, St. Louis.—1. She is at present in this city. 2. A letter sent to the American Theatre, Philadelphia, will reach Augusta. 3. Frank Rivers is at the Theatre Comique, Louisville, Ky.

INQUIRER, Utica, N. Y.—1. No; it was in his fight with Sayers that Heenan, seeing he was to have no chance to win, struck out promiscuously. 2. Heenan's seconds in his battle with King were Tom Sayers and Jack McDonald.

FLINT, Michigan.—There is no official record of the fastest skating time for one mile. Several years ago W. F. Clarke skated a mile in 1:56—at least, so it was reported.

C S., Indianapolis.—You are right; it was a misprint. It should have been a six instead of a nine, which would have made the answer in accordance with your figures.

D. O. B., Kansas City.—"At cribbage A plays a six, B an eight, A a five and B a seven. Is he (B) entitled to a run or sequence of four?"..... Yes.

SEVEN UP, Vicksburg, Miss.—"A and B sit down to play; A deals, and turns up Jack; B begs. A then proposes to bunch the cards, and A accepts. Does A lose his Jack?"......No.

J. R., Troy, N. Y.—Paul Jones was a Scotchman by birth, and died at Paris, in 1792. He commanded an American privateer during the War of Independence.

A SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—We cannot state what the plan in the public schools of Boston may be; but in the schools of New York *all* the rules and processes of analysis known are taught.

NORMAN, New Orleans.—She is engaged at present with a traveling dramatic company meandering through Pennsylvania.

A SPOUTER, Troy.—There is a book published called "The Showman's Guide," giving a list of halls and hotels in the country, which can be obtained by sending $2 to this office.

HARRY, Boston.—If the total number of votes cast is 700, and A gets 351, of course he gets the majority; but as regards the term "legal," it depends on conditions, for in Congress the result often depends on a two thirds vote, as in the late impeachment and other cases.

J. G., Omaha.—C loses, for 1:44 is the fastest authenticated running mile time in America. The reported time of Henry Perrit is now generally ignored as not being authentic.

MOBILE.—Dexter has never trotted a mile in less than 2:16. His fastest record is 2:17¼. Time made in private is valueless, as it can never be truly ascertained.

G. B., Paterson.—If the race was over the Jerome Park course, where bets are play or pay, A wins. If on any other Course, the bet is a draw.

F. W., Jr., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Write to Witmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets, this city, stating what you wish.

METROPOLITAN.—The fatal shooting affray between Theo. S. Nims and H. J. Wagstaff occurred at the Shaw House, Broadway, August 21, 1858.

BOKA.—Charley Pettingill was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1841, and has been in the profession since 1861. He is a married man.

REVIVALIST.—John Allen, "the Wickedest Man," is *not* the song and dance performer and Ethiopian comedian of that name.

CLIPPER READER, Chicago, Ill.—1. Will answer as soon as possible. 2. Heenan, decidedly. 3. Heenan knocked Morrissey down in the fifth round of their fight.

CLEM R., Cincinnati, O.—Wormald received £200 forfeit from O'Baldwin April 27, 1867, although the award has always been considered a downright robbery.

WM. L. B., Fayette, Mo.—He walked one mile each hour while he did walk, though it is not at all likely he accomplished the feat mentioned. He slept, of course.

WIZ, Philadelphia.—1. The English cricketers did not play the Atlantics. 2. They played the Unions on the 20th. Score 40 to 21.

S. R. L., Allegheny.—1. We do not answer questions by mail. 2. The "circumstances" were that the Olympics refused to keep their engagements with the Atlantics.

C. W. R., Maxwell's Ranche, Texas.—The Athletics defeated the Atlantics twice this season—the first game 18 to 9, and the second 37 to 13.

K. H. M., Cincinnati, O.—The fight was decided a draw by the referee, but the American fairly won it.

P. D., Portland, Me.—1. It was a misprint, so you don't lose your bet. 2. A nine and four trays count twenty-four.

J. T. L., Watertown.—We do not know where such work can be had.

M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Brighton Cup has been walked over for only once since 1859, viz., in 1863, by Caller Ou.

J. F.—Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin never met in the ring.

P. C., Marion, O.—Where there is no game out, no count can be taken for game.

C. U. C., Boston, Mass.—Thanks for your friendly suggestion. Did you see us last week?

D. P. B., Green Bay.—We have not yet heard of such an organization.

L. S., New Bedford.—The Gaities Concert Saloon was at 616 Broadway, east side, a few doors above Houston street.

WILLIS.—Like many others who display a luxuriant quantity of golden hair, she has put it through a bleaching process.

C. C., Brattleboro', Vt.—We do not know where the work is to be had.

E. C.—The Forrest and Macready riot took place on Wednesday evening, May 9th, 1849.

MARBLE HEART, Memphis.—The lady is not married, to the best of our belief.

FRED M., Philadelphia.—They appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, about eight years ago, with Dan Rice's circus.

CONSTANT READER.—W. J. Thompson is acting as stage manager at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich.

CHARLESTOWN BUCK.—A must show his hand to B to win the side bet, but need not show it to the other players.

"SMALL POX."—The report of those races would not be interesting at so late a date.

D. McL., Poughkeepsie.—The fastest time was made by Gladiateur, in England.

WASHINGTON SALOON, Vicksburg.—A is entitled to the amount his chips call for.

LOITERER.—It would not benefit the lady to open the matter afresh.

J. G., Albany.—B and C having euchred A, the three dollars should be shared between those two, B and C.

JIM, New Haven, Conn.—The city of Philadelphia having gone democratic at the late election, B is entitled to the money.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE POINT, Buffalo, N. Y.—There is no reliable record of time for that distance in this country.

E. A. N., Springfield, Mass.—Obliged to you, but a full report was in type when yours reached us.

E. H. A., Portland, Me.—1. Geo. Wright. 2. Lovett of the Lowells.

W. H. T., Quincy, Mass.—1. Yes. 2. Geo. Wright. 3. Lovett and Jewell are first class players.

KEY, N. Y.—1. The Atlantics became champions by defeating the Unions.

ADMIRER, Boston.—1. Pratt is a first class pitcher. 2. Don't know.

J. H. R., St. Louis, Mo.—At "seven-up" the non dealer takes the point for game when the count is equal.

SOL, Indianapolis.—There is no actress at present on the stage in this country that can fill her place.

AMATEUR.—Ed. Russell, the champion club swinger, is President of the New York Athletic Club.

E. J. A.—Joe Coburn was not in Philadelphia on Tuesday, 13th inst., at all.

PORTLANDER.—It takes ten strikes to make 300 at ten pins.

WATER.—1. Yes, a part of the year. 2. Josh keeps a hotel; the others work on sloops, etc. 3. We have heard so, but cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

HENRY, Fort Riley.—Kate is at present in San Francisco. Susan is in the west.

G. H. L., Wooster.—You had better turn your attention to a more profitable business.

G. L. H., Washington.—See our circus summary for the whereabouts of the Van Amburgh Menagerie.

T. O. B., Boston.—They command a salary of from $20 to $40 a week, according to their abilities.

ENQUIRER.—Harry Bloodgood is at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

WILLIS, Bryan City, Texas.—You can obtain all the information you desire by writing to Macallister, optician, Philadelphia.

J. B., Kenosha.—For three months, cash, in advance, $10.40.

BUDDY.—Your last will appear soon.

D. O. B., Keokuk.—His best time is 2:17¼.

T. F. McC.—It is not bad; we may use it at some future time.

"C.," Albany.—Will appear in a week or two.

JACK, Evansville.—Harry Hawk is in California.

H. B. E., Gorham, Me.—Dexter has trotted a mile in 2:17¼.

BROOKLYN.—Matt Peel died in Buffalo, N. Y., May 4th, 1859.

C. L.—Lotta has never been in Paris.

J. B., Springfield, Mass.—A six mile race.

WM. H. C.—Accept our thanks for attention.

P. E., New York.—1. B. wins.

H. C. G., Chicago.—No. See section 2 of rules.

K. and Q., Brooklyn.—Not that we are aware of.

THE LYRIC STAR ASCENDANT.

The ovation extended to Miss Kellogg, on her return from the foreign nurseries of lyric art, and the successes achieved by the *Opera Bouffe* in our principal cities, have set us to thinking. We can without difficulty remember a time when opera was maintained at a heavy loss to the projectors, and only spasmodically at that, and when native talent could not even obtain a hearing, except occasionally and at unremunerative prices in the concert rooms. Even now it is indispensable that the aspirant should pass through a course of study in Italy and successfully run the gauntlet of foreign criticism before the sympathies of the American public are to be conciliated and a truly world-wide reputation won. This, far from being a reproach to our own public, is simply natural, since we have never enjoyed in this country a national conservatory, or school of music, in which talent, vocal or instrumental, might be fostered and by degrees accustomed to lesser flights before pluming its wings to soar. It seems strange, in view of this obvious want, that steps have not been taken for the establishment of a musical conservatory, on a scale somewhat approximating to the Paris *conservatoire* and similar institutions in Europe. Our government has heretofore not considered it inexpedient to bestow its patronage upon art, and its encouragement might therefore be appropriately solicited in behalf of musical talent here. It would be, moreover, a national boon, as nothing has so great a tendency to refine the tastes and manners of a people as music. The fortunes of Italian Opera are fluctuating for two insuperable reasons; first because it addresses itself to an exclusive portion of the public, which is necessarily limited, and secondly from the jealousies which always predominate among the artists, and which often prevail with so much fury as to involve the fortunes of both managers and stockholders. We knew a prosperous season to be brought to a close not long since by a little *fiasco* of this nature. A prima donna of great name had assumed the part of Norma. The *dramatis personæ* were duly robed and in their places, the prompter was ready to give his signal, when all at once a din arose in the greenroom, as of voices in altercation. Immediately Adalgisa, dissolved in tears, was seen to run sobbing to the manager, while the queenly Norma, her countenance pallid and her ivory teeth chattering with rage, stood literally tearing her own garments to pieces at the wings—outdoing the tragedians, who content themselves with tearing their passion to pieces, and not their clothes. The *prima donna* had no greater cause for jealousy than the superior beauty of the *contralto*, and the circumstance that on the night preceding she had received the first bouquet, but from this a feud arose which prevented the curtain from rising that evening till nine, and materially interfered with the prospects of the season. The manager, who strove to heal the breach, was made in turn the target for blows from all sides, and thus became, to manufacture a pun, himself an *opera buffer*. This has been the fate of every *impressario* within our knowledge—Lumley, the great English prototype, being perhaps an exception; and even his prosperity was founded upon the ruin of others. It would be an entertaining task to follow the subject through all its ramifications, but for the present it will answer our purpose to note the vast improvement which time has brought about, both in the public tastes, the capacities of managers and musicians, and the disposition of performers to unite in pleasing. The comparative success achieved by Miss Phillips was, we trust, only a forerunner of the triumphs that await Miss Kellogg, and which, we hope, may yet lead to the foundation of a school of lyric art on these shores, in which *harmony* will be cultivated in all its branches as one of the vital necessities.

LITTLE MISERIES OF SPORTSMEN'S LIFE.

Those who fancy that everything in the life of a sportsman is *couleur de rose*, and that no troubles or disagreeabilities assail him, are apt to be wide of the mark. The fatigues and privations, the anxiety and expense, are nothing, for all lovers of pastime brace themselves to endure these as matters of course. It is the petty, and often unlooked for annoyances that most sorely test the spirit. The angler, who looks upon solitude as one of the prime necessities for rural enjoyment, and knows how essential is perfect quiet to a successful day's sport, has just cast his fly directly over the nose of a plump speckled trout, which he sees projecting from under a stone, when along comes that inevitable country urchin with his water loving dog and his pin hook, and his inevitable advice as to the best place for fishing, that is always farther up stream. With the noise and the barking, and splashing, (the urchin has thrown a stick for the dog to fetch) away goes your trout, and, for the rest of the day, your temper and luck. Or a lover of nature dumps himself down by your side and expatiates freely upon the glories of fishing, or asks how many bites you have had; or a rival sport, filled with talkative youth in high spirits, comes close to your side; or a myriad gnats and mosquitoes smell you coming and settle about you; or it sets in to rain, but, of course that is not much unless you're out gunning—when you're clearly done up for the day. We say nothing of discovering when you reach your ground that you have cleverly contrived to leave your bait behind you, for that's a thing that has happened to many an absent-minded "piscator." The wet and the hunger are nothing more than is expected. The sportsman *per se*, whose specialty is the gun or rifle, loses himself on the most favorable day of the season in forest depths, intent upon a full bag, and fully equipped for "deeds of high emprise." Afar he hears the chirping or beating of his favorite game—perhaps catches a glimpse of a pair of unrivalled antlers within easy range, when "bang, pop!" go the throats of a double-barrelled shot gun from a neighboring thicket, and for the rest of that day farewell to good fortune! or your enthusiast finds, when too late, that his powder is wet, or he has forgotten his caps, or a pack of disorderly boys will get on his track, to make quarters by picking up game which his dog fails in finding—or, sorest disaster of all, there is not a wing or a hoof to be had for the seeking. It is nothing for a smart cricketer to be beaten four games out of five, for such things will happen, but to be saluted by a shout of "go it Spindleshanks!" from a voice among a crowd of observers, amid the laughter of a bevy of admiring ladies, is not so desirable. No more is the being obliged to run half a mile for the ball sent over the fence by the champion batter, and to have to wade up to the knees in the midst of a bog to recover the errant article. Having one's teeth knocked down one's throat is a contretemps of which no skillfull player need be under apprehension. The pugilist's annoyances are few but severe, and there are none he fears, perhaps, so much as a descent from the police, but the annoyance is infinitely worse when he is pestered with anonymous hints from a dozen quarters as to the direction from which the interruption may come. But all the pleasures of life have their drawbacks, and there is, perhaps, none who gets over his little difficulties with so much philosophy as your genuine sportsman.

POLITICAL.—The Republican voters of the first Congressional district of Ohio failed to re-elect the Hon. Ben Eggleston to Congress. In fact he ran behind his ticket, we are told. Some of his constituents must have considered him a bad Eg. Mr. E. was interested in canal business and his successful opponent, Strader, in railroads. The latter seemed to *run* best. Many persons had a low estimate of Eggleton's abilities, evidently considering him an E flat; they will doubtless rejoice at seeing him now a simple E. natural, and feel Ben E fitted by the change. In the second Ohio district, Job Stevenson, the Republican candidate, beat Cary, the Democratic one. The *Enquirer*, the organ of the Democracy, advises the people to be patient. Probably it wants all of Mr. Stevenson's constituents to be examples of *Job's* patients!

SOLDIER TALK.—We have heard a good deal said about the reticence of our military men, and how in general their speeches are short and to the point. Grant, Thomas, Sherman and others are instanced, but in our opinion Gen. Payne, who had a brigade in Rosecrans' army, made one of the most telling we know of, and we do hope that none of our base ball friends will be calling it a "fowl bawl." A wealthy old secesh lady having come to the General to complain that his boys were stealing all her chickens, with the firmness of a Wellington he rejoined:—"Madam, we are determined to squelch out this unholy rebellion, if it takes every d—d chicken in Tennessee!" She left, muttering in her anguish, "Crow-ell man!"

SHORTS!—We recently heard a pedagogue of our acquaintance boast that he didn't believe in "sparing the rod," and that when *his* boys were unruly there were always plenty of "waxed ends" to be found in his school.

NOT SO STRANGE.—"Our Jim's" cockney friend made the remark a few days since that nothing so raised his spirits when depressed as "hoysters!"

OH!—An exchange says that C. H. Webb has written the "Wickedest Woman in New York," and Carleton has her in press. Why don't Carleton press some respectable woman?

THE GREATEST STICK on record—Fall-staff.

BASE BALL.

THE CLIPPER GOLD BALL.

A NEW SERIES ARRANGED BY THE ATLANTICS AND ATHLETICS.

Will They Play, Now that the Mutuals are Champions?

THE MUTUALS AND ATHLETICS.

Notwithstanding that a new series has been arranged between the Atlantics and Athletics, the first game to come off on the 29th, there is some doubt whether the two clubs will come together again this season. The result of the home and home game between the Mutuals and Atlantics (which came off on the 26th inst., and a full account of which will be found below), places the championship question in a new light, and renders another meeting between the Athletics and Atlantics unnecessary. The rather unexpected defeat of the Atlantics by the Mutuals makes the latter club champions, and settles the matter altogether as far as the former club is concerned. The Athletics, however, still have their rights in the premises, and, as the home and home game between them and the Mutuals is still in abeyance, the question arises whether a new series will not be necessary to decide which club is justly entitled to the honors. The Athletics, though they have defeated the Atlantics twice this season, have had no chance to win the championship, owing to the double dealing of the Unions of Morrisania, who refused to meet them. Under these circumstances it looks as though a new series would be played between the Mutuals and Athletics.

We shall be able to discuss the matter more fully in our next issue, when we hope to be able to arrive at a conclusion which will be satisfactory to all concerned.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MUTUALS vs. ATLANTICS.

The Whip Pennant Transferred from Brooklyn to New York.

THE ATLANTICS DEFEATED.

SCORE 28 TO 17.

How anxiously the ball playing fraternity looked at the clouds on the morning of the 26th! How relieved they felt when they observed that the clouds were thin and light; that the wind was sending them from west to east, and that old Sol was peeping cheerfully out between them and that everything augured a fine day! But why this anxious scanning of the heavens? Why should the prospect of a fine day bring more delight than on any other day? Any member of the base ball world would answer these questions by saying, "The Mutuals and Atlantics play the home and home game to-day, and everybody wants to see it." The day was indeed fine, and, if we might judge by the crowd that assembled at the Union grounds in the afternoon, it might be thought that everybody was there to see the game. The ground as usual looked beautiful, the crowd was good natured and demonstrative, the nines were both determined and the game, consequently, was very fine. The Mutuals certainly excelled their opponents, both at the bat and in the field, and although the latter worked hard to win, their lucky star was not shining for them and they were obliged to succumb.

Thus for the first time in the history of our National Game, the championship has been won by a New York club. The Atlantics, who lost it last season, regained it on the 6th inst., when they defeated the Union Club of Morrisania, by a score of 24 to 8. On the 12th inst., the Mutuals won the second game of their match with the Atlantics, the score being 25 to 22. The Mutuals played their first game with the Atlantics in 1859, and since that time they have played 21 games, of which the Atlantics have been successful in 17. The Mutuals won their first victory over the Atlantics in 1862, and defeated them again the following season, the two games constituting a match. Up to the first game of the present season the two clubs have met ten times, and on each occasion the Atlantics have been successful. In these 21 games the Atlantics have scored 534 runs against 377 for the Mutuals. The following detailed account of the game will show clearly how the battle was carried on:—

FIRST INNINGS.—Pearce opened with a high ball to left field, which McMahon attended to very nicely. Smith, after a foul tip, sent a bounder to short and was disposed of by Devyr and Mills; Start sent a slow bounder toward third, which Swandell stopped and sent well to Mills, but Start was there first; in time he got around to third on Chapman's hit—a low one to left field—and Chapman, going for 2d as the ball was passed in, was nipped by Flanly on a good throw by Wolters, who had backed Swandell up. Nary run for Atlantics.

C. Hunt, for the Mutuals, sent a flyer to right field which McDonald attended to. Devyr followed with another high ball between right and centre and was also captured by McDonald. Wolters, after amusing the crowd with a few fouls, sent a low liner toward Start and became third hand out—a white mark for the Mutuals.

SECOND INNINGS.—Crane sent a hot bounder to right short and was nicely disposed of by Flanly and Mills. Mills, after one strike and a foul, sent the ball safely to centre field and made a base; the ball from pitcher striking Ferguson glanced off and gave Mills second; Ferguson, batting toward right short, was attended to by Flanly and Mills, while Mills of the Atlantics ran to third. Mills started for a steal home, but had Swandell been on third he would have gone out; Zettlein batted a bounder to right short and Mills, nipping it with one hand, ran for the base, putting Zettlein out, ending the innings with Mills on third, and still nary run. McMahon sent a bound toward Zettlein, who put his hand against it and it gliding off toward Ferguson, tended to the downfall of McMahon by Ferguson and Start. Swandell sent a high ball toward left which Chapman danced under, but, misjudging it, allowed it to go over his head, and Swandel reached second; Mills batted a bounder to Start and was put out, of course; Dockney sent an easy bounder to Zettlein and was made third hand out, at first by Zettlein and Start, leaving Swandell on second.

THIRD INNINGS.—McDonald, after a couple of sharp fouls, sent a low ball toward third, and was put out by Swandell and Mills. Pearce sent a beauty to centre field, and made one base; Smith sent an easy bounder toward third, which Swandell muffed badly and allowed Smith to get first, and Pearce second. Start was disposed of by Swandell and Mills, while Pearce and Smith each got one base ahead. Chapman sent a hot one to Swandell, and the ball hitting him bounded up in the air, allowing Pearce to get home and Chapman to get to the first base in safety; he soon ended the innings by catching Crane neatly on a foul fly, leaving Chapman and Start on the bases.

Jewett hit low to right short; Ferguson muffed it slightly, but picked it up in time to head off McMahon (who was running very slowly for Jewett); Flanly batted to Zettlein; Zett stopped the ball, and passed it to Start, allowing George to retire; Hunt, after a high foul, sent a hot ball toward Start, who made a splendid attempt to stop it, but Charley got to his base safely; he soon stole second, and was brought home by Devyr's splendid low hit to centre field, Devyr himself getting first; a passed ball gave Hunt second, but he was left, as Wolters was made third hand out by Pearce to Start. Score one each.

FOURTH INNINGS.—Mills sent a safe ball to centre field; Hunt was too far out to get at it, and Mills made his base; Ferguson had one strike called on him; Mills ran for second and had a very narrow escape, as Jewett threw beautifully to Flanly. Ferguson, after making another strike, sent a "stormer" between right and centre, on which Mills got home and Ferguson reached third base. Zettlein reached first by a safe hit to left field. McDonald went out on a foul fly taken by Mills. A passed ball gave Zettlein second. Pearce batted to Devyr and was put out at first. Smith popped one up and Flanly capturing it, ended the innings with Zettlein on the base—two runs.

McMahon, by a safe hit to left field made first base, and was helped to second by a passed ball; Swandell, by one of the prettiest hits of the season to left field, sent McMahon home, and made a clean home run himself amid a perfect storm of applause, the entire crowd rising and yelling in approval. Mills sent a hot one through Smith's legs and made first base; Dockney, by one of those peculiar home base hits, sent Mills to second and made first himself; Jewett smashed the bat on the ball, and the latter going down to Ferguson, put Jewett out at first; Flanly, by a bounder in front of home base, sent Mills and Dockney home and made third base himself. Hunt hit to short, and Pearce, slightly mixed, held the ball too long, and Hunt got to his base in time; a passed ball gave him second. Devyr batted to Ferguson and was put out at first, while Flanly got home and Hunt went to third; Wolters put a grounder to left field, made first and sent Hunt home; McMahon, then, by a bounder to third ended the innings, as Smith passed the ball to Ferguson, putting Wolters out. Score, 7 to 3 in favor of the Mutuals.

FIFTH INNINGS.—Start popped a high ball up back of short stop, which Flanly covered ground for in lively style, but, missing it, Start got his base. A passed ball gave him second, and on Chapman's hit to second, which Flanly muffed, he got home, and Chapman reached first. A passed ball gave Chap second; Crane sent a long bounder to second, which Flanly fielded beautifully to first, putting Crane out, while Chapman got to third. The excitement now was so intense that a universal quiet prevailed. One could almost "hear a pin drop." A high pitch allowed Chapman to get home. Mills got to first on three balls; Ferguson had hit a couple of fouls near the left foul post, but the crowd there interfered so much with the fielding that McMahon could not get to the bound; Mills stole second, and on a passed ball reached third. Ferguson, being very particular, had one strike called on him; he then made a strike, and finally got to his base on three balls, which also gave Mills home; starting for second, he was helped around by a high throw from Jewett; but had Devyr backed the second base up it might not have happened. Zettlein popped the ball up to right field; Flanly backed out for it, but should not have done so, as Dockney had a better chance to get it. Flanly missed the fly, and Zettlein was saved; on a passed ball he soon got to second; McDonald struck out; Pearce batted to short, and the ball being badly muffed by Devyr, was saved; Smith sending a high ball to centre field, which dropped to Hunt, ending the innings with Zettlein and Pearce on the bases; the figures even, innings odd.

McMahon clipped the first ball, driving it between Smith's legs and making first base, Swandel narrowly escaped on a sharp tip bound, but soon hitting a ball to left field was taken on the fly by Chapman; a passed ball gave McMahon second and he soon got home on a bad muff by Ferguson off Mill's hit; Miles stole second in lively style, but had no time to spare; Dockney batted to Ferguson and was put out at first, Jewett made a strike which balked Mills (Atlantic) and he letting the ball pass gave Miles (Mutual) third base, but he was left there as Jewett was taken on a foul bound by Mills. Score 8 to 7. Mutual ahead.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Start went out on a sharp, slight tip bound taken by Jewett. Chapman, after a few heavy fouls, and having a strike called on him, got to his base on three balls; Crane sent a "sky scraper" to right field, which Dockney misjudged, and Crane made the first home run for his side, Chapman getting home on the same hit; Mills was disposed of by Jewett on a foul bound; Ferguson popped a high foul which Jewett was sure of, and, in fact, everybody else was sure he would catch it, but he missed it, and Ferguson was saved; a ball on the right foul line then enabled him to reach second base; Zettlein made two tips, but out of reach, as Jewett was playing too close to the bat—in obedience to orders; he was then ordered to play back, and as soon as he did so Ferguson stole third; Zettlein then sending a liner to left field, brought Ferguson home and made second; McDonald made one of his old style hits to right field, sending Zettlein home and making a home run himself, Dockney handling the ball badly; Pearce reached first on a safe hit to right field, and a bad pass soon enabled him to get to third; he was left on third, as Smith was put out at first by Devyr and Mills. Score 12 to 8 on uneven innings.

Flanly sent the ball to Pearce, who muffed it slightly, but picked it up and sent it to first in time to make the point exceedingly close. The umpire decided "not out," amid wild enthusiasm. Hunt hit the first ball beautifully down to centre field, making his base and sending Flanly to second; Devyr hit to right field, brought Flanly home and Hunt to third; a low tall from Wolters' bat gave Hunt his run, Devyr third and Wolter's himself first; McMahon then taking the first ball, sent it flying into the clouds at left field, bringing everybody home, himself included, amid such war of applause as would put the beach at Long Branch away in the shade. The applause was renewed and renewed again, so that it must have gladdened the "old man's" heart; Swandell sent a "trimmer" down to centre field and made his base; Chapman then came in to pitch, Mills was soon disposed of on a foul fly by Start, Dockney sending a low ball to second; Ferguson muffed it, then grabbed it and reached to the base, putting Swandell out, and then throwing wildly to Start, Dockney got to third; Jewett then batted to left field into Zettlein's hands, but Zettlein let it pop out, and Jewett got to second; Flanly hit to left field, bringing Jewett home, and making second base himself; Hunt then, by a beautiful hit to left, brought Flanly home and made second; Devyr sent a safe ball to right field; McDonald ran up for it, got it and threw it home to head Hunt off, and Devyr ran down to second; soon after he ran to third, where he was left, as Pearce, who had changed with Smith, put Wolters out at first base. Score 17 to 12. Mutuals ahead, with a bad look for the champions.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Start, first striker went out at first by a beautiful throw from Swandell and Mills; Chapman sent a high one to centre field, and was very nicely attended to by Hunt; Crane then popping up a foul fly near the scoring table was taken beautifully by Jewett. No runs. Start now went to left field, Zettlein to first, and Chapman was still doing the pitching. McMahon, by a "socking" hit to left field against the fence, reached third base, and on a passed ball soon got home, but he had no time to spare.

Swandell made first on a low hit to right field and then ran down toward second. The ball was passed back to Zettlein by Ferguson, and Zettlein picked it up in such a way as to make another very tight point for the umpire; Mills sent a safe ball to right field, which Ferguson muffed as it was passed back, and Mills made second base, while Swandell got to third; a passed ball soon gave them each a base ahead, Swandell scoring. Dockney, by a "daisy cutter" between left and centre, made first base; he then started for second on a slight pass by Mills, and was enabled to reach there as Ferguson muffed the ball when thrown to him; Jewett went out on a foul fly taken by Mills; Dockney made one strike, after two balls had been called, then a strike was called on him, and then making another strike was put out at first, Mills having missed the ball and passed it to Start, ending the innings with McMahon and Swandell on the bases. Score standing 21 to 17; Mutuals still ahead.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—Mills retired after three "ineffectual" strikes; Ferguson had a strike called on him again; then sent a foul back to the crowd, which was neatly taken by an outsider; then a foul bounder toward first base, almost fair, and then a nice bounder over second base gave him first, Zettlein, by a pretty stroke to right field, made first and Ferguson got third; McDonald batted to Mills, who took the ball, stepped on this base and then threw to Flanly to head Zettlein off, but Flanly muffed it and Zettlein scored; Pearce hit to left, McMahon muffed it, and Pearce got to third, while "The Charmer" got home; Smith batted for Devyr; Devyr muffed it badly and Smith got his base, Start was muffed by Flanly, allowing Pearce to go home and Smith to third; Chapman, by a bounder over Swandell's head, made his base and brought Smith and Start home.

Dockney started to steal third and Mills throwing badly, he got home. Flanly was taken on the fly at left by Start. Hunt sent a bounder toward short, which Smith muffed and he got to first; Jewett, then he was left, as Devyr went out on a fly to Smith. Score 21 to 12, Mutuals still ahead. Dinks bad vun Brookline, yah!

NINTH INNINGS.—Now everything was hushed again. The Atlantics but four behind; their adherents seemed to think the game was yet safe. Ferguson, first striker, batted toward third base—fatal spot—and was put out at first by Swandell and Mills; Crane popped the ball up and Devyr let it down after getting it, giving all hands their bases; Mills then was put out, for the second time this innings, by Swandell and Mills, ending the innings with Chapman and Crane left on their bases. Five runs, and a better look for the champions.

Wolters went out on a foul fly taken by Mills. McMahon, after a foul and one strike, put the ball beautifully low to left field, making his base. Swandel then hit to left field, Chapman made a brisk run for it, but dropped it, and Swandell got to first, McMahon to second. Mills, after two strikes, was taken on a wonderfully sharp tip, right off the bat by his namesake. Then Zettlein hit high to centre field, and Hunt disposed of him nicely; McDonald sending another ball toward Mills, ended the "jig," and left the championship in the hands of the New Yorkers, the crowd rising, shouting, and giving such rounds of united cheers as were never before heard on a ball field. The police had all they could do to keep the crowd off the ground when the last hand went out.

The Mutuals commenced their last innings with a hit to right field by Jewett, on which he made his first base; Flanly's hit to Ferguson was muffed and he got to his base. Hunt hit to short, Pearce picked the ball up, reached for Dockney (who was running for Jewett), then threw badly to first. Jewett was declared out for running out of line. Hunt got his base. Devyr was muffed by Ferguson and got home on Wolters' hit to right field; then by good hitting Devyr, Wolters, McMahon and Swandell got in. Mills reached second on a beauty to right field and home on Dockney's pretty hit to left field; Jewett was taken on a foul bound by Mills, and Flanly ended the game by batting to Ferguson and going out at first base, Dockney left on second and the score standing 28 to 17, and the Mutuals *Champions*. The following is the full score:—

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	2	2	0	Hunt, l f	1	5	1	3
Smith, 3d b	4	1	1	0	Devyr, s s	3	2	2	0
Start, 1st b	3	2	1	3	Wolters, p	5	2	0	0
Chapman, l f	2	2	1	0	McMahon, c f	1	5	1	1
Crane, c f	4	1	1	0	Swandell, 3d b	2	3	2	1
Mills, c	2	1	1	4	Mills, 1st b	3	3	1	1
Ferguson, 2d b	2	4	0	0	Dockney, r f	3	3	0	0
Zettlein, p	2	2	2	0	Jewett, c	6	1	0	1
McDonald, r f	5	1	0	2	Flanly, 2d b	3	4	0	1
Totals	27	17	10	11	Totals	27	28	7	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	0	0	1	2	4	5	0	5	0	—17
Mutual	0	0	1	6	1	9	4	0	7	—28

Home runs—Crane, 1; McDonald, 1; McMahon, 1; Swandell, 1. Out on bases—Atlantic, 15; Mutual, 15. Foul bound catches—Mills, 1; Jewett, 2. Struck out—Mills, 1; McDonald, 1. Outs on foul balls—Atlantic, 5 times; Mutual, 6 times. Umpire—Mr. Goldie, of the Union Club, of Morrisania. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and McCarthy. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

TOUR OF THE MARYLAND CLUB OF BALTIMORE.

MARYLAND vs. OLYMPIC.

On the 20th inst. the Maryland Club of Baltimore, the champions of the south, left home for a week's trip to Philadelphia and New York. The Maryland Club, by their victories over the Enterprise Club of Baltimore for the State championship, early in the season, and lately over the National Club of Washington, by which they gained the title of champions of the south, have acquired considerable notoriety. Their nine is composed of most excellent material, who handle the ball nicely, and being attired in a neat uniform, make a handsome appearance on the ball field.

On the 2d the Marylanders were to have played the Athletics, but the weather being rainy the game did not come off. On the 21st they met the Olympic Club, on the grounds of the latter. The Olympics somewhat surprised their visitors by their fine batting, and eventually won the game. The Philadelphia *Mercury* comments as follows on the game:—

Owing to the threatening appearance of the weather, but very few persons were present, but those who were present were amply repaid in seeing one of the finest fielding contests of the season. Neither club presented their full strength, the Maryland having to play without the valuable services of Annan, whilst the Olympic had to play two substitutes in the place of "Freddie" Moore and Myers. The Marylands presented a very neat appearance on the field, with their handsome uniforms of blue pants, blue check shirts and caps. The Olympics and Marylands were pretty equally matched, both in the *physique* and youthfulness of their nines. A close and exciting game was anticipated, but the Olympics, after the third innings, got the range of Rorke's pitching and punished him in grand style, whilst the Marylands failed to hit Harrop's pitching and consequently were easily defeated. On the part of the Olympics, Harrop, Kern and Miller excelled in the field; Harrop and Schaffer leading at the bat. Of the Maryland, who, one and all, played handsomely in the field, Keerl deserves especial mention for his fine catching, Rorke, Goldsmith and Worthington, also fielding finely in their positions; Rorke bearing off the palm at the bat.

Below we give the full score:—

MARYLAND.	H. L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H. L.	R.
Hooper, r f	4	1	Schafer, 3d b	1	4
Wilson, 1st b	4	1	Oram, c f	4	1
Rorke, p	3	2	Welsh, l f	4	2
Goldsmith, 2d b	5	0	Aiken, r f	4	2
Keerl, c	2	1	Fulmer, s s	4	2
Lucas, s s	3	1	Harrop, p	3	4
Worthington, c	1	2	Miller, c	2	2
Lilly, 3d b	2	2	Willing, 1st b	4	2
Midcher, l f	3	1	Kern, 2d b	4	1
Total		11	Total		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Maryland	2	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	5	—11
Olympic	2	2	0	3	2	3	1	3	4	—20

Umpire—E. H. Hayhurst, of the Athletic. Scorers—Messrs. Wright and Pabst. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

The Baltimoreans arrived in town on the evening of the 21st, and made their quarters at the St. Nicholas Hotel. On the 22d, though the weather was anything but promising, the visitors proceeded to the Union Ground, anxious to meet the famous Atlantic Club and try their mettle. On account of the heavy rains of the previous day, the ball field was not only wet, but the pitcher's and catcher's positions were very muddy. The Marylanders, however, nothing daunted, dressed up and went out for a little preliminary practice. It was after three before any of the Atlantic nine showed up, and about the same time it commenced to rain, so after a consultation it was determined to put the game off till Saturday morning.

MARYLAND vs. ECKFORD.

The champions of the south visited the Union Grounds again on the 23d. The weather was not much to boast of, but the ground was in tolerable condition, and the Eckfords, after considerable delay, having got together a nine, the game was commenced. Wood, Malone, Hodes and Holmes, were not in the Eckford nine, and it was generally thought the visiting club would have an easy thing of it. The game opened with a lead of four to one in favor of the Eckfords, which was very good for a commencement. In the next three innings, however, the Marylands scored five to two, thus tieing the game. As it was getting dark very rapidly, it was at once seen that the next two innings would decide the game. Accordingly, each side went in with a will, determined to do its best. At this point the visitors had decidedly the best chance, as they were batting Martin very fairly, and were being helped along by the poor fielding of the substitutes in the Eckford nine. On the fifth innings the Eckfords made five runs, mostly by the poor fielding and wild throwing of their opponents, and disposing of the Marylanders for a single, had the game safe in their hands by a score of 11 to 7. In the sixth and last innings each side scored three runs, leaving the totals 14 to 10, with a victory for the Eckfords. The chilly atmosphere rendered the position of the fielders anything but desirable, and the numerous misplays can be ascribed to this cause. Criticism under these circumstances would be unfair, and therefore we will simply refer the reader to the score, which is as follows:—

ECKFORD.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	MARYLAND.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	1	3	1	1	Hooper, r f	2	2	0	1
Chichester, r f	1	0	3	0	Wilson, 1st b	3	1	0	1
Martin, p	3	1	0	1	Rorke, p	2	1	1	0
Eggler, c f	2	2	0	1	Goldsmith, 2d b	3	2	0	2
Nelson, c	2	2	0	2	Mincher, l f	1	0	3	1
Patterson, l f	1	3	0	2	Lucas, s s	3	0	1	0
Dayton, 2d b	4	0	0	1	Wormald, c f	1	1	1	2
McCrea, 3d b	3	1	0	0	Lilly, 3d b	2	1	0	1
G. Grum, s s	1	2	0	0	Keerl, c	1	2	0	1
Totals	18	14	4	8	Totals	18	10	6	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Eckford	4	1	0	1	5	3	—14
Maryland	1	2	0	3	1	3	—10

Home runs—Eggler, 1; Wormald, 1. Foul bound catches—Nelson, 2; Keerl, 2. Struck out—Chichester, 1. Double plays—Martin, 1; Wilson, 1; Dayton, 1; Lucas, 1. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorer—Messrs. Watson and Heiner. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

MARYLAND vs. ATLANTIC.

The Marylands played their second game in this vicinity on the morning of the 24th, the Atlantics being their opponents. The champions did not have Crane in their nine, Kenny taking his place. The game commenced shortly after 10 o'clock, with the Atlantics at the bat, who found no difficulty in scoring five runs, the Marylands only getting two. In the second innings the Atlantics were neatly whitewashed, while the Baltimoreans batted well for four runs. This gave them the lead by 6 to 5, and made the Atlantics open their eyes. In the third innings Chapman was sent in to pitch, and his "slows" so bothered the Marylands that for the next three innings they failed to tally. After receiving their second whitewash in the third innings the Atlantics hit heavily for five runs, and following this up with four more in the fourth innings, went to the fore with the lead of 14 to 6. They had made their last run, however, for the Marylands fielded so sharply in the last four innings as to cause the champions to retire four times in succession without scoring.

In the meantime they were not idle, for they got the range of Chapman's delivery in the sixth innings and made three runs. This was the best they could do, however, as in the last three innings they only made two more runs, one in the seventh and another in the ninth. As might be expected, the game was quickly played and very exciting. Start, who had hurt one of his hands while throwing the ball round before the game commenced, played at centre field, Chapman going to first base. When the latter went in to pitch, Zettlein took his position at first, and for the balance of the game did wonders in that position.

The Marylands acquitted themselves creditably in this contest, and played much better than in their previous game. Goldsmith, Mincher and Worthington fielded very handsomely; Wilson, Hooper and Lucas also acquitted themselves with credit. McDonald caught three flies in the right field, and Mills played behind the bat in his usual effective style. The score follows:—

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	MARYLAND.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	3	2	0	1	Hooper, 2d b	2	3	0	1
Smith, 3d b	2	2	1	1	Wilson, 1st b	5	1	0	0
Start, c f	3	2	0	1	Rorke, p	3	0	0	0
Chapman, 1st b	4	1	0	0	Goldsmith, 2d b	4	0	0	4
Kenny, l f	5	0	0	0	Mincher, l f	4	0	0	3
Mills, c	1	2	2	2	Lucas, s s	2	2	2	1
Ferguson, 2d b	4	1	0	1	Armstead, r f	2	1	1	1
Zettlein, p	2	2	1	0	Worthington, c f	2	2	0	2
McDonald, r f	3	2	0	3	Keerl, c	4	1	0	1
Totals	27	14	4	8	Totals	27	11	3	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	5	0	0	5	4	0	0	0	0	—14
Maryland	2	4	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	—11

Out on foul balls—Atlantic, 6; Maryland, 4. Umpire—Mr. Elmendorf, of the Excelsior Club, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Delany and Helmer. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

MARYLAND vs. MUTUAL.

The champions of the south played the third and last game of their tour on the afternoon of the 24th, having the Mutual Club for their opponents. Somewhat fatigued from their exertions in the morning, the Marylands did not appear to good advantage in this game. The Mutuals batted and fielded well, and had an easy time of it, winning by a score of 27 to 14 in seven innings. Jewett was prevented from participating in the game, owing to a sprained ankle. Dick Hunt took his place, and fielded and batted finely. Jewett was missed behind the bat, however, where he is invaluable. Mills and Flanly carried off the honors on the infield, as usual. Swandel had very little to do at the third base, and on the fifth innings changed off with Dockney. In the outfield, McMahon and Charley Hunt both made pretty catches. Wolters pitched very wild, and the umpire gave the Marylands the first base seven times. As the visitors were pretty well tired out we do not intend to speak of the individual playing. As a whole their fielding, while not as good as they exhibited in the Atlantic game, was an improvement on that of their game with the Eckfords, and everything considered, was as good as could be expected. The score is appended:—

MARYLAND.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Hooper, c	5	0	0	2	C. Hunt, c f	2	4	0	2
Wilson, 1st b	3	2	0	0	Devyr, s s	3	3	0	0
Rorke, p	3	2	0	1	Wolters, p	2	4	0	0
Goldsmith, 2d b	2	2	0	1	McMahon, l f	4	1	0	1
Lucas, s s	3	1	0	0	Swandel, 3d b	2	3	0	1
Mincher, l f	1	3	0	1	Mills, 1st b	1	4	0	0
Armstead, r f	1	2	1	1	Dockney, c	2	3	0	1
Worthington, c f	2	1	1	2	R. Hunt, r f	1	4	0	1
Keerl, 3d b	1	1	1	2	Flanly, 2d b	4	1	0	0
Totals	21	14	3	10	Totals	21	27	0	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Maryland	0	2	4	4	2	1	1	—14
Mutual	1	4	4	8	3	5	2	—27

Home runs—C. Hunt, 1; McMahon, 1; Mills, 1. Out on bases—Maryland, 12; Mutual, 6. Foul bound catches—Hooper, 3; Keerl, 2; Dockney, 1. Struck out—Lucas, 1. Double plays—McMahon and Flanly, 1; Mills and Flanly, 1. Out on foul balls—Maryland, 4 times; Mutual, 8 times. Umpire—Mr. Mills, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Heiner and McCarthy. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

The Marylands left for home on the evening of the 24th inst. During their short stay among us they made many friends by their gentlemanly deportment while on the ball field. As exponents of our National Game they have left a good name behind them. Their game with the Atlantic was the closest rub any club south of Philadelphia ever gave the champions. As batters they certainly stand in the front rank, but as fielders we cannot say so much for them.

PICKED NINE vs. CRICKETERS.

The English cricketers made their last appearance in this country on the 23d inst., in a game of base ball against a picked nine. It had been arranged as a benefit for the professionals, to come off at the Union Park, Tremont; but the wretched condition of the ground from the previous day's rain necessitated a change in the programme, and the few spectators and the players adjourned to the old ground at Melrose, where a game of six innings was played. The cricketers opened with a fine lead of six to three, but only scoring two in the second innings, while their opponents made six, they lost it. In the last four innings the cricketers only added three to their totals, while the picked nine made eleven, thus leaving the score 20 to 11. George Wright captained the cricketers and pitched for them, and his presence in the nine gave them considerable confidence. They exhibited some improvement over their previous exhibition, when they played the Union nine at Hudson City, and gave evidence that in time they will become experts. At the conclusion of the game refreshments were partaken of at Carpenter's Hotel. In the evening the Eleven were the guests of the Willow Cricket Club, of Brooklyn, and sat down to an entertainment given in their honor. The score of the game is as follows:—

CRICKETERS.	H. L.	R.	PICKED NINE.	H. L.	R.
Smith, c	4	0	Goldie, 1st b	2	3
Pooley, l f	4	0	Birdsall, c	2	3
Humphrey, s s	4	2	Pabor, p	3	1
Geo. Wright, p	4	2	Murray, 3d b	2	2
Shaw, 1st b	0	2	Flanly, 2d b	2	2
Charlwood, 2d b	2	2	Walker, l f	3	1
Griffiths, r f	1	2	Jewell, s s	2	2
Tarrant, c f	1	2	Austin, c f	2	2
Jupp, 3d b	2	0	Valentine, r f	0	4
Total		11	Total		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Cricketers	6	2	1	0	2	0	—11
Picked Nine	3	6	2	0	0	9	—20

Umpire—Mr. Henry, of the Union Club. Scorers—Messrs. Chadwick and Lush. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. PICKED NINE.

The Cincinnati Nine were tendered a complimentary benefit on their return from their eastern tour, in the shape of a game against a picked nine from Ohio. The boys needed the proceeds in their treasury to pay the expenses of their trip. The game was played on the Union grounds, Cincinnati, on Monday, the 19th. The picked nine was composed of Messrs. Weaver and Abel, of the Xenia Club; Hurley, Leonard, Doyle and McMullen, of the Buckeyes; Taylor and Bacon, of the Great Westerns, and Beckler, of the Live Oaks. The playing on either side was not up to the usual average of the players, this being in some degree owing to the inclement weather. There were several changes in position in the picked nine during the game, Weaver pitching a couple of innings, Leonard taking Abel's place at catching, the latter going to the field, and Taylor coming in to short. McMullen seemed hardly at home on the infield. Taylor's play in both his positions was very good. Beckler's pitching seemed to bother the Cincinnatis considerably, Waterman in particular. The fifth innings decided the game in favor of the Redstockings, they scoring eleven, and whitewashing the field. They then drew steadily ahead till the last innings, when the picked nine batted well for six runs, aided somewhat by loose fielding. We add the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H. L.	R.	PICKDD NINE.	H. L.	R.
How, s s	2	2	McMullen, 2d b	4	2
Waterman, 3d b	5	2	Weaver, c f	1	4
Johnson, r f	1	5	Leonard, s s	2	3
Hatfield, l f	4	3	Beckler, p	5	0
Wright, 2d b	3	4	Doyle, 1st b	3	1
Brainard, p	2	4	Taylor, l f	2	1
Kingsley, c f	4	3	Abel, c	3	1
Gould, 1st b	3	4	Hurley, 3d b	3	2
Allison, c	3	3	Bacon, r f	4	1
Total		32	Total		15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	0	4	3	2	11	1	3	5	3	—32
Picked Nine	2	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	6	—15

Bases on hits—Cincinnati, 27; Picked Nine, 16. Home run—Hurley, 1. Put out on bases—by Cincinnati, 13; Picked Nine, 12. On fouls—Cincinnati, 4; Picked Nine, 8. Double play—McMullen and Doyle, 1. Umpire—Mr. Birrell, Walnut Hills (Ohio) Club. Time of game—Three hours.

ATHLETIC vs. OLYMPIC.

The second of the series of games between the Athletics and Olympics, of Philadelphia, was played on the grounds of the former on the 24th inst., and resulted in a victory for the Athletics. The Athletics were short of Radcliff and the Olympics were also short handed, neither Myers, Aitken or Welsh being present. The Olympics pressed their opponents closely for the first six innings, but the Athletics, in their first innings, got into a streak of old time batting, assisted by some misplays of the Olympics. Below is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H. L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H. L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	1	5	Schaffer, 3d b	2	1
McBride, p	4	5	Oram, 1st b	2	2
McCleary, r f	4	2	Reyburn, r f	4	1
Wilkins, s s	2	5	Eckendorf, l f	1	4
Fisler, l f	1	5	Harrop, p	3	2
Sensenderfer, c f	1	5	Fulmer, s s	2	3
Foran, 3d b	1	4	Miller, c	2	3
Cuthbert, 1st b	2	3	Kern, 2d b	3	1
Berry, c	5	1	Diehl, c f	2	2
Total		31	Total		19

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Athletic	5	1	8	1	3	1	12	—31
Olympic	2	2	1	2	4	7	1	—19

Fly catches—Athletic—Sensenderfer, 2; Reach, 1; McBride, 1; Wilkins, 1; Berry, 1—total, 6. Olympic—Miller, 2; Oram, 1; Harrop, 1; Kern, 1—total, 5. Put out on bases—By Cuthbert, 10; Reach, 1; Wilkins, 1—total by Athletics, 1. Assisted by Reach, 4 times; Wilkins, 4; McBride, 2; Berry, 1. Put out by Oram, 7; Kern, 2; Fulmer, 1—total by Olympics, 10. Assisted by Kern, 3 times; Schaffer, 2; Fulmer, 2; Miller, 2; Oram, 1. Foul bound catches—Berry, 2; Cuthbert, 1; Miller, 5; Eckendorf, 1. Catches on strikes—Miller, 2. Out on fouls—Athletics, 4 times; Olympics, 7 times. Bases on clean hits—Athletics, 25 times; Olympics, 13 times. Bases on errors—Athletics, 12 times; Olympics, 9 times. Left on bases—Reach, 1; Wilkins, 1; Foran, 1; Cuthbert, 1; Schaffer, 2; Oram, 1. Umpire—R. Whiting, of the Harry Clay. Scorers—Messrs. Philidore S. Bell and H. W. Allen. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

BUCKEYES vs. PICKED NINES.

On Friday, the 23d inst., the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati had a complimentary benefit, when they pitted themselves against a picked nine of that city. The day was disagreeably cool, a fact which tended to make the assembly smaller than it should have been, and also affected the play, there being a considerable lot of muffing on both sides. The interest was also lessened by the fact that McMullen, Brookshaw and Lantersick, of the Buckeye Nine, were absent. Birrell, of the Walnut Hills Club, and Black, of the Great Westerns, were given them. The Bucks started out by whitewashing the picked nine twice in succession, but they did not keep it up. Hatfield was not very brilliant on second base, though he made a splendid catch and double play in the last innings. Hatfield also made a home run on a big hit to left field. Leonard stuck a ball between the slats of the fence in left field, upon which he easily made a home run. Prentiss in right field made a fine one-handed fly catch. The fielding in general was as good as could be expected on such a day. The picked nine consisted of Taylor, of the Great Westerns; Loomis, Olympics, of Pittsburg; Lowe and Becklar, of the Live Oaks; and the other five from the Cincinnati Club. We add the score:—

BUCKEYE.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	PICKED NINE.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Leonard, c	3	3	0	0	Taylor, s s	3	2	1	2
Smith, p	2	2	0	0	Waterman, 3d b	4	2	2	1
Boake, c f	4	2	0	1	Loomis, l f	5	3	0	2
Black, s s	4	2	0	0	Allison, c	3	4	0	2
Doyle, 1st b	3	0	2	3	Lowe, c f	5	2	0	1
Meagher, l f	3	1	1	2	Hatfield, 2d b	1	4	1	1
Kennedy, r f	3	1	1	0	Buckler, p	4	3	0	1
Hurley, 3d b	3	2	0	0	Prentiss, r f	0	7	0	1
Birrel, 2d b	4	1	0	1	Gould, 1st b	2	4	1	1
Totals	27	16	6	8	Totals	27	31	5	12

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Buckeye	2	5	0	3	0	5	0	1	0	—16
Picked Nine	0	0	6	1	1	9	5	5	4	—31

Bases on hits—Buckeyes, 16; Picked Nine, 33. Passed balls—Leonard, 1; Allison, 2. Double plays—Black, Birrel and Doyle, 1; Hatfield and Gould, 1. Umpire—S. Kemper, Cincinnati Juniors. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.

Of the nearly five hundred members of the Cincinnati Club, not one has died since its organization, over two years ago. That speaks well for the hygienic properties of the game...... The Cincinnati Juniors having beaten the Buckeye Juniors in a series of three games, claim the junior championship of the country. This claim, however, is disputed by the Indianola Juniors, who have beaten the Cincinnati boys this season...... The Xenia Club, since they had added Weaver and Abel to their nine, were supposed to be the strongest club in the State outside of Porkopolis. But they were defeated on Friday, the 23d, by the Independents, of Mansfield, after a splendid game, by the close score of 28 to 27...... The Athletic Club, which lately beat the Riversides by the small score of 9 to 8, in a second game last week was again the victor, 30 to 18...... The Antioch College Club, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, was to play their return game with the Cincinnatis, on the Union Grounds, on Saturday last, the 24th..... The Irving Club, of Covington, beat the Resolutes, of the same place, last week, 44 to 22...... On the Union Grounds on Tuesday, the 20th, the Hogsheads "gobbled" the Biscuits, 29 to 27...... The Cincinnatis have on hand two return games—with the Great Westerns and with the Hickory Club, of McConnelsville, Ohio; and these will probably wind up their career for the season. With these two games they will have played 45 in all—a very large showing. They have played twice each with the Champions and their two greatest competitors, the Athletics and Atlantics...... Asa Brainard, pitcher of the Cincinnatis, is one of the contestants for the champion billiard cue of Ohio.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB AND THE EX-CHAMPIONS.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

The following plain spoken communication is from the Cincinnati *Commercial* of the 22d. As it was written by one who knows of what he speaks about and carries out our argument in relation to the double dealing and duplicity of the late champions, we give it in full:—

The recent tour of the Cincinnati Club gave it an insight to the management of the prominent clubs of the east. The position that base ball has assumed in that quarter is not altogether reputable. The courtesies that exist between clubs, and the friendly spirit that should characterize all games seems to have been superseded by a mean jealousy to excel, regardless of the means and trickery resorted to. Many clubs have prostituted the game to further the interests of sporting men. The consequence must ultimately be to make the national game unpopular, and to lose the support of the better class of the community.

The Union Club, of Morrisania, late champions, have forfeited the respect of the fraternity and of the public by their duplicity and ungentlemanly conduct. Their treatment of the Cincinnati Club, while in New York, deserves to be publicly exposed. I am cognizant of the fact and authorized to speak for the Cincinnati Club. In the latter part of August, the Union Club, then flying the pennant, visited this city to play our two prominent clubs. Refusing to play their first game with the Red Stockings, they met them after they had played the Buckeye Club, and were victorious. A second game was quickly arranged for the following day, in which the Red Stockings were more fortunate, and received from the champions a ball, as evidence of the result of the game. Nothing was said about either being an exhibition game. If the second was an exhibition game, then was the first also. As is the custom, the winning club claimed and received the ball. The President and Secretary of the Union Club were urgent in their request to the President of the Cincinnati Club to visit the east this season, stating that they would advise playing them the last game in New York, so that in case the Red Stockings were again successful, they could straightway leave for home, champions of the United States. Thus much for the exhibition part of the games in this city. The public can draw its own conclusions.

The Cincinnati Club used unusual means to make the games on the Union Grounds financially successful, and shared the receipts with the Union Club, who stated that they were $700 in arrears on their western trip. Suffice it to say that the amount paid them by the Union Grounds squared their accounts and left them a surplus. The members of the Cincinnati Club were unremitting in their efforts to make the stay of the visitors pleasant. The President entertained their officers, and paid them personal and marked attentions. They received a warm, honest western welcome and entertainment. If the Cincinnati Club was received in the character of its guests, it has only to regret that the national game ever had such unworthy champions. They were supposed to be gentlemen, and were treated accordingly.

When the Cincinnati Club arranged an eastern tour, and advised the clubs they wished to play of the day they would meet them, all promptly agreed to the day appointed except the Union Club. No answer was received from them up to the time of the departure of the club for Washington, although a fortnight had elapsed.

While in Washington a letter was received from their Secretary, stating that unless the Cincinnati Club played them "the first game in New York," they would not share the gate money; a threat that the President of the Red Stockings regarded as dishonest and insulting. He, however, replied politely that it would be impossible to meet them on the first day of their visit in New York, as the Atlantic Club had visited the west first, and having requested the first game, as a matter of course they were entitled to it, and consequently the programme could not be changed. As no answer was received to this letter, the Red Stockings went to New York, expecting to play them on the 3d of October, although it had been intimated to them in Philadelphia that the Union Club was making great efforts to secure a game in that city on that day, to avoid meeting the Cincinnati Club while in New York. On the 3d of October, a note was received from their Secretary, requesting the Red Stockings to remain in New York until the 8th inst., when they would play them. Truly, a most amiable and generous offer! As they were to play the Atlantics a second time on the 6th, the trick is apparent and disgusting. They had sold out to the Atlantics. Mr. Geo. Wright, the only member of the Union Club who called on us, stated that there was no excuse for not playing us on the 3d, and that he had no apology to offer for the conduct of his club. The officers, on request of Mr. Wright, declined to call on the Cincinnati Club, saying they had no time, and refused to give him any reason for their irregular treatment of the club that had been so friendly and hospitable to them. This may be considered polite in New York. In this community such conduct is characterized as ungentlemanly, dishonest and cowardly. It is inexcusable, undignified and disgraceful. The west does not permit or countenance such unfair and disreputable dealings in the national game as the late accidental champions have been guilty of. The Cincinnati Club did not travel east to contend for the championship, or prizes of any kind, and the Union Club knew it. The trip was undertaken, on invitation, to return the visit of several clubs, and to form the acquaintance of others. If the Union Club had visited the west under similar circumstances, the Cincinnati Club would have postponed all other engagements to meet them, and given them the reciprocal polite attentions due to gentlemen. When the late champions are again in an impecunious condition, the Red Stockings will be glad to welcome them to a harvest on our Union Grounds, and to teach them gratuitous lessons in the civilities of polite society.

October 21, 1868. RED STOCKING.

BUCKEYE vs. CINCINNATI.

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final game of their series between the junior Buckeyes and Cincinnatis, each having previously won one, was played on the Buckeye Grounds on Thursday, the 22d. The fielding of the "colts" on both sides was splendid, the Young Redstockings whitewashing their opponents five times in succession. The batting was very heavy for lads. We give the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H. L.	R.	BUCKEYE.	H. L.	R.
Marty, 2d b	2	4	McBriar, r f	3	2
Daggett, s s	1	5	Nieman, s s	2	1
Kemper, c	4	2	Ulmer, 1st b	3	2
Jones, 3d b	4	2	Sheen, c	3	1
Stewart, 1st b	5	2	Clark, 3d b	3	2
Roth, p	3	3	Traby, c f		2
Rammelsburgh, l f	3	3	Smith, l f	4	1
Slocumb, c f	2	3	O'Dowd, 2d b	2	2
Cottle, r f	3	3	Gladden, p	5	0
Total		27	Total		14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	5	3	9	0	0	1	0	5	4	—27
Buckeye	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	3	—14

Bases on hits—Cincinnati, 20; Buckeye, 7.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION OF BALL PLAYERS.

On Wednesday, 21st inst., the Annual Convention of the State Association of Base Ball Players met in the Assembly buildings, Philadelphia. There were but few delegates present, and those composed almost entirely of Philadelphians.

The roll was called, and the following clubs answered:—Athletic, Atlantic, Americus, Bachelor, Commonwealth, Chestnut Street Theatre, Expert, Harry Clay, Intrepid, Olive, James Page, Rescue, Spartacus, and Village of Philadelphia, and Mountain Star of Altoona.

E. H. Hayhurst, of the Athletic Club, and C. C. Hughes, of the Expert, were nominated for president. Mr. Hayhurst received seventeen votes and Mr. Hughes six. The election of Mr. Hayhurst was then made unanimous. The following gentlemen were nominated for first vice president: John I. Rogers, Bachelor Club; H. C. Rushton, Rescue Club, and John McDermott, Village Club. The ballot resulted: Rogers 4, Rushton 9, and McDermott 10. There being no choice, Mr. Rogers withdrew, and a second ballot was taken, resulting—Rushton 12, McDermott 11. Mr. Rushton was then declared elected.

The following gentlemen were nominated for second vice president:—A. W. Rudolph, Americus Club, and J. J. Prentzel, Spartacus Club. Mr. Rudolph received 10 votes, and Mr. Prentzel 11 votes. Mr. Prentzel was then declared duly elected.

Messrs. G. Pinkerton, of the Intrepid Club, and H. R. Hellier, of the Chestnut Street Theatre Club, were nominated for recording secretary. Mr. Pinkerton received 8 votes, and Mr. Hellier 13 votes. Mr. Hellier was declared duly elected.

Messrs. William Moffit, of the Expert, and J. R. C. Ward, of the Commonwealth Club, were nominated for corresponding secretary. Mr. Moffitt received 7 votes, and Mr. Ward 15 votes. Mr. Ward was declared duly elected.

Mr. E. F. Casey, of the James Page Club, was nominated for treasurer, and there being no opposition Mr. Casey was declared elected.

The following gentlemen were nominated for delegates to the National Convention:—

Messrs. E. H. Hayhurst, Athletic Club; John J. Rogers, Bachelor; S. F. Shugart, Harry Clay; W. S. Hughes, Mountain Star of Altoona, and Mr. Ward, Commonwealth.

The ballot resulted:—Hayhurst, 11; Rogers, 17; Shugart, 4; Hughes, 2, and Ward, 9.

Messrs. Hayhurst and Rogers were then declared to be the delegates, and Messrs. McDermott, Ward, Hellier and Shugart, alternates.

After the transaction of some minor business, the convention adjourned.

Sporting Squibs.

— The Parisian belles are getting fond of pulling the trigger, it seems, and go out sporting with dog and gun.

— A swordfish, with its sword three feet long, and weighing 300 lbs., was recently caught at the Isle of Shoals.

— At a squirrel hunt at Crattsbury, Vt., a short time since, 7,500 were bagged.

— A unicorn fish, 60 feet long, with horn 20 feet long, has been caught off the coast of Greenland.

— Doyle, the English jockey, met with an accident at Lanark on the 9th inst., which it is feared will prove serious. He was thrown heavily while riding Auchinleck in the Farewell Handicap.

— A few days ago a horse physician brought suit against the owner of a horse for medical services rendered the animal. The owner set up the plea that the agreement was, no cure no pay; but the Court didn't see it, and the doctor got $15 for not curing the horse.

— John G. Green, well known as a diver on the lakes, died in Buffalo on the 17th inst. from paralysis induced by submarine hardships.

— A big bear was recently shot by a farmer at Troy, Vt., but not killed, when Mr. Bear drove his assailant into a tree for the night. Next morning the quadruped was killed, and weighed 275lbs.

— A trot for $2,000 is to take place at Waverly N. J., on the 29th inst., between Mountain Boy and Lady Thorne.

— A rat was killed in Newbern, recently, which weighed 17¾lbs.

— A mermaid that eats oranges is reported to have been found at the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Wood should send for her for his museum.

— A fleet of 400 boats and 5,000 fishermen are employed to "grapple" oysters for Gotham.

— Ducks and geese are far more abundant on the rice lakes of the Mississippi than ever before known, offering a good chance for sportsmen with their dogs and guns.

— Tait, the celebrated artist, is, as usual, painting those superb and life like bird scenes, so pleasing to the eye of the sportsman.

QUOITING MATCH BETWEEN HODGSON AND WHITTAKER.—THE LATTER THE WINNER.—A game of quoits, which excited considerable interest among the admirers of this manly pastime, took place on the ground of M. Rogers, of the Odd Fellows' Arms, New Town, Manchester, Eng., on Oct. 3, and though the weather was exceedingly unfavorable about 700 persons were present. The contest was for £50 a side, and the competitors were W. Hodgson, of Dukenfield, formerly residing at Pottsville, Pa., and W. Whittaker, of Salford, the distance being 18 yards, 61 shots up. So far as quoiting is concerned, this event presented an international character—one claiming to be the champion of England, and the other of this country, a large amount being speculated on the result. A suitable referee having been appointed in the person of N. Parkinson, of Manchester, the quoits were produced, all of which were 8¼ in. in diameter. Those used by Hodgson weighed 9 lbs., and Whittaker's 9 lb. 4 oz. Before the contest commenced Hodgson was installed the favorite, and the betting closed at 5 to 4 on him. In the early part of the game Hodgson landed his quoits well, and he scored the first 7; then Whittaker gradually approached him, and the score became 11 each. Hodgson subsequently headed his opponent, but at 29 they were again equal. Whittaker afterwards threw his quoits admirably, and he eventually won easily by 13, the score at the conclusion being:—Whittaker, 61; Hodgson, 48. Upwards of £500 changed hands on the result.

CROQUET.—This game, in which both sexes take part, has been one of the attractions at Flushing, L. I., we understand, and many matches have been played; on the 15th, games between Messrs. Hubbard, Mann and Hoffman on one side, and Mauriac, Leavitt and Chase on the other, best two out of three, took place. They were not fully played out on account of darkness, the first being won by Hubbard's side, and the second in favor of Mauriac's side, when they stopped. They threaten to challenge some New Yorkers next season.

PIGEON MATCH FOR A CENTURY.—A match at twenty-four singles each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, for fifty dollars a side, has been made between Jas. Stoughton and Henry Maitland, and is to be decided at Hartford, Conn., on the 21st proximo.

SKATING.—Proprietors of skating parks in and around Philadelphia are getting things in order for an early opening, should John Frost make his appearance. Skating is a favorite recreation in Philadelphia, and a good season is anticipated by those interested.

AQUATICS.

INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE

BETWEEN

THE PARIS CREW, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.,

AND THE

WARD BROTHERS, OF CORNWALL, N. Y.,

FOR THE

Championship of the World and $3,000.

ROWED AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCT. 21.

THE PROVINCIAL CREW VICTORIOUS IN 39:28¾.

MEKEEL WINS THE WHERRY RACE IN 15:51.

The great six mile boat race between the celebrated Paris crew of St. John, N. B., and the Ward four, for $1,500 a side and the championship, was decided over the Springfield course on Wednesday, October 21st, and terminated in the triumph of the former. Full particulars are given below by our special reporter:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

The Paris crew, as the four representative oarsmen from the Province of New Brunswick are generally called, from their triumphant success on the Seine, at the International Regatta held there last year, is composed of Robert Fulton, stroke; Samuel Hutton, second; Elijah Ross, third, and George Price, bow. A tall, well knit, powerfully built man is Robert Fulton, over six feet in height, seemingly without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his sinewy frame. His sandy hair, high cheek bones and grave, taciturn demeanor bearing witness to his Scotch descent, while his clear, bright eye and ruddy complexion evidence the possession of perfect, robust health. His weight is about 156lbs. Elijah Ross, the second oar, scales about the same weight, but is not so tall, not over 5 feet 10¼ inches in height, but admirably built both for strength and endurance. His companion amidships, Samuel Hutton, is the shortest man in the crew, not over 5ft 9in., but he is a remarkably muscular, powerfully formed man. Their bow oar, George Price, stands about 5 feet 10¼ inches in height, and will pull down the scales at 150lbs. There is no waste flesh on his sinewy chest and loins, and he looks the model of a man you would select for long continued muscular exertion and endurance. Such was the *personnel* of the famous St. John crew, who were now to meet in rivalry of skill with the world renowned crew of America, for three thousand dollars and the aquatic championship of the western hemisphere. As oarsmen, the St. John crew, although they had won several races at home, were not generally known in aquatic circles until, by their double victory at the Paris International Regatta, held on the River Seine in July, 1867, they astonished the world by their prowess. In their first race on that occasion, rowed on July 8th, open to four-oared boats manned by amateurs of all countries, they were opposed to seven crews, six French and one English, and their chance of winning was so lightly estimated that long odds were offered against them. They won, however, very cleverly by four or five lengths. In their second race for four oared out-riggers, manned by amateurs of all countries, they were opposed to the crews of the London Rowing Club; the Oxford Etonian Club; the Germania Club, of Hamburg, and three French crews. The Oxford and London crews were the favorites at starting, four to one being the odds against the St. John crew. Just after the start the latter were fouled by the Parisian crew, it is thought purposely, but in three hundred yards the New Brunswickers had drawn clear of everything, and although they had a little casualty, owing to their stroke oar slipping from his seat, which enabled the London crew to get on even terms, they quickly again assumed the lead and won easily by three lengths. On their return home, the crew, accompanied by their staunch backer, Sheriff Harding, paid a visit to the CLIPPER office, in passing through New York, and have not been engaged in any rowing match until the present memorable contest was arranged.

THE AMERICAN CREW was composed of Charles, Henry, Gilbert and Joshua Ward—all names occupying enviable niches in the temple of aquatic fame, and as well known as household words throughout the land, as likewise in boating circles beyond the broad Atlantic. The Ward family is essentially a rowing family, all the boys, nine in number, having first beheld the twinkling stars within a stone's toss of the Hudson, on the bosom of which noble stream they have wielded the ash and spruce ever since they had sufficient muscle to propel a boat—indeed, they may be said to have been ushered into existence on the waters, possessing an innate love and aptitude for boating sport. Hank, the eldest of the brothers, has participated in over nineteen contests of different kinds, in all but one of which he has taken either first or second prize. Of Josh's record it is unnecessary to speak, as our readers are already thoroughly conversant with its brilliancy. He has cause to look back with pride at his career, having been successful in the majority of his races, for many years holding the sculling championship, and being accredited with having made the best two and five mile time upon record. Charley has likewise been a participant in a few sculling contests with different results, and Gil, the youngest of the four, has appeared with credit in several trials with skillful handlers of the blades. The four together constitute a team seldom equalled, as they have proven in a variety of trials, having defeated the Biglin crew, at Sing Sing, in 1865, the famous Poughkeepsie "Stranger" crew in 1861 and '66, and the Morris four last fall. The achievements which gained for them the most wide spread reputation were their victory over the last-named crew, and with their brother Ellis and Jared T. Raymond in the boat, their splendid triumphs over the Harvard six at Boston and Worcester this year, accomplishing the three miles in the second contest in 17:40¼, although the course on Lake Quinsigamond is said be a trifle short. In personal appearance they are tall, rawboned and awkward looking, of wiry build, with prominent features of decidedly Yankee type, and have a hardy, tough look about them, which, with their well-known abilities as oarsmen, is well-calculated to inspire confidence. Hank will be 40 years old on Dec 14th, is 5ft. 9½in. in height and weighed about 159lbs. Charley is three years younger, having been born Dec. 6, 1831, stands 5ft. 9½in. in height 152 lbs. Josh is 30 years old, 6ft. 1¼in. in height, 165lbs. Gil has seen 27 summers, 6ft. 1¾in. in height, 158lbs.

THE PRESENT MATCH.

It will be remembered that early last spring a communication was published in our columns from a correspondent at St. John, N. B., in which allusion was made to a challenge, said to have been issued through a local journal, from the Ward Brothers to any four-oared crew in the world, and insinuating that the aforesaid *defi* was so published in a paper of limited circulation in order that it might not reach the ears of those for whom it was intended, while the New Yorkers would still gain due credit therefor. Strong hints were thrown out that if the challenge had appeared in a recognized sporting journal it would have met with a prompt response, and the Paris crew were particularly referred to by the writer. This occasioned considerable stir in boating circles, and the following issue of the CLIPPER contained a reply on behalf of the Wards, over the signature of J. H. Munn, in which he denied the issuance of any such challenge, stating that the brothers, being the admitted champions of the country, while in duty bound to accept all challenges, were precluded by that very fact from issuing any. He also declared that the Wards were not only willing but anxious to meet any four oared crew in the States or provinces, especially the "Paris crew," and wound up by challenging any four in the *old* world to a five or six mile race on American waters, straight away or with one turn, for the championship of the world, allowing $1,000 to pay the expenses of any such crew. This effectually stopped the flow of ink from New Brunswick, greatly to the regret of the aquatic public, who had hoped for something interesting to result from the spicy correspondence. Immediately after their return home, after achieving so signal a victory over the Harvards at Worcester, Mass., in July, the Wards forwarded a challenge to *Bell's Life in London*, daring any English four to make a match for $5,000 a side, five or six miles, straight away, the race to take place in either country, give or take $1,000 for expenses.

An acceptance of this challenge by Morton Price, on behalf of a four from the Humber Rowing Club, was published in the CLIPPER simultaneously with it, and a few days afterwards a meeting was held at this office to arrange matters, but no terms could be arrived at, Price not being prepared to act understandingly. While awaiting a reply from across the water we were called upon by Chas. B. Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., and a gentleman from St. John, who, on Sept. 7th, published a card desiring that the Wards should meet them for the purpose of making a match to row six miles, with one turn, at Springfield, Mass., for $1,000 a side, six weeks from date of signing articles. The meeting was convened on September 14th, but they failed to come to terms, the Cornwallians referring the other party to their challenge to the world, which distinctly mentioned $5,000 as the amount to be contended for, and refusing to row for less than $2,500 a side anywhere, except at Cornwall, on the Hudson, where they were willing to pull in two weeks for $1,000. By private appointment they met at our office a second time on Sept. 21st, Charley Moore acting on behalf of the brothers and Elliott doing the necessary talking for the Brunswick oarsmen. The former stated that he was prepared to make a match to row a five mile race for $1,500 in four weeks' time. The Alderman replied that he would not make it for any less distance than six miles, and submitted the four following propositions, viz:—First, to row at Springfield, Mass., for $1,000 a side, each to pay their own expenses; second, to row at the same place for $2,500 a side, the St. John men to be allowed $300 for expenses; third, to row at Portland, Me., for $2,500 a side, each to pay their own expenses; fourth, to row at St. John, N. B., for a like amount in gold, allowing the Wards $200 in gold for expenses. A lengthy debate upon place, time, distance and amount followed, resulting in the drawing up and signing of the appended protocol:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21st, 1868.

ARTICLE 1. An outside boat becomes entitled to the inside track only when her stern has been drawn sufficiently ahead of the bow of the inside boat to show clear water between them.

2. Any boat swerving from a direct course in order to impede the other boat, shall be ruled out.

3. The boats shall toss for choice of position before starting in the race.

4. The race shall take place at Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 21st day of October, 1868, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the judges' boat to be placed in the usual position for the starting boat in the Springfield regatta, and the course to be from that point, three miles down the stream, to and around a stake boat turning from east to west, and back to the place of starting.

5. Smooth water shall be requisite for the race; the condition of the water to be judged of and decided by both parties. The referee to be chosen at the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, on Saturday, October 17th, at the time of putting up the final deposit.

6. The boats shall be started at the word "go," said word to be given by the referee. Time shall be taken when the stern of the winning boat crosses the line from which the boat started.

7. The race shall be for fifteen hundred dollars a side.

8. Two hundred and fifty dollars a side is this day deposited in the hands of Frank Queen, who shall be final stakeholder. The second deposit, of seven hundred and fifty dollars a side, to be deposited at the CLIPPER office, on Wednesday, September 30th, and the third and final deposit of five hundred dollars a side, at the same place, on Saturday, October 17th. Either side failing to come forward forfeits the amount already deposited.

9. If the day named is unsuitable, the race shall take place on the first fair day afterward.

10. The crew in the race to be the Ward Brothers and the St. John's Crew.

Witnesses: B. BIGLIN, CHAS. A. PEVERELLY. — CHAS. B. ELLIOTT. CHAS. MOORE.

The deposits were regularly forthcoming and everything connected with the match progressed as favorably as could be desired until the period arrived for choosing a referee. A number of persons were proposed by each party, but none could be found acceptable to both, and after a long argument it was decided to defer the selection until the day prior to the race.

The St. John crew, determined to maintain the brilliant reputation their previous achievements had gained for them, and win back to the Provinces the laurels their townsmen had lost the year before, had been preparing long and arduously for the anticipated engagement, and when the match was made were in first rate condition, which they improved by still more assiduous devotion to training after the articles had been signed, sealed and delivered. They changed their quarters to Springfield on the 14th inst., locating themselves at the farm house of Charles White, in West Springfield, from whence they took their final breathings, doing their preliminary rowing in an old boat which they had brought with them. Sheriff Jas. A. Harding and Charles Potter, two of their principal backers, accompanied them from New Brunswick. The Ward brothers began a systematic course of preparation on the 28th ult., at Cornwall, but for several days a very strong and continuous gale blew from the north-east, which is said to have prevented their taking as much rowing exercise as was necessary for the work in hand, in addition to which unfortunate state of affairs, about the 21 inst. Josh was taken suddenly sick, and for three days it is stated the crew practiced without him in a shell loaned them by the West Point cadets. This cannot, however, be regarded as affecting the result, as they had sufficient time afterward to get in proper fix. They arrived at the scene of action on the 13th inst., accompanied by Tim Donohue and McIntyre, and having with them their old boat. They took up their quarters at the beautiful residence of Mr. Goldthwaite, situated about two miles and a half south of the town, on the brow of the hill skirting the Longmeadow road, and from which a fine view of the tortuous stream, the city and the surrounding country could be obtained. It was here they finished their training for the race of '67, and they were cordially welcomed back by Mr. G., who took a patriotic interest in the affair, and shewed his sun-embrowned guests numerous acts of hospitality suggested by a generous, warm hearted nature. They had a new bottom worked on their old boat after their arrival, practising meanwhile in the J. W. Thompson, kindly loaned them by a local organization.

THE BETTING IN SPRINGFIELD THE NIGHT BEFORE.

The trains from Boston and New York on Tuesday brought a great influx of visitors into Springfield from those cities, as well as from Providence, Philadelphia, Worcester, Albany, Newburgh and other places. The Massasoit House was the headquarters of the aquatic sports, and early in the evening betting commenced in earnest, the proprietors of this well known hotel being made stakeholders in the majority of instances. The backers of the Ward Brothers arrived at Springfield fully anticipating that they would have to lay odds upon their crew in order to get all their money invested, but to their surprise they found that every offer they made to back their men was quietly but promptly taken up by the partisans of the Provincial crew, until after some few thousand dollars had been staked, the ardor to "get on" the New York oarsmen began to abate. The backers of the St. John men, heaviest of whom were Sheriff James A. Harding and Mr. Chas. Potter, however, had not bet a tithe of the money they had brought for investment, and in turn they were loud and numerous in their offers to bet on their representatives winning. They positively declined, however, to lay the slightest odds, but declared their willingness to put up dollar for dollar on their men, to any amount, however large. The fact cannot be denied that the backers of the Newburgh brothers were fairly outbet, and the St. John crew had decidedly the call, notwithstanding all investments were at evens. The betting that was done was transacted in a quiet, business-like manner, and the New Brunswickers, by their courteous, gentlemanly demeanor in the manner of making their investments, acquired the respect and good will of those who were supporting the opposite interest.

THE DAY OF THE RACE.

On Wednesday morning the New York trains brought still larger accessions to the ranks of the Ward backers, and the spacious passages of the Massasoit House were crowded with interested spectators. The Provincials steadily refused to bet any odds on their men, so that the new arrivals had to be content with betting their money on even terms. Notwithstanding the large amount that was thus brought into the market by the fresh comers, the funds of the supporters of the St. John men appeared undiminished, for they quietly yet promptly accepted every offer on the part of the partisans of the opposite faction. Among the surging crowd that thronged the hall of the Massasoit we recognized the faces of most of the most prominent patrons and supporters of aquatic sports in the country. Towering above the rest, and the centre of a small group of well known New Yorkers, stood the tall form of Jim Lee, once a distinguished oarsman himself, and still always on hand to promote, both in purse and person, the interests of aquatic sport. He is in deep conversation with Charley Moore, one of the principal backers of the Wards in this match, and who has invested a big pile in greenbacks as well as a lesser one in gold specie on their winning it to-day. Next him stands Charley Peverelly, a faithful adherent of the quartet of brother oarsmen, and an acknowledged authority on aquatic matters; Nelse Kirk, another warm partisan of the same interest, and an old backer of the Wards in all their previous races; and Paddy Hughes, who has staked a moiety of the large pile he won the week before on the Philadelphia elections on the Newburgh oarsmen winning this race, and who wins and loses with equal *nonchalance*. In another group we notice Barry Cornell, equally as ready to bet on a boat race as a trotting match, so that "he can be interested; Bob Smith, the jovial host of the "House of Commons," who has come purposely to back the St. John men, and hopes to get home again in time to hear Braham sing his final song at that night's "Free and Easy," in Houston street; Jim Marshall, of the Opera-House Saloon, in Union Square, who, like his friend and companion, Sir Robert, has got his money on the Provincials, and feels satisfied; Bill Lovell, the owner of American Girl and other fast trotting cracks, who, with his usual good luck, has come up to bet his money on the Wards, but turns round and backs their opponents instead; Robert Culkin and James Munn, two staunch Wardites, the latter looking far pleasanter and more satisfied with the world than he did on returning the same night to New York; Barney Aaron and his "agent," Butt Riley, were there, investing the stamps they had made by their exhibition the night before on the oarsmen from Newburgh. The irrepressible oarsman, Walter Brown, meets us in the crowd, and that famous boat builder from Greenpoint, Charles Elliott, to whose exertions and representations the present match may be safely attributed, and who has acted as the representative of the St. John Crew throughout the negotiations connected with it.

Two o'clock P. M. was the hour appointed for the first race of the day; for the Springfield Regatta Association, in their desire to give *eclat* to the memorable occasion of the international aquatic contest, had offered purses for two races—one for single scull and the other for four-oared crews. The day was very unfavorable, for a drenching, drizzling rain had commenced falling, rendering umbrellas and waterproof overcoats necessary, but the anxiety to witness the great race defied the elements, and the banks of the river were lined with thousands of interested spectators. On reaching the judges' stake-boat, we found the two crews in readiness, and waiting for the first race, the single scull match between John Mekeel, of Cold Spring, N. Y., and John O'Neill, of Springfield, for a purse of $50, to be decided. The Ward Brothers, we found on making inquiry of Josh, were in capital health and confident of victory; although Josh informed us that he did not think they had such an easy thing in prospect as they had last year, for they were now opposed to a different and far superior looking class of men than they had then encountered. All the brothers looked in fine condition, but it was evident that age was beginning to tell upon the visages of Henry and Charles, if not also upon their physical powers. The New Brunswick crew, enveloped in their long overcoats, stood quietly apart at the stern of the barge, in cheerful conversation with their principal backers, Sheriff Harding and Mr. Potter, of St. John, N. B. They looked in the perfection of condition, and their easy, unassuming demeanor expressed the most implicit reliance in their own prowess, and their deep assurance of triumph in the approaching struggle—a confidence which the two gentlemen above named shared in to the uttermost.

THE JUDGES AND REFEREE.

The judges appointed to officiate on the occasion were Stephen King, of St. John, for the New Brunswickers, and Tim Donohue, of Newburgh, for the Wards, in the upper or judges stakeboat; H. Hashagan, of the Columbia Boat Club, of New York, for the Ward crew, and Charles E. Potter, of St. John, for the Provincials, at the lower boat. The referee finally agreed upon was Mr. Charles F. Brown, of Newburgh, N. Y., who, in 1866, was the stroke oar of the Yale University crew. It was expected that Mr. Blakie, of Harvard, would officiate as referee, as he was present, but he having learnt that the Ward party had objected to him at the meeting held in the CLIPPER office to select that official, he positively declined to act. Mr. Wilbur Bacon, of New Haven, was then named, but he being absent in New York, Mr. Brown was mutually agreed upon as referee.

THE FIRST RACE

between Mekeel and O'Neill, single sculls, would, under other circumstances, have produced considerable interest, but now under the intense absorbing excitement of the international match, it created but little interest, and was viewed with impatience, as delaying the greater event which was to follow it. Both men got away evenly, and there was no difference apparent in their positions as they went down the river, and out of sight beyond the bend. On returning, O'Neill seemed to be leading, but Mekeel was rowing so easily within himself that it was clear he had the race in hand. Two hundred yards from home he put on a spurt, passed O'Neill, and won easily by two lengths, his time being 15:51, and O'Neill's 16:05¾.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH

was the next event, and the excitement now culminated to its highest point among the vast masses on shore, who in patient anxiety were biding the pelting of the pitiless rain that fell incessantly. Betting was at a discount, for the backers of the New York crew had gone their bottom dollar on their men, while the Provincials had still a seemingly inexhaustible fund to lay out. In some quarters one hundred to fifty was offered on the Paris crew, without takers, and speculation seemed altogether dead. Such was the state of things on shore; on the judges' stake-boat preparations were being generally made for the start. When the St. John crew stripped off their outer clothing and appeared in their rowing uniform of pink shirts and drawers, with red and blue caps, their splendid muscular development, clean, sinewy frames, and confident bearing, elicited universal admiration, which was shared in by the Ward Brothers as they gazed upon them while themselves completing their own toilets, and who doubtless felt that they had an arduous task before them to beat such a fine looking crew. The uniform of the Ward Brothers was white shirts, with pink drawers and no caps; their white handkerchiefs being simply bound around their foreheads, to keep the perspiration from their eyes. Bronzed, hardy looking men they were, but they showed plainly that in point of age, at least, they labored under a disadvantage as compared with their opponents. Still, they evidently possessed that confidence which naturally results from an uninterrupted career of victory in all their previous matches. There was no delay or time lost in getting started. Both boats drew into line; the St. John's crew, having won the toss, taking the west side. "Back up, St. John's," cried the referee. "All ready? Go!" and simultaneously eight oars flashed into the river, and responsive to the powerful impulse the two fragile looking crafts shot like gleaming arrows through the water, amid the thunderous acclamations of the multitude on shore, and the shrill whistles of the railroad locomotives. Amid intense excitement the boat of the Newburgh men was perceptibly seen forging ahead, under the impetus of forty-four strokes to the minute, and before one hundred yards had been gone over they were nearly a clear boat's length in advance. "One hundred dollars the Wards win the race," enthusiastically cries out Charley Moore, on the judges' stakeboat, but there was no response, not even when he reduced the offer to fifty dollars. But those parties who were lucky enough to possess good glasses could perceive a change in the relative positions of the boats already taking place, for the St. John crew had now fairly settled down to their work, and their long, powerful stroke, forty-two to the minute, their four oars, with blades one-third broader than the Wards, flashing the water in beautiful unison and the regularity of a piece of exquisite machinery, was already beginning to tell with effect, and when two hundred and fifty yards had been gone over, the noses of the two boats were parallel. Grimly and gallantly did the Wards bend to their oars with a will, and for a space they nobly held their own. Before the bend of the river, about a mile from the starting point, was reached, the St. John crew were two lengths ahead, still pulling their strong, steady stroke with beautiful precision. Gradually but steadily they kept widening the gap, turning the lower stake-boat first by six lengths, feeling so assured of victory that they indulge in a cheery conversation with the judges in it. On their homeward course their superiority as oarsmen was conspicuously evident, for when they rounded the point and came in sight of the spectators on the judges' boat they were fifty lengths at least ahead of the New York crew. On the last quarter mile they eased up on their stroke, and amid the roars of cheers from their friends on shore that greeted their triumph, they rowed across the line, winners of the race for the championship of the world by fifty lengths in *thirty-nine minutes twenty-eight and three quarter seconds*. The time of the losers was exactly 40 minutes 28¾ seconds, or one minute slower than the victors.

Both crews came on board the judges' boat and put on their clothes, for they were drenched through, and the rain was still falling heavily. "Any complaint to make, Josh?" asked the referee. "No, sir, all right," said Josh. "We have been fairly beaten, and by the best crew in the world. Those men," continued Josh, "can beat any crew living, and I know it. If any of you want to buy a boat, here is ours for sale, for after this I'm done with boat racing. We are getting too old." The winners showed no signs of exultation, but they warmly shook the proffered hands of their friends and fellow townsmen, Mr. Harding and Mr. Potter, who had so pluckily and faithfully stood by them throughout, and who felt deeply gratified at the result, which thus confirmed the soundness of their judgment in estimating the merits of their men. Fulton steps forward and shakes Gil Ward by the hand, saying, "Better luck to you next time, mate," to which Gil responds cheerfully and pleasantly. The losers bore their defeat with courage and dignity—the victors their triumph with modesty.

RETURN HOME OF THE CREWS—GIVING UP THE STAKES.

The two crews took their departure from Springfield for their respective homes at Cornwall, N. Y., and St. John, New Brunswick, on Thursday evening; the latter returning *via* Boston, from which place they would take the steamer for St. John on Monday, the 26th instant. Previous to their leaving Springfield, the Ward Brothers sold their boat, the Charles Peverelly, for the sum of $150. On Saturday, Mr. Charles Elliott and one of the leading backers of the victorious crew called at the CLIPPER office and received the stakes, $3,000, dependant on the match, and thus terminated the last act of this great international match.

The triumph of the New Brunswick crew has created intense excitement in that Province. We learn that at a public meeting held in St. John the day after the race, and which was attended by the leading merchants, members of the Legislature, editors and others, it was resolved to present to the winners $2,000 in gold, and the City Council was requested to confer upon them the freedom of the city, and to have a medal struck commemorative of their victory over the champion oarsmen of the United States. Let us hope that the claims of Sheriff Harding and Mr. Charles Potter to the approval of their fellow countrymen for the plucky and faithful manner in which they have adhered to and supported the St. John crew throughout this match will not be forgotten.

WHY THE WARDS SOLD THEIR BOAT.

The statement which has been given general publicity to, that the Wards were compelled to dispose of their boat, as a means of raising the wherewithal to return home, has brought the following contradiction from one of their staunchest supporters, to which we call attention:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 21st, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir.*—A telegram from Springfield, Mass., to the effect that the Ward Brothers were obliged to sell their boat in that city in order to "pay their expenses home," was published in nearly all the New York journals a day or two since. In justice to the Ward Brothers, and those who took an interest in and worked hard to arrange this match, we solicit, respectfully, a small space in your columns.

The Wards sold their shell in Springfield from choice and not necessity. All their expenses were paid by their backers as if they had rowed a winning race, and Mr. Charles Moore, their principal backer, stood by them in a gallant and generous manner, the same as if victory had graced their colors. C. A. P.

EIGHT-OARED BARGE RACE.

Tuesday, 20th inst., was the day agreed upon for the three mile barge race between eight-oared crews belonging to the Palisade and Vesper Clubs, of Yonkers, and though the weather was extremely unpleasant, a keen wind sweeping over the water and the atmosphere being cold and clammy, quite a large number of lady and gentlemen friends of the contestants gathered at convenient points along the course to witness the struggle. Commodore David Banks, jr., of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, was chosen referee, while Col. T. F. Morris and W. T. Coleman were judges for the Palisades, and Capt. M. H. Ellis and Edward F. Shomard for the Vespers. The crews were as below:—

VESPER.—VESPER CLUB.—H. Flagg (bow); G. Shipman, No. 2; L. Wells, No. 3; J. T. Howland, No. 4; W. R. Hull, No. 5; R. C. Elliott, No. 6; William Macfarlane, No. 7; Thomas Fearon, (stroke); George J. Watt (coxswain)—colors, solferino.

CONTEST.—PALISADE CLUB.—George Williams (bow); John E. Banta, No. 2; D. G. Cantrell, No 3; Wm. H. Myers, No. 4; Isaac D. Cole, No. 5; A. L. Amelung, No. 6; Thos. R. Price, No. 7; Robert Fawcett (stroke); Henry Amelung (coxswain)—colors, blue.

At a few minutes before four o'clock the signal was given, and the competing craft got off nicely together.

The race to the turning stake was very close, the Palisades, who had the outside position, being scarcely a length ahead at this point. In rounding, the boats collided, the Palisade boys, after getting clear, managing to round first and taking the inside. On the pull home, both crews lay down to their work with a will, but the Vespers succeeded in collaring and passing by their opponents, ultimately winning by some half dozen lengths in 22:30, thirty-three seconds ahead of their rivals. Claims of foul were put in by both crews, but after listening patiently to their statements the referee decided that as they had continued the race after the alleged fouling had occurred, thereby rendering the claim null and void, the Vesper was entitled to the prize at issue—a silver bow lantern, but declared all bets off.

We have been waited upon by several parties who had money staked upon the contest, and who have requested our opinion relative to the justice of the decision rendered by the referee. As far as the award of the race is concerned, it was unquestionably right, as by the laws governing boat racing the Palisades were prohibited from taking the water of their opponents unless they were a sufficient distance ahead to avoid a collision, which they do not appear to have been in this instance; aside from which, the fact of the race being continued after the alleged foul was committed renders the claim inadmissable. The referee, however, did wrong in declaring outside bets of any kind off, unless it was proven that an "understanding" existed between the opposing crews (of which we believe there is no suspicion entertained), or there existed *special* rules for the government of the race, making provision for such an emergency, in accordance with which the referee gave his decision; otherwise, outside bets should go with the main stakes or prize depending upon the contest.

THE ENGLISH SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Everything goes on all right in the match between Harry Kelley and Jas. Renforth. Both are in active training, and on the Tyne, especially, the excitement regarding this anticipated race exceeds anything felt in that quarter since the palmy days of the late Bob Chambers. Renforth, the Tyneside aspirant, has taken up his quarters at Dunston, along with James Taylor, now matched with Mark Addy, of Manchester. Kelley is in active work, and there is no doubt of seeing him in his best form on the day. With regard to the proposed match between Kelley and Sadler, we may say that the chief difficulty is with regard to the position of the steamboats. Sadler seeks a proviso that all steamers should keep behind the competitors, whilst Kelley urges that it is impossible to *force* the steamers to keep in such a position, and that therefore it is useless to insert such a condition. So the matter rests.

SCULLING ON THE BAY.—On the 18th quite an exciting race took place at Staten Island for $100 a side, between two amateur oarsmen, Isaac Jones and H. J. Whitten, distance 2½ miles, from Clifton dock around Fort Lafayette and back. Jones rowed in an 18 foot working boat, named La Belle Helene, Whitten in a 23 foot wherry, named Norman K. Hawkins. Jones won by 200 yards. Time, 34 minutes 15 seconds; Whitten's time, 38 minutes 8 seconds. E. B. Underhill and Richard Smith acted as judges, and George W. Chambers as referee. Jones and Smith were to row the same distance, in same boats, on the 25th inst.

YACHTING ON THE EAST RIVER.—A yacht race for $100 a side took place on the East river from 98th street to and around Throg's Neck and return, a distance of twenty miles, between the Comet, of Jersey City, and Skip Jack. The buoy was turned by the former first, two minutes ahead, but the Skip Jack passed her afterward and ultimately won by a minute.

DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.—On Friday, 23d inst., the final contest of the present season for the club pennant for sloops of the Atlantic Club was to have taken place between the Gracie and Sadie. Both vessels were at the rendezvous in due time, but Mr. Voorhis, of the Gracie, not making his appearance, and her sailing master having no authority to start without him, the race was abandoned.

A FIVE MILER ON THE HARLEM.—A boat race, distance five miles, for a purse of $50, came off on the 23d inst., between Wm. Hays and F. Dorr, and was won by the former.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

TROTTING AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, L. I.

The informal opening of the new trotting course at Gravesend, L. I., the property of the Prospect Park Association, took place on Saturday, the 17th inst. The attendance was large and fashionable, despite the cold, bleak wind that prevailed. The first race was for double teams, mile heats, owners to drive, for a silver pitcher, and was won by Mr. George Hall's team in three straight heats. The second race was also for teams, for a silver pitcher, and was won by Mr. E. Dodge's team. We give the summary of the day's trotting:—

PROSPECT PARK ASSOCIATION, GRAVESEND, L. I., Oct. 17, 1868.—A Silver Pitcher, value $250; mile heats, three in five; for double teams, the property of members; owners to drive.

Mr. George Hall's team	1	1	1
Mr. Whitehouse's team	3	2	2
Mr. Woodward's team	2	3	3

Time, 2:47; 2:49; 2:48.

SAME DAY.—A Silver Pitcher; mile heats, three in five; conditions as above.

E. Dodge's team	1	2	1	1
Thos. Jones' team	2	1	2	2
S. T. Pierson's team	3	3	3	3

Time, 3:06; 3:02; 2:59; 3:00.

On Saturday, the 24th, four trotting matches came off on this rapidly increasing popular track. The first was a trot for Brooklyn road horses, owners to drive, mile heats, best three in five, for a silver pitcher, and was won by J. Nodine's black mare, beating three competitors. The second was a private sweepstakes, mile and repeat, between Mr. Mumby's brown gelding, Mr. Miller's bay gelding and Mr. Simmons' bay gelding, the first named winning after three heats were trotted. A double team match between Mr. Harvey's pair and a black team from New York, for dinners and wine followed, and was won by the black team. Mr. Whitney then matched his team of greys to trot around the course in 3:05, which they did, but it was a close affair. We give a summary of the two first trots:—

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, Oct. 21, 1868.—Match for road horses, single, to wagon, best 3 in 5.

F. J. Nodine entered blk m no name	1	1	1
Mr. Jackson entered blk g Rob	3	2	2
R. Fletcher entered r g Robin	2	3	3
Mr. Willes entered b m Unknown	4	4	4

Time, 2:49; 2:49; 2:46.

SAME DAY.—Private match, in harness, mile and repeat.

G. Mumby entered br g	1	2	1
Ch. Miller entered b g	2	1	2
Mr. Simmons entered b g	3	dr	

Time, 2:51½; 2:53; 2:53.

TROTTING AT THE SECAUCUS COURSE, N. J.—Secaucus Course, N. J., Saturday, Oct. 24.—Sweepstakes $150, mile heats, in harness.

Dr. R. Ogle's b g	1	1	1
J. Ludlow's r g A. J. Clark	2	3	2
G. Sinclair's b m	3	2	3

Time, 2:49½; 2:49½; 2:48½.

Boston Jockey Club Races.

The annual fall meeting of the Boston Jockey Club was held last week, commencing on the 20th inst., at Clyde Park, Brookline, Mass. The programme of sport was of quite an attractive character, but the unpropitious weather materially interfered with the success of the meeting. The attendance on the opening day was fair, embracing the leading turfites of the Hub and vicinity, as well as several *connoisseurs* from the New Dominion, which was represented in some of the races. Sam'l Hammond, president of the club, officiated as judge; C. H. Jay as clerk of the course, and J. G. Cushing as secretary. The first race was for gentlemen's backs, handicap of $20 each, half forfeit, $100 added, gentlemen riders, one mile, and was won by R. B. Forbes, Jr.'s br g Fernhill, beating Sandfly and Trifle, the horses reaching the wire in the order given. Time, 2:00½. This was followed by a sweepstakes of $30 each, half forfeit, $250 added, $50 to the second; for all ages, mile heats, weight for age. It was won by R. B. Forbes, Jr.'s b h Climax, defeating Underwood, L'Etoile and Chas. Bedwell, the latter being distanced in the first heat and L'Etoile in the second. A steeple chase handicap of $30 each, half forfeit, $250 added, $50 to the second horse, gentlemen riders, 2½ miles of hunting country, 21 jumps, brought the day's sport to a close. J. H. Gossler, Jr.'s br m Maid of Ottawa won, beating Woodstock, Caledon and Chang. Time, 8:01.

The opening race on the second and closing day was the Clyde Handicap, a sweepstakes of $30 each, half forfeit, $250 added, $50 to second horse, one mile and a half, gentlemen riders. It was taken by Richard Shea's b h Underwood, beating Climax and Letty Shannon. Time, 2:53. A hack race followed, being a sweepstakes of $20 each, half forfeit, $100 added, second horse to save his stake, gentlemen riders, one mile. R. B. Forbes, Jr.'s b f Sandfly won, beating Vanguard. Time, 2:00. The race for the Steward's Cup was next, for horses never ridden or trained for any public race, owned and ridden by members of the club, three-quarters of a mile. K. Sears' br g Fernhill was the winner, defeating Petulance and Mischief. Time, 1:27¼. A Steeple Chase Sweepstakes of $30 each, h ft, $300 added, $50 to go to the second, 30 jumps, open to all, gentlemen riders allowed 7 pounds, 3½ miles, closed the meeting. R. Shea's b h Underwood won, defeating Woodstock, Chang and Caledon. Time, 13:45.

Importation of English Thoroughbreds.

Although the "Annieswood" racing confederacy, of which Mr. A. Belmont was a member, has been broken up and the stock sold, that gentleman has no intention of retiring from the turf. On the contrary, he has just imported two of the highest bred brood mares that money could purchase in England, which have recently arrived and taken to his stud farm at Babylon, L. I. One is a chestnut mare named Fluke, by Wermsley, out of the dam of Michel de Basco; she is in foal to the world renowned racer Gladiateur (the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger), and has a fine filly foal by Voltigeur at her heels. The other is a chestnut mare by Weatherbit, dam Mrs. Dodds, by Irish Birdcatcher, and is named Beautiful Star; she is in foal to Adamus, a son of Touchstone, who ran second to Blink Bonny for the Epsom Derby in 1857. Mr. Belmont possesses in the renowned Kentucky a magnificent stallion, and we have confidence that the cross of the old Lexington blood with the English strain will be a great success. Mr. Belmont's stable will be trained in future by the able young trainer, Jacob Pincus, who has given up his public stable, and will train exclusively for Mr. Belmont.

DISSOLUTION OF THE BUCKEYE CLUB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The Buckeye Club, of Cincinnati, have become discouraged by the very poor attendance at all of their meetings of late years, and held a meeting at the Burnet House, on the 14th, to settle upon some plan of action. The following resolutions were finally adopted:—

Resolved, That it is the sense of the meeting that this club should be dissolved, and the property belonging to it be disposed of.

Resolved, That the president is hereby instructed to advertise the property of the club for sale, and to solicit proposals for the purchase of the same.

The property consists of the Buckeye Race Course, situated near Carthage, Ohio, distant about six miles from Cincinnati. It contains 80 87-100 acres within the fence, together with a splendid set of stands, stables, etc., and is nicely fenced in. The track itself is one of the finest in the country, and it seems a pity that it should be lost to racing interests. But the gentlemen of the Buckeye Club have suffered too heavily, pecuniarily, to continue.

THE SECAUCUS FALL RACE MEETING.—We call the attention of our readers to this meeting, the closing one of the racing season, which will be held on the Secaucus Course, N. J., on Thursday and Saturday of next week, the 4th and 6th of November. There are three races on the programme for the first day and four races on the second, including two hurdle races. It is under the management of Col. McDaniels.

TROTTING FAIR AT NORWALK, CONN.—The first Grand National Horse Fair, under the auspices of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society will be held at Norwalk, Conn., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10th, 11th and 12th.

TROT IN COLORADO.—A handicap race for $200, given by the proprietors of Ford's Park, Denver, Col., took place on the 17th inst., C. A. Cooke's g g Tip beating J. H. Estabrook's g g Shy, W. R. Ford's s m Belle of Denver, and J. M. Broadwell's s m Wasp. Time, 2:47; 2:46¼; 2:46. We understand that Messrs. Benham and Bancroft, the enterprising lessees, intend offering purses weekly.

STEEPLE CHASE AT CLYDE PARK.—The result of the steeple chase at Clyde Park, near Boston, Mass., on the 21st and 22d inst., led to considerable discussion at the Somerset Club, and resulted in getting up a third race, a handicap sweepstakes of $50 each, $10 forfeit if declared, about two and one half miles. Capt. W. J. Moore's b g Chang was victorious, defeating Maid of Ottawa, Caledon and Woodstock. Time not taken.

TROT ON THE FASHION COURSE.—The match trotted a fortnight prior between W. Lovell's bay mare Lady Wells and A. Patterson's black gelding William M. Tweed, not settling the question of which was the better nag, a second was made for $1,000, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness. It was trotted on the Fashion Course Oct. 20th, when the gelding won in three straight heats. Time, 2:38; 2:37; 2:39.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Newmarket Races.

MIDDLE PARK PLATE DAY.

We last week gave a detailed account of the race for the Cesarewitch Stakes, and below we present full particulars of the Middle Park Plate race, which constitutes the second leading event of the Newmarket Second October Meeting. Prior to Mr. Blenkiron conceiving the happy idea of inaugurating this race, the Champagne, Clearwell, and Criterion were looked upon as the tests of two year old excellence, but the Middle Park has earned for itself the title of "The Two Year Old Derby," and has completely put the Clearwell and Criterion into the shade. Since its establishment, however, three years ago, the winners have been most unfortunate in their three year old career—The Rake, who carried off the prize in 1866, breaking a blood-vessel a few days prior to the Derby, whilst all this spring the victress at the last anniversary—Green Sleeve—has been a "splendid cripple." Being run over the last three-quarters of the Rowley mile, it is an excellent test of speed and stamina; and though both Achievement and Formosa failed to get their penalties home in their respective years, they both figured prominently in the Middle Park Plate race, and afterwards won the St. Leger. The race since its inauguration has on each occasion witnessed a surprise, hot favorites having been made in Achievement, Lady Elizabeth and Wild Oats, and it is worthy of note that each year it has been carried off by a "dark" animal, and for the last two years it has fallen to Sir Joseph Hawley.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 1,000 sovs, given by William Blenkiron, Esq., added to a sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year olds; colts, 8st 9lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 6lb; winners of a stake value 100 sovs, 7lb; of 500, 4lb extra; maidens at starting allowed 3lb; the second received 200 sovs, and the third 100 sovs out of the stakes; Bretby Stakes Course (last 6 fur. of the Rowley mile). 180 subs.

Sir J. Hawley's br c Pero Gomez, by Beadsman—Salmanca, 8st 13lb	J. Adams	1
Duke of Beaufort's ch f Scottish Queen, by Blair Athol—Edith, 8st 3lb	Fordham	2
Mr. Johnstone's br c Pretender, by Adventurer—Ferina, 8st 13lb (inc. 4lb ex)	Osborne	3

Eighteen others started and Sir J. Hawley declared to win with King Cophetua. Betting:—5 to 2 agst Wild Oats, 6 to 4 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, 100 to 30 agst Pero Gomez, 7 to 1 agst King Cophetua, 11 to 1 agst Scottish Queen, 100 to 8 each agst Ryshworth and Badsworth, 14 to 1 agst Pretender and 20 to 1 agst Consternation. The fractiousness of Tasman and Typhon delayed the start a few minutes, but after three ineffectual attempts the lot got away in capital order, forming a direct line from right to left. The Priest was the first to show in advance, having Lurline on the extreme right, with the brother to Cambuscan and the Crucifixion filly in the centre of the course, discernible on the left being the colors of Le Saphir, Perry Down, Pero Gomez, King Cophetua, Scottish Queen and Pretender. Well up on the right also lay Wild Oats, Drummer, Consternation and Badsworth, Derventio and Ryshworth lying in the track of the left division. Before 200 yards had been covered, Derventio was in trouble, and on his retirement Wild Oats seemed to improve his position; but no noteworthy change took place until reaching the Bushes Hill, where Norman was obliged to call on the favorite, who, however, did not seem capable of making an effort, and died away to nothing, Pero Gomez almost simultaneously taking up the running, having in attendance Le Saphir, the Crucifixion filly, Scottish Queen and Pretender, the field, as they descended the Bushes Hill, presenting a somewhat straggling appearance. In the Abingdon mile bottom, the Crucifixion filly and Le Saphir were in difficulties, and Ryshworth, who seemed as if he were coming through his horses, swerved in the most ungenerous manner and completely extinguished his chance. From the dip the race became a match between Pero Gomez and Scottish Queen, but Sir Joseph Hawley's colt had the foot of the Danebury filly all the way, and won rather easily by half a length. Pretender was third, three lengths in the rear of Scottish Queen; whilst the Crucifixion filly was a bad fourth, the favorite fifth, Le Saphir sixth, Perry Down seventh, with the Drummer, King Cophetua and Consternation next. Then came Typhon, Tasman and Badsworth, in the order in which we have given them, the last three being The Priest, Chatsworth and Derventio, the latter of whom, outpaced from the start, walked in some time after the others had passed the post. Time, 1 minute 20¼ seconds. Net value, £4,480.

Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

The result of the principal events decided at the above race meeting are given in the cable telegrams below:—

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The Houghton Race Meeting commenced to-day. The Criterion Stakes for two year olds was won by Wild Oats, beating Beadsman, second; Heatley, third, and Ethus, fourth. Seven ran. The betting was 4 to 1 against Wild Oats, even on Beadsman and Heatley, and 20 to 1 against Ethus.

OCTOBER 20.—The chief race to-day was that for the Cambridgeshire Stake, a handicap of 25 sovereigns each, 10 forfeit, and only 5 if declared, with 100 added by the Jockey Club; one mile and 240 yards; 179 subscribers, 65 of whom declared. Twenty-four horses started, among whom were some of the most famous on the English turf. Summary:—

Lord Wilton's br c See-Saw, 3 yrs, by Buccaneer, out of Margery Draw, carrying 114lb	1
Sir J. Hawley's b c Blue Gown, 3 yrs, by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, carrying 126lb	2
J. Johnstone's b c Mercury, 3 yrs, by Lambton, out of Starlight, carrying 107lb	3

Time, 2:15.

The betting before the race was 30 to 1 agst See-Saw and 20 to 1 agst Blue Gown and Mercury.

The sweepstakes of 200 sovereigns each, half forfeit, for two year old colts, was a walk over by the Duke of Newcastle's Prince Imperial, by Young Melbourne, out of Julie.

The race for the Criterion Stakes yesterday resulted in a dead heat between the Duke of Hamilton's b c Wild Oats, by Wild Dayrell, and Sir Joseph Hawley's br c by Beadsman, out of Salamanca. Mr. Padwick's Ethus was third.

OCTOBER 21.—The Glasgow Stakes, of 100 sovereigns each, for two year old colts, nine subscribers, was walked over by Mr. Merry's b c, by Stockwell, out of Catherine Hayes. The All-Aged Stakes, of 100 sovereigns each; five subscribers; was also walked over by Sir Joseph Hawley's Blue Gown. The Sweepstakes of 50 sovereigns each, for two year olds, seven subscribers, was won by Lord Falmouth's Nightjar; Mr. Bromsgrove's Hortense second, Mr. S. Boyce's br f, by Piccador, third. The betting was 2 to 1 each agst Nightjar and Hortense, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Boyce's filly. The Sussex Stakes, of 25 sovereigns each, for two year olds, fourteen subscribers, was won by H. Savile's colt, by Skirmisher; J. Fox's b c Glentill, by Blair Athol, second. The betting was 6 to 1 each agst Skirmisher and Glentill.

OCTOBER 23.—At the races yesterday the Sweepstakes for two year old colts and fillies was won by Mr. Pryor's colt Bradgate, by Newcastle, out of Cassidia; Mr. Bromsgrove's colt Aftermath, by Bonniefield, out of Double Shuffle, was second. Three ran. The betting was 2 to 1 agst Bradgate, and 3 to 1 agst Aftermath. The Troy Stakes, for two year old colts and fillies, was won by Mr. Merry's colt, by Stockwell, out of Catherine Hayes; the Duke of Beaufort's filly Scottish Queen, by Blair Athol, out of Edith, was second, and H. Savile's filly, by Prime Minister, out of Rigolboche, third. The betting was 2 to 1 agst the winner, 3 to 1 agst Scottish Queen, and 7 to 1 agst the Rigolboche filly.

Five Mile Trotting Match.

An important trot for £25 a side, five miles, took place at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., on the 7th inst., between Thos. Callon's bay pony True Blue and Jos. Jordan's bay filly Gipsy, upwards of one thousand persons being attracted by the reputation of the animals. Mr. Jordan preferred to drive in harness, and elected John Moffit, of Salford, to tool his filly, which he (Mr. Moffit) had had in his charge during the period of training. The pony was ridden by George Oates, of Manchester. The style of going of the animals is very different, for while Mr. Jordan's Gipsy goes kindly and like a bird, True Blue's action is thoroughly clumsy. The betting opened at 6 to 4 on Gipsy, but changed to 2 to 1 on True Blue, veering round at the close to 6 to 4 on Gipsy. The stakeholder and referee was J. Richardson. A little fiddling ensued at the start, True Blue having decidedly the best of it. It was soon apparent, however, that Gipsy was not in her true form, and although she glided willingly beneath the guidance of her driver, she gradually dropped behind, True Blue quickly taking a commanding lead. When the fourth lap of the course had been completed, True Blue was 200 yards in front, and it looked 20 to 1 on his chance. Another circuit of the course, although True Blue's style of progressing was by no means admired, found him still increasing his lead, Gipsy dropping still further in the rear. On approaching the stand the next time, something seemed apparently wrong with Gipsy's drawing gear, and on arrival at the stand Moffit pulled up, and immediately descended, when it was discovered that the tire of one of the wheels of his sulky was loose, True Blue being at this period 300 yards ahead. This brought the match to a premature and unlooked for conclusion, True Blue of course proving the victor. Gipsy was to trot for one hour with the same pony on the 21st inst., her spirited owner staking £100 to £50 that his mare stands A 1 in Cottonopolis or elsewhere.

The Close of the English Racing Season.

THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING—THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND CRITERION STAKES.

The Houghton meeting at Newmarket, which commenced on the 20th instant and continued over four days, is usually regarded as the close of the legitimate racing season in England, although a few minor gatherings are held subsequent to it. The principal events at this meeting were the races for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, a handicap, and the Criterion stakes for two year olds. The former, as we learn by cable telegraph, was won by Lord Wiltons' br c, See Saw, by Buccaneer, out of Margery Daw, 3 years old, carrying 114lbs., beating twenty-three others. Sir Joseph Hawley's Derby winner, Blue Gown, was second, carrying the crushing weight for a three year old of 126lbs.; while Mercury, another three year old, with 107lbs, was third; being the same position he occupied in the St. Leger. The performance of Blue Gown stamps him a racehorse of extraordinary merit; conceding such lots of weight to horses of his own year, and running second, giving the winner, also a proved good three year old, 12 lbs. Both Blue Gown, and See Saw were heavily backed for the Cesarewitch Stakes, which was won by Cecil, and after their defeat in that race, they disappeared from the betting quotations for the Cambridgeshire, and the actual winner started at 30 to 1 against him, and 20 to 1 each against both Blue Gown and Mercury. We shall have to await the arrival of the mails for details of the race.

The next most important race at this meeting is the Criterion Stakes for two year olds, which resulted in a dead heat between the Duke of Hamilton's colt, Wild Oats, and Sir Joseph Hawley's Pero Gomez, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, the previous week. Wild Oats started first favorite in the last named race, but was badly beaten, only gaining fifth place. Over the shorter distance in the Criterion Stakes, he performed more successfully, running his former conqueror so close as to make it a dead heat. We have not learned which of the pair won the deciding heat, or if it was run off or not. It is evident, however, that Wild Oats does not like a distance, and will find the Derby too far for him. Mr. Merry's magnificent colt, Belladrum walked over for the Glasgow stakes.

BILLIARDS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.

THE GRAND TOURNAMENT IN CINCINNATI—GAMES MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING—SUPERB PLAYING.

The second tournament for the billiard championship of Ohio was inaugurated at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 19th of October. Ten players entered—Henry Choate, of Springfield; Joseph Casper, of Norwalk; J. W. Cronn and Thomas Quill, of Cleveland, and Frederick Ackerman, J. Grunkemeyer, Asa Brainard, Anthony Honing, Samuel Turner and James Cherry, all of Cincinnati. These ten contestants, being at least two more than should have been permitted to enter, necessitated the playing of 45 games. Up to the closing of the mail on the 23d ult., thirty-six of these forty-five games had been disposed of. The results are given below.

The prizes up for competion are three in number—first, a gold-mounted cue, valued at $125, and $100 in money; second, $150 in money; third, $100 in money. These prizes were contributed by Julius Balke, billiard table maker, of Cincinnati. The management of the tournament was assigned to Philip Tieman, who ably discharged the onerous duty thus imposed upon him. The games consisted of 300 points each, the crotch and also the push shot being barred. The balls used were 2⅜ inches in diameter and the table a second size carom—a superb specimen of Balke's handiwork, fitted with the Phelan cushion.

On the opening day but three games were played, the tournament not beginning until night. Since the first day there have been played three games in the morning, three in the afternoon and three at night.

Thus far the audiences have been excellent, and the playing admirable, in fact, eclipsing that in any tournament ever held. Notwithstanding the push shot is barred, the winning averages in this tournament equal those in the National Tournament of 1863, wherein Philip Tieman, Louis Fox, Dudly Kavanagh, William Goldthwait, Michael Foley, John Deery, Victor Estephe and John Seereiter contended. In that tournament the push shot was permitted, and yet no better average was made than Ackerman, playing without the push shot, made in his first game (33⅓.)

The games as far as played are here chronicled in the order in which they occurred.

FIRST DAY, OCT. 19.

FIRST GAME.—Casper vs. Cheery.—The first named player, who handles the cue very prettily, won this game quite easily, averaging 12. The score was:—

Cheery.—0, 2, 15, 15, 4, 12, 0, 0, 4, 9, 8, 7, 0, 18, 13, 23, 6, 17, 2, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 4. Total, 168. Average, 6⅛. Time, 30 min.

Casper.—7, 0, 0, 2, 27, 8, 7, 33, 5, 4, 6, 20, 17, 0, 38, 26, 24, 28, 8, 22, 2, 0, 2, 5, 9. Total, 300. Average, 12. Time, 53 min.

SECOND GAME.—Turner vs. Honing.—Turner, who was expected to make a close contest of this game, "let down" considerably, and was beaten 108 points. The winner, Honing, is a mere boy, and in the first tournament for the championship of Ohio, held three years ago, he marked the games.

Honing.—10, 5, 19, 3, 12, 5, 7, 3, 21, 0, 15, 18, 0, 21, 3, 18, 9, 5, 2, 5, 0, 5, 29, 4, 10, 57, 14. Total, 300. Average, 10 1-9.

Turner.—14, 0, 0, 0, 0, 10, 2, 9, 0, 2, 2, 11, 2, 4, 5, 11, 2, 13, 25, 25, 14, 8, 14, 3, 7, 9. Total 192. Average, 7 5-13. Time, 1h. 3m.

The last contestants of the night were Harry Choate, of Springfield, and J. W. Cronn, of Cleveland. In the

THIRD GAME—Choate had no difficulty in disposing of his antagonist, the score at the close standing 300 to 180.

Choate.—26, 30, 25, 6, 21, 27, 12, 3, 9, 11, 7, 3, 0, 18, 17, 2, 39, 17, 6, 0, 0, 0, 0, 9, 2, 2, 4, 4. Total, 300. Average, 10⅔.

Cronn.—6, 2, 5, 0, 8, 2, 5, 8, 37, 15, 36, 0, 2, 7, 4, 2, 8, 4, 2, 14, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0. Total, 180. Average, 7. Time, 58 min.

SECOND DAY, OCT. 20.

In the morning at nine o'clock Messrs. Ackerman and Grunkemeyer played the

FOURTH GAME.—In the third innings Ackerman made a beautiful run of 118, and in the 9th innings he finished the game, being 259 ahead. His average was 33⅓.

Grunkemeyer.—0, 0, 0, 4, 10, 0, 12, 9, 6. Total, 41. Average, 4⅔.

Ackerman.—3, 33, 118, 0, 8, 29, 63, 16, 30. Total, 300. Average, 33⅓. Time, 30 minutes.

FIFTH GAME.—Brainard vs. Quill. The celebrated base ball player won by a score of 300 to 229, averaging 11 1-9.

Brainard.—23, 15, 59, 2, 4, 10, 18, 21, 0, 9, 10, 19, 5, 2, 8, 2, 4, 0, 55, 2, 0, 0, 0, 18, 11, 2, 1. Total, 300. Average, 11 1-9.

Quill.—2, 0, 5, 2, 12, 0, 13, 33, 7, 6, 3, 2, 0, 78, 2, 0, 0, 10, 8, 14, 0, 23, 3, 4, 0, 2. Total, 229. Average, 8 4-5. Time, 1h. 25m.

SIXTH GAME.—Turner vs. Casper. The latter averaging 10 5-7, won by 71 points. The time was 1h. 3m. The best runs, 88 by Casper, and 54 by Turner.

In the afternoon, Cherry and Honing played the

SEVENTH GAME.—Honing averaged 12 and won by 130. His best runs were 41, 46 and 48. Cherry averaged 7 1-12. Time of game, 55 min.

EIGHTH GAME.—Choate vs. Grunkemeyer.—Averaging 12⅔, Choate won by 182. His best run was 44. Time, 45 min.

NINTH GAME.—Cronn vs. Brainard.—Cronn made a run of 81, averaged 13, and won by 155. Time, 48 min.

At 8 o'clock at night was begun the

TENTH GAME.—Quill vs. Ackerman.—This contest was extremely exciting, and eventually terminated in favor of Quill by one point. The loser made the best average:—

Quill.—0, 4, 62, 28, 9, 9, 3, 14, 0, 8, 7, 13, 55, 3, 68, 3, 2, 5, 0, 0, 7. Total, 300. Average, 13⅔.

Ackerman.—15, 0, 19, 6, 2, 13, 61, 9, 4, 31, 32, 8, 0, 3, 10, 11, 24, 12, 22, 6, 11. Total, 299. Average, 14¼. Time, 1h. 17m.

ELEVENTH GAME.—Casper vs. Grunkemeyer.—Casper came out 71 points ahead. His best run was 45, and his average 9 1-11. Time, 57 min.

TWELFTH GAME.—Cronn vs. Honing.—The latter averaged 18¾, and won by 126.

Honing.—42, 30, 38, 8, 23, 12, 27, 13, 13, 6, 2, 13, 41, 2, 0, 30. Total, 300. Average, 18¾.

Cronn.—82, 10, 4, 13, 0, 30, 7, 0, 0, 0, 12, 11, 0, 5, 2. Total, 176. Average, 11¾. Time, 55 min.

THIRD DAY, OCT. 21.

THIRTEENTH GAME.—Turner vs. Choate.

Harry made some very pretty plays in this game, which he won with an average of 20.

Choate.—0, 6, 37, 11, 41, 15, 40, 23, 4, 0, 40, 17, 10, 27, 29. Total, 300. Average, 20.

Turner.—4, 33, 2, 10, 2, 13, 6, 2, 32, 20, 0, 0, 8, 0. Total, 132. Average, 9 3-7. Time, 52 min.

FOURTEENTH GAME.—Brainard vs. Cherry.—The latter gentleman not being on hand when play was called, the game was declared forfeited to Brainard. Had Cherry played, Brainard would almost certainly have won.

FIFTEENTH GAME.—Honing vs. Grunkemeyer.—There was nothing particularly noticeable about this game, which Honing won by the following score:—

Grunkemeyer.—0, 16, 3, 2, 16, 3, 5, 10, 18, 2, 16, 7, 10, 0, 7, 17, 19, 0, 11, 14, 6, 3, 3, 0, 2, 2, 6, 16, 6. Total, 220. Average, 7½.

Honing.—9, 15, 47, 0, 11, 5, 6, 16, 7, 8, 39, 10, 20, 6, 0, 22, 21, 10, 9, 2, 9, 0, 0, 7, 13, 5, 2, 0, 1. Total, 300. Average, 10⅓. Time, 1 hour and 2 min.

SIXTEENTH GAME.—Casper vs. Cronn.—The latter made short work of this, scoring in one innings 136, and averaging 25.

Casper.—2, 2, 11, 7, 5, 5, 5, 0, 7, 0, 0, 2. Total, 46. Average, 3 5-6.

Cronn.—4, 0, 2, 29, 4, 136, 46, 39, 12, 16, 0, 12. Total, 300. Average, 25. Time, 25 min.

SEVENTEENTH GAME.—TURNER VS. ACKERMAN.—Another one-sided game, Ackerman winning by 156, his average being in the twenties.

Ackerman.—48, 67, 4, 0, 48, 2, 20, 6, 2, 9, 0, 45, 8, 41. Total, 300. Average, 21 3-7.

Turner.—13, 8, 82, 5, 4, 10, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 2, 17. Total, 144. Average, 13. Time, 45m.

EIGHTEENTH GAME.—CHOATE VS. CHERRY.—With the exception of a run of 64 by Choate, the winner, there was nothing noteworthy in this contest. Being ill, Choate played below his mark, and Cherry did not go beyond his.

Choate.—2, 14, 11, 2, 42, 2, 21, 4, 14, 9, 0, 14, 64, 0, 1, 14, 2, 5, 6, 4, 0, 20, 0, 15, 9, 0, 2, 7, 16. Total, 300. Average, 10 1-3.

Cherry.—0, 0, 4, 5, 0, 2, 0, 3, 10, 19, 3, 33, 2, 0, 8, 10, 2, 4, 13, 11, 10, 0, 15, 15, 5, 0, 13, 12. Total, 199. Average, 7 3-28. Time, 55m.

NINETEENTH GAME.—BRAINARD VS. TURNER.—Brainard, who, it was thought, would win with the most consummate ease, played wretchedly, and experienced great difficulty in pulling the chestnut out of the fire.

Turner.—0, 0, 0, 6, 5, 0, 11, 17, 5, 0, 2, 7, 0, 12, 39, 9, 2, 21, 0, 8, 9, 0, 10, 0, 0, 12, 0, 0, 0, 0, 14, 51, 2, 9, 12, 0, 7, 3, 11. Total, 284. Average, 7½.

Brainard.—2, 4, 2, 13, 4, 7, 0, 22, 2, 35, 0, 0, 2, 23, 10, 6, 8, 16, 0, 20, 22, 13, 13, 6, 6, 7, 10, 4, 7, 2, 3, 0, 2, 5, 0, 6, 9, 3, 9. Total, 300. Average, 7⅔. Time, 1h. 30m.

TWENTIETH GAME.—Honing vs. Casper.—Young Honing, who had won four games, also won this.

Casper.—6, 2, 0, 9, 3, 0, 6, 8, 12, 0, 2, 8, 0, 0, 10, 6, 5, 0, 34, 3, 4, 0, 2, 0, 8, 3, 4—total, 123. Average, 4⅓.

Honing.—2, 10, 0, 0, 31, 12, 3, 16, 6, 3, 0, 3, 3, 10, 51, 2, 0, 5, 2, 0, 25, 21, 5, 63, 8, 11, 6, 2—Total, 300. Average, 10 5-7. Time, one hour.

TWENTY-FIRST GAME.—Quill vs. Cronn.—These experts, both representing Cleveland, played the concluding game on the third day. Cronn, the unsteady, won by 28 points.

Cronn.—8, 16, 2, 0, 16, 12, 2, 10, 27, 20, 0, 6, 63, 0, 5, 6, 3, 18, 8, 0, 20, 21, 7, 0, 15, 0, 5, 2—total, 300. Average, 10 5-7ths.

Quill.—3, 15, 5, 28, 6, 5, 11, 45, 0, 2, 7, 6, 16, 9, 42, 7, 2, 7, 0, 2, 5, 7, 11, 6, 5, 0, 5, 15—total, 272. Average, 9 5-7. Time, one hour.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22D.

TWENTY-SECOND GAME.—Brainard vs. Casper.—In this game, which was begun at 9 o'clock in the morning, Brainard made not only the largest, but also the finest run of the tournament. It was 143, and the first 80 of it was made principally around the table. The result was, that Brainard won by 183 points. His average, which, but for a misapprehension upon his part as to the number of points he had to make would have been 20, was 17 2-3.

Casper.—0, 0, 0, 11, 2, 20, 0, 2, 27, 11, 10, 6, 0, 19, 4, 0, 5. Total, 117. Average, 6⅞.

Brainard.—9, 0, 11, 0, 30, 13, 18, 13, 2, 0, 5, 7, 19, 143, 29, 0, 1. Total, 300. Average, 17⅝. Time, 40 minutes.

TWENTY-THIRD GAME—GRUNKEMEYER VS. QUILL.—Nothing brilliant in it, but well played by both contestants. Quill won.

Grunkemeyer.—9, 2, 14, 4, 2, 4, 2, 0, 23, 26, 7, 15, 3, 0, 14, 3, 0, 7, 6, 14, 0, 8, 0, 11, 5, 13, 0, 2, 0, 6. Total, 200. Average, 6⅔.

Quill.—0, 10, 40, 54, 0, 0, 12, 16, 5, 8, 12, 2, 15, 8, 17, 15, 8, 14, 0, 4, 9, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 24, 3, 0, 22. Total, 300. Average, 10. Time, 1 hour.

TWENTY-FOURTH GAME—ACKERMAN VS. CHERRY.—Although without exerting himself to any great extent, Ackerman won this game by a handsome majority. The best run was 69.

Ackerman.—0, 18, 0, 8, 9, 2, 16, 22, 2, 2, 0, 2, 2, 69, 6, 0, 3, 2, 8, 29, 0, 7, 39, 15, 11, 5, 4, 17, 3, 4, 6. Total, 300. Average, 9⅔.

Cherry.—10, 8, 2, 9, 9, 7, 4, 2, 8, 0, 0, 0, 5, 5, 6, 0, 0, 4, 5, 0, 2, 15, 9, 21, 37, 7, 9, 6, 4, 2. Total, 196. Average, 6½. Time, 59 m.

TWENTY-FIFTH GAME.—Casper vs. Choate.—Choate's best run in this game was 43, his average was 12, and he won by 47. Casper's best run was 42, and his average was 10½. Time, 1 h. 5 m.

TWENTY-SIXTH GAME.—Turner vs. Grunkemeyer.—The latter, averaging 8 1-9, won by 5 points. Turner made the best run, Time, 1 h. 14 m.

TWENTY-SEVENTH GAME.—Cronn vs. Ackerman.—This game was regarded with more than common interest, from the fact that there was considerable outside betting. Ackerman achieved an easy victory.

Ackerman.—6, 0, 0, 77, 0, 3, 0, 16, 6, 19, 17, 6, 1, 19, 33, 6, 13, 13, 3, 5, 4, 22, 2, 5, 27. Total, 300. Average, 11 7-13.

Cronn.—3, 8, 4, 5, 14, 0, 2, 0, 13, 4, 4, 0, 0, 16, 3, 2, 3, 17, 5, 0, 2, 3, 10, 0. Total, 118. Time, 54min.

TWENTY-EIGHTH GAME.—Honing vs. Brainard.—This was the best contested game of the tournament, although not the closest at the end. Honing won by 22 points, averaging 14 2-5.

Brainard.—17, 0, 0, 13, 19, 10, 5, 38, 17, 14, 3, 28, 5, 31, 18, 39, 2, 6, 0, 5, 8. Total, 278. Average, 13.

Honing.—6, 2, 29, 2, 10, 21, 11, 29, 9, 31, 15, 0, 8, 22, 14, 49, 2, 24, 3, 9, 12. Total, 300. Average, 14 2-5. Time, 1h. 27m.

TWENTY-NINTH GAME.—Quill vs. Cherry.—With a run of 88 Quill closed the game, winning by 131, and averaging 12. Time, 54 min.

THIRTIETH GAME.—Choate vs. Ackerman.—Ackerman was virtually beaten before he entered into the contest. Choate had always beaten him, and the recollection of this fact unnerved Ackerman. He was badly beaten, making only 160.

Ackerman.—6, 7, 5, 15, 21, 4, 7, 54, 17, 12, 9, 4, 0. Total, 160. Average, 12⅓.

Choate.—2, 18, 26, 20, 7, 2, 9, 0, 14, 66, 24, 8, 62, 42. Total, 300. Average, 21½. Time, 37 min.

FIFTH DAY, OCT. 23D.

THIRTY-FIRST GAME.—Grunkemeyer vs. Brainard.—To the surprise of everybody, Brainard was captured by Grunkemeyer, who on this occasion won his first game—by *one* point. The winner's average was 9½, and his best run 35. Brainard made a run of 56. Time, 1h. 16m.

THIRTY-SECOND GAME.—Choate vs. Quill.—Choate won by 228 points.

Choate.—0, 13, 4, 2, 21, 32, 2, 48, 7, 1, 83, 1, 2, 12, 17, 5, 30, 3, 2, 13, 3. Total, 300. Average, 14¼.

Quill.—0, 4, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 12, 13, 1, 0, 0, 2, 0, 19, 16, 2, 3, 0, 0. Total, 72. Average, 3⅗. Time, 45m.

THIRTY-THIRD GAME.—Cherry vs. Cronn.—Cronn made a run of 109 in this game, and averaged 12½. He won by 147. Time, 48 minutes.

THIRTY-FOURTH GAME.—Honing vs. Ackerman.—This was a very prettily played game, winner's average being over 23. For the first time Honing was defeated.

Honing.—0, 0, 7, 8, 6, 17, 54, 26, 54, 8, 37, 7, 0, 0. Total, 224. Average, 19.

Ackerman.—0, 23, 64, 6, 71, 0, 41, 13, 12, 26, 20, 0, 5, 2, 12. Total, 300. Average, 23 1-13. Time, 54 minutes.

THIRTY-FIFTH GAME.—Grunkemeyer vs. Cherry.—The latter was again defeated, this time by 48. Grunkemeyer, whose best run was 33, averaged 8 3-5. Time, 1 hour 5 minutes.

THIRTY-SIXTH GAME.—Quill vs. Turner.—Quill, not being present when "game" was called, forfeited to Turner.

Up to Friday night the games stood as in the annexed table:—

Players.	Games.	Won.	Lost.	Players.	Games.	Won.	Lost.
Casper	7	3	4	Grunkemeyer	8	3	5
Cherry	8	0	8	Ackerman	7	5	2
Turner	7	1	6	Brainard	7	4	3
Honing	7	6	1	Quill	7	3	4
Cronn	7	4	3				
Choate	7	7	0	Totals	72	36	36

Messrs. Michael Phelan, John McDevitt, Henry Rhines and Thomas Foley arrived in Cincinnati on Friday, and in the afternoon of that day, as well as at night, they played exhibition games.

P. S.—A telegram received to-day, 26th inst., announces the success of Henry Choate, who won all his games and the principal prize; Ackerman took the second prize, and Anthony Honing, the third.

DION REPLIES TO FOSTER.—The challenge issued by Melvin Foster has been responded to favorably by Joseph Dion, who proposes to decide by toss whether they play in New York or Montreal, or, if Foster wants to play two games, one to take place in each city, and if they tie, the kind of game and place for a third to be decided by toss. With this stipulation Dion accepts the challenge to play Foster the regular American game, with or without the push (crotching barred in both), on the regular standard table, 11 by 5½, with 2⅜ inch balls, 1,500 points up, for $2,500 a side, to be played in thirty or sixty days from November 1; $500 or $1,000 forfeit to be put up on the 1st November, and the whole stake of $5,000 to be all up fifteen days before the match. Dion in his communication further adds that if Foster wishes to play him two kinds of games he will accept his own challenge to play the French game of 250 or 300 points and the 4 ball game of 1,000 or 1,200 points up, pushing shots and crotching barred, and the stakes to be $1,000; a game to be played on a standard American carom table, of second size, with 2⅜ inch balls; $500 forfeit in each game, to be put up on November 1st, and the whole stakes on each game to be put up five days previous to the day of the match; the first game to be played thirty days from November 1st; the second to be played forty, fifty or sixty days from same date. Dion, in conclusion, states that it would be a much better way to test the skill at the American game to play it on the regular four pocket table; but if Foster should object to play unless on a carom he will accede to his wishes.

RUDOLPHE VS. DION.—The Parisian expert, M. Rudolphe, recently vanquished Dion in an exhibition game, French caroms, 100 points, at Montreal, C. E. The Frenchman also won a four ball American game, push barred, 300 points, after a close contest.

MCDEVITT AND GOLDTHWAIT MATCHED.—A match has been made between these artists to play in Chicago, for $500 a side, between the 6th and 16th of December. The game is to be regulated by the rules governing championship matches.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HARDING'S RESPONSE TO LANG.

HE WILL RUN A TWO OR THREE MILER NEXT SPRING.

William B. Harding, the New York pedestrian and reporter, called at our office on the 24th instant, in company with Mike McDermott, and left the subjoined answer to the challenge published in our last issue over the signature of William Lang, the English champion. The reasons advanced by the American for declining to run at the time designated by Lang will be acknowledged as plausible by those acquainted with the facts of the case, and therefore no reflections can be justly cast upon him for refusing to agree. Hoping that no hitch may occur in the making of the match upon the conditions named below, we call attention to the following card:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir.*—In your issue of the present date I observe a challenge from Wm. Lang, proposing to run me "from one half mile upward," in one month's time, for my own sum, and in which he affects to sneer at my pretensions as a pedestrian, probably thinking that he could do so with impunity, as he knew I had withdrawn from the arena. These reflections come with an ill grace from a stranger, and as they fall harmless to the ground, I can afford to pass them by with the contempt they merit. The public are well aware that in the winter of '67-68, I offered to run any man in England a home and home match, but my efforts to obtain a match were unsuccessful; they are also aware that after waiting an unreasonable length of time for a response to my *defi* from some one of the many so-called "champions of England," I made a match with De Kelso, upon the conclusion of which I formally announced my retirement from the pedestrian world. Since then I have given all my attention to my legitimate duties, which are of a nature to place me at present out of all condition for running, and prevent me from engaging in any race for months to come. As Mr. Lang is so very anxious, however, I will make a match to run him a two or three mile race for $1,000 a side, early next spring, and will meet him at your office, at any time he may choose to designate after my return from Canada, for which place I leave on the 2d prox., to remain two weeks.

Respectfully yours, WM. E. HARDING.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—A meeting of this rapidly growing organization was held at the Knickerbocker Cottage on Wednesday evening, 21st inst., at which the popularity of the society was shown by the presentation of and balloting for the names of some fifty-two applicants for membership. The earnestness with which the projectors have entered into the spirit of the affair renders it an assured fact that they will be successful in filling the field which it is designed to occupy, and certainly the well-wishers of all advocates of these sports and pastimes which tend to develop muscle, strengthen the constitution and promote general health, are with them in the good work. About ninety entries have been already booked for the various games to take place at their first public entertainment, which will be given at the Empire Skating Rink, Third avenue, 63d and 64th streets, on Wednesday evening, November 11th. Those who purpose participating in the different contests are now carefully preparing themselves for the event, and it is expected that displays of fleetness of foot and strength of arm something surprising in non-professors will be given on the occasion. We recently witnessed, unbeknown to the walkist, an exhibition of tall pedalism by one of the amateurs in Washington Square, and therefore know whereof we speak. The proprietors of the rink have shown commendable liberality in their conduct of arrangements regarding the affair.

SHARP CONTEST OUT WEST.—On the afternoon of Saturday, 17th inst., an exciting foot race, said to be for $250 a side, distance seventy-five yards, two best out of three, took place at St. Joe, Mo., between Billy Coon, the Plow Boy of California, and the old timer, T. Kelly Davis, the latter being allowed twelve feet start. Davis was trained by Johnny Hickey, the boxer. There was very little betting upon the event, though a pretty large crowd gathered to witness it. After five or six ineffectual attempts they finally got off well for the first heat, which Davis won by about two feet. Coon took the second by about the same distance, and after a warm struggle the third was decided by the judges to be a dead heat. Time, 7¼ seconds. Davis refused to run another heat, and the race was declared a draw. They are to run again, sixty-five yards, Davis allowed same start, at Kansas City, on the 31st inst. Is it a hippodrome affair?

RUNNING VS. WALKING.—A pedestrian match came off at the Bangor Trotting Park on Wednesday, 21st inst., the second day of the Penobscot County Fair, between young Gillespie, the walkist, and W. R. Pitman, a runner of some little note. Pitman has of late been looking after a customer for a 1 mile spin, but could not find one. Gillespie was informed that Pitman could run one mile and a half while he walked one mile, and a match was immediately made, the Association giving a small purse for the purpose. The men came to the scratch a little after 4 o'clock; both were attired in tight fitting costumes, and at the word go they started, Pitman opening a wide gap, but the youth kept to his work handsomely, and won the race, making his mile in 7 min. 55 sec., Pitman 9 min. 15 sec., Gillespie beating him a quarter of a mile.

HAYDOCK VS. GOULDING.—Considerable rivalry exists at present between these long distance walkers, each of whom assumes the title of "Champion of America." We are in receipt of a letter from Haydock, wherein he says that if Goulding is as anxious for a match as he seems, he will be accommodated, providing he issues a challenge through the proper channel and accompanies it with a forfeit to prove that he means it. The walk must take place on a public track, however—no room walking or Chatham street feats.

WON'T SOMEBODY TAKE HIM UP?—The challenge issued by Harry Parker, of York and Main streets, Brooklyn, offering to back his fleet footed *protege*, who never won over $50 in a match, against any other amateur who never captured over a like sum, to run 440 yards for from $1 up to $200 a side, remains unanswered. Will somebody cover the $25 now deposited and give 'Arry's lad a chance to distinguish himself?

CRANDALL AND JOHNSON MATCHED.—A match has been made between Harry Crandall, of Michigan, and William Johnson, the "Canadian Deer," of Akron, O., to run 150 yards, on Oct. 31st, for $500, open for $1,000. The match has given rise to much interest in western pedestrian circles.

QUARTER OF A MILE RACE.—On the 17th inst. a 440 yards race for $50 took place at the Fair Grounds, Indianapolis, Ind., between Billy Kendall, the "wocalist," and Al. Blake, the former winning easily by thirty yards.

HAYDOCK AND PAYNE were announced to attempt the feat of walking fifty miles between them inside of five hours, at Jamestown, N. Y., for a purse, on the 28th inst.

BILL KENDALL AND HUMPHREYS were to run a one hundred yards race for a century on the 24th inst., at Indianapolis, Ind.

CRICKET.

DISTINGUISHED CRICKETERS.—A cricket match was played at Washington, D. C., on the grounds south of the White House, on the 24th instant, participated in by a distinguished company. The game was made between eleven picked from the two cricket clubs of that city and the entire English Legation, including Hon. Edward Thornton, the British Minister. The Picked Eleven scored 90 in the first innings, when the Legation took the bat and scored 73. The Picked Eleven next scored 42, and were followed by the Legation, who scored 36, with six wickets to go down, when darkness put an end to the game, which was won by the Washington Club.

DEPARTURE OF THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.—The English professional cricketers sailed for home in the City of Baltimore, which left this port on Saturday, 24th inst. The Higham brothers, Jimmy Smith and a number of others interested in the sport, were at the dock to see them off and wish them a pleasant journey across the blue ocean. Though profitable to themselves the trip has not been so to those who were instrumental in bringing them over.

CRICKETING BY BONIFACES.—This (Tuesday) afternoon, 27th inst., has been fixed upon as the second field day of the English hostelrie proprietors of this city and Brooklyn, and during the afternoon the willow will be wielded at the Willow Grounds, Bedford, L. I. Sides to be chosen at 12 o'clock, M., and a fine dinner ready at 6 P. M.

SKITTLE MATCH FOR $200 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—J. Bullen, of Brooklyn, has been matched to play E. L. Sidney, the champion, a game of skittles, 21 chalks run up, for $100 a side, Bullen receiving three chalks. The match is to take place on Wednesday, the 28th, at Manchester Bob's ground, Carroll street, Brooklyn. From the celebrity of the players a well contested and scientific game is anticipated.

DOG DISPUTE NEAR THE CAPITAL.—On the 18th inst. a doglistic controversy for a century a side took place in presence of a large gathering of fanciers and sports generally, at Jackson City, near the south end of Long Bridge, Washington, D. C., between Terry Ryan's white dog, of Alexandria, and a black canine belonging to Mr. [illegible], of Washington. After a "vigorous prosecution of the war" for the space of an hour and forty-eight minutes the former was awarded the victory.

GOSSIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. U. SCHAMP.

There was an old maid in New York,
Had a leg that was all made of cork;
But it wan't worth a cent,
For wherever she went
She had to ride, 'cos it hurt her to walk.

There is an old woman in Salem,
And, no matter whatever may ail 'em,
If her girls or her boys
Ever make the least noise,
She always stands ready to whale 'em.

And then that young girl in Geneva,
How cruel it was to deceive her;
You can easily see
What a wretch he must be
To promise to marry and leave her.

Then that frivolus creature in Trenton
Extravagance always is bent on;
Tho' her children might lack,
For the clothes on her back
She was willing to spend her last cent on.

A young fellow in Sacareppa—
By trade he's a tobacco stripper—
Every week of his life
He reads to his wife
The entire contents of the CLIPPER.

You have heard of that girl in Port-Chester;
One evening her family missed her,
And next morning she wrote
To her folks in a note
She had gone to New York with her sister.

The mesquitoes they have in New Jersey
Will bite through the thickest of kersey;
When cold weather brings
A relief from these things
Don't you think it will be quite a mercy?

A young maiden there lived in Tacony—
Her father he bought her a pony,
And a saddle beside,
But she never would ride
Because all the roads were so stony.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 28.--Private Theatricals.

Over head of Rudd's carriage lamp factory in Broadway, nearly opposite to Niblo's Garden, was located the first private theatrical company which I ever remember giving public representations with any attempt at regular scenic effort. Away up rickety stairs, holding on to primitive bannisters rudely created out of unplaned wood, a select audience once a week clambered to the uppermost story, amid white-washed walls and unplastered rafters, to witness the amateur performances of a set of young men who had banded themselves together for the purpose of enacting stage plays. The passage-way was narrow and dirty, and the staircase long and rugged, difficult of ascent and a trifle dangerous, were it not that a score or so of Mr. Rudd's discarded coach lamps had been pressed into the service of its illumination. Fortunately no ladies were allowed entrance tickets, generally distributed by the members to ensure admission to the select ones of their friends venturesome enough to brave the perils of that tortuous ascent and sufficiently complaisant to hazard the infliction of amateur acting, for I am morally certain that few of the fair sex would have survived the vicissitudes of the upward journey and the subsequent torments of an over-crowded, over-heated, unventilated garret loft, for such had originally been the designation of this Olympian resting place, rather cleverly transformed into a miniature temple of Thespis.

The Garrick Club, as the confederated amateurs had somewhat pompously designated their association, was composed wholly of young men, chiefly lawyers recently admitted to the bar, lawyers' clerks, college students, with a few representatives from the mercantile lines of trade, smitten with a dramatic fever. By their combined energy and industry, aided by a couple of carpenters borrowed from a neighboring theatre, the members of the club had contrived to erect a fragile stage, with the ordinary accessories of scenery, such as strolling actors and migratory mountebanks employ while making their circuits through the rural districts wherein, through their ingenuity, discarded barns and deserted outbuildings are magically converted into exhibition chambers. The proscenium of the Garrick temple was indeed a primitive contrivance, consisting of pieces of canvas hanging from the roof, loosened upon one side after the manner of a tent-fly to serve as a means of bodily communication with the rear of the stage, which reserved space had been consecrated to the purposes of a general dressing-room for such of the minor performers as did not choose to attire themselves, partially, at least, at their own residences, and then foot their way to the scene of action, muffled in cloaks and wrappers to baffle the curiosity of such pedestrians as would be startled by the Hamlet or Robert Macaire strolling by twilight along Broadway. Green-room and orchestra were perpetually absent, inasmuch as the first was unnecessary, for the simple reason that those of the actors unemployed upon the stage were engaged in the less dignified occupation of setting and shifting scenes, and, as to the latter, its absence was scarcely missed, although upon extraordinary occasions its place was supplied by the voluntary services of an amateur band performing national and popular airs upon a violin, accordeon, tamborine and bones.

With all its manifold drawbacks and disadvantages the theatre of the Garrick Club was an ingenious contrivance, particularly as the scenery emanated from the brush of one of the low comedians, and the limits of the premises had been improved to the best advantage. Like all other amateurs the members of the Garrick enacted naught save the higher branches of the legitimate drama, yet, as a majority of the company were men of application and of talent, the performances were above mediocrity; indeed, I may safely say quite equal to those of many professionals aspiring to metropolitan positions.

The main objection to the Garrick performances was the exclusion of female *artistes*, for in those days the supply of tragedy-mad milliners or stage-struck seamstresses was in no wise equal to the demand, and those ladies who presented themselves as auxiliaries to the amateurs, were either broken-down actresses, demanding heavy salaries, which upon the first draft would have lain the Garrick treasury as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, or else would be *debutantes* of questionable morality, anxious to display their charms upon every possible occasion, rather more with an eye to profit than to fame.

Deprived of female assistance, and boasting of no male adjuncts willing to assume the functions of femininity in public, the Garrick Clubists could not imitate the example of the ancient Greeks and the more modern servants of His Majesty, who when performing before royalty and the meaner multitude entrusted sweet Annie Page and the fair Rosalind to the tender mercies of some beardless boy, and consequently they omitted the female parts altogether. Assuredly it made somewhat of a havoc with "Macbeth," the "Merchant of Venice" and other Shakespearean dramas, in this wise to ignore characters whom many sterling critics have regarded as the main motors in those pieces, but then the visitors to Rudd's loft were neither hypercritical nor exacting and consequently overlooked the omission.

The Garrick Club was not of long duration, for anxious parents, learning, from college professors, that their offspring devoted more time to the study of dramatic parts than to that of the integral and defferential calculus, and plodding traders suspecting the sleepiness of their clerks to be attributable to an undue devotion to the Thespian art, conspired for the overthrow of the cause of their common grievances. There was no resisting this combination of influences threatening the pecuniary future of the disobedient malefactors, so one by one the most active members of the Garrick were compelled, as the cloud of parental anger burst upon them, or the thunders of a church-going employer's voice threatened dismissal from office, to give up, until the entire affair passed into the hands of individuals, parentless and non-employed, who changed the tone of the performances and the character of the audience.

Even this degenerate concern, recruited from contradictory sources, failed to prolong a harmonious existence, for, as all aspired to the leading places, intestine quarrels originating in rivalry and jealousy shook the fabric, until a violent commotion, caused by the personal anger of antagonistic stars, and communicated to the audience, naturally sympathetic, shook down the temple, morally and literally.

It was the custom with the amateurs to allow the members in rotation to name a piece wherein the nominator selected a part to suit, as he judged his capabilities, or at least in which he designed to spread himself before an admiring auditory to the greatest advantage. Unfortunately for the peace of the society, "Richard III" was a play held in high preference, and, as each disciple of the sock and buskin imagined that he could excel his predecessor in portraying the crooked-backed tyrant, Richard became himself again until the patience of the audience became worn out under the unvaried infliction of Richardism.

Party spirit ran high, as the adherents of one or the other Richard cheered their favorite and derided his opponent, until finally, when some unpopular member, having chosen to undergo the universal ordeal, appeared upon the stage, the audience at the covert instigation of his colleagues received him with derisive applause and other signs of disapprobation, with a view of driving him off the scene. But Richard, although perceiving the drift of the vocal assaults, was a man of too much pluck to be put down in a summary manner, so he played without paying attention to the repeated indignities heaped upon him, as well by his colleagues, the chief among whom appeared to be Richmond, as by the audience, until he reached the combat scene where Richard is expected to die. This point the maltreated amateur resolved to make the settlement of the difficulty. Recognizing Richmond as the ringleader of his tormentors, Richard cooly threw down his broad sword and challenged his rival to fight it out on that line with a resort to fisticuffs. This new reading of Shakespeare was received with rapturous applause by the audience, who cordially invited both contestants for the English throne to go in. Under other circumstances Richmond might have declined this alteration in the style of combat, but conscious that he had been the author of all Richard's wrongs, self pride forbade his retreat before the eyes of the audience, as he imitated his rival's example and placed himself in a defiant attitude. The first round was of short duration, for Richard, boiling with rage and evidently brimful of science, led off with a one, two on the unfortunate Richmond's nose, and followed it up with a stunner on the right eye which sent its recipient sprawling among the side scenes, whence he did not emerge for the rest of the evening's performance. The crook-backed tyrant, flushed with his victory, then announced that nothing would do him greater pleasure than licking the rest of the crowd, an invitation kindly accepted by the two amateur supers comprising Richard's army, who forthwith commenced a simultaneous assault upon the over zealous victor.

"No double banking," shouted a gentleman from the audience wearing a remarkably red flannel shirt, serving him for coat and waistcoat, "or else I'm in."

"Come in and be ——," responded the fugleman of the soldiery, shaking his fist defiantly at the interloper.

"Just as you say," coolly remarked the man in red, who, turning to the audience, announced in loud tone of voice, "ladies and gentlemen, the fight's free; I'm in."

The observation of the hero in red proved correct, for within a few minutes the entire company on the stage and a considerable number of the audience having taken sides as opportunity offered, a general and indiscriminate fracas ensued, during which foot-lights and side-lights were overturned, while streams of burning fluid gas inundated the stage, and rapidly communicated flames to the canvas of the scenery. The alarm of fire was quickly given; firemen and policemen clamored up the stairs; the fight ceased in the apprehension of a conflagration, however, by united exertions the flames were extinguished without doing serious damage, but on the morrow when the club came to repair damages they found the relics of their dramatic traps upon the sidewalk, and a stout padlock on the street door. That fight was the final performance given by the original Garrick Club.

Not many years subsequently there was a more pretending amateur association, bearing the same name, which met in a very neat and handsomely fitted up theatre in miniature, located over a public house at the corner of Broadway and Anthony street, called by the quaint title of "The Finish." This saloon was a very popular one for a time, being conducted partially upon the European style, but having earned a reputation for being the resort of gamesters and other idlers, its patronage diminished so rapidly that it soon passed from public existence. So wide spread became this aversion to public houses tainted with suspicion as to the character of its habitual patrons, at that time, with the staid and law-abiding citizens that, although the portion of Broadway in the immediate neighborhood of Gothic Hall had been hitherto regarded as the most desirable location along the great thoroughfare, the majority of saloons against which public clamor had been heard closed, as such, within the space of a year. It was during this anti-gambling crusade that "The Finish" came to an untimely end in common with some less ostentatious neighbors.

The theatre of the New Garrick Club, which appears to have been composed of all amateurs, willing to contribute to the common fund, irrespective of position or occupation, had been skillfully designed, as it boasted an orchestra and a capacious gallery. The scenery was well painted, evidently by a professional artist, while all the stage appointments were in every respect appropriate and well maintained. It, moreover, boasted an orchestra, likewise composed of amateurs, who certainly played creditably, and thereby added greatly to the attractions of the place, which might be termed a model play house.

The performances, however, were infinitely inferior to the representations of the former Garrick Club, notwithstanding the greater conveniences of its successor for display. This is accounted for, possibly, from the indifferent character of the material composing the later organization, which had the honor, however, of admitting ladies to its ranks; and I am happy to say that upon many occasions the female portion seemed to have concentrated all the dramatic talent of the concern. Doubtlessly it was a difficult task for the management of an amateur *corps* to have congregated a good body of feminines of histrionic proclivities, but those at the Garrick were decidedly the attraction of the place.

An extensive dramatic temple once existed at St. John's Hall, in Frankfort street, a building originally dedicated to masonry, which occupied the site upon which a portion of French's Hotel is now located, that portion at present in the possession of Tom Rafter, tonsorial professor.

St. John's Hall was once a famous hostelry with our community, and at the time of its erection was regarded as a stupendous enterprise. It was, however, but a plain two story and attic building of bricks, relieved by brown freestone, and during the final days of its existence attracted not half the attention bestowed upon its neighbor over the way, the Pewter Mug, so well known in the chronicles of democratic party politics. The interior of St. John's having been devoted to the purposes of Freemasonry, it had been decorated in accordance with the usages of the craft with emblems and devices, the occult meaning of which could only be interpreted by some one who had been initiated into their mysteries. The room occupied by the Grand Lodge of the State had been elaborately adorned by Jefferson, the scene painter of the Park, in imitation of the decorations of the then exisiting Freemasons' Hall in London, and according to traditional accounts the chamber must have been a very gorgeous affair, at least so it was spoken of in those primitive days of our budding grandeur; but when I first saw the room, after it had been perverted from its mystic purposes, the ceilings were smoke dried, the walls stained and dirt worn, while all traces of Jefferson's handiwork had been submerged beneath coatings of whitewash more than once applied. The erection of the extensive Masonic Hall in Broadway, which was once considered the finest building with the exception of the City Hall in the town, ruined the credit of its more modest predecessor, but when the fury of the Morgan excitement closed the doors of both institutions, St. John's changed hands and subsided into a mere house of popular resort, while its Broadway rival was forced to submit to equally degrading humiliations.

In the old room of the Grand Lodge was erected a small theatre upon whose boards the 'prentice boys of the Swamp, headed by older and more experienced preceptors, spouted the honied words of Shakespeare and other dramatists in ample incoherence of conception and of language. They were what might be called vigorous actors, taking the elder Booth as their model of super-excellence, and as the audience, composed generally of a similarity in material, appreciated these spasmodic actions in preference, the amateurs insisted upon the cultivation of them in direct contradiction to that advised by Hamlet to his company of strollers. "The Apostate," "Damon and Pythias," the "Iron Chest," the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," and legitimate pieces of that exuberantly dramatic school formed the staple of the St. John's performances, although to please the fair sex—for in those days Vandewater, Frankfort, Rose and other streets contiguous to the region of the Swamp, were populated with private dwellings, tenanted by staunch Knickerbocker families, whose daughters were both fine and buxom, the amateurs gave representations of popular comedies and dramas, such as the "Rent Day," "Luke the Laborer," "Black Eyed Susan," etc. In low comedy the company were voted super-excellent, and consequently "Bombastes Furioso," "Robert Macaire" and "The Secret," were held in high repute as after-pieces to wipe away the tears shed upon heavy tragedies. The St. John's Association were more fortunate than their predecessors in the histrionic business, for they had enlisted the services of competent female associates, one or two of whom displayed an aptitude for the stage and an intelligence in the comprehension of their respective parts which exhibited them infinitely better suited and prepared for the profession than their male colleagues. And to render their performances the more endurable, the chambermaids and minor ladies were decidedly fair and pleasing to look at, and the occupation of looking at them constituted the chief employment of a major part of the auditory when the angels were within viewable distance.

Like all other associations of a like aim, the St. John's company were afflicted with internal quarrels and personal bickerings, which at times threatened to convulse the entire confraternity in general rows. I am sorry to say that admiration for the petticoated associates pretty generally constituted the ground plan for these inharmonious quarrels, which were in many instances subdued by arbitration of the fair ones, but which, on more than one occasion, germinated into fistic encounters and breaches of the peace.

There was a little apartment to the rear of the St. John's stage, dignified with the title of the green room, wherein the greater lights of the association would await their call upon the stage. The company had announced "Othello," when a genuine tragedy came near being rehearsed behind the scenes. The Desdemona of the night was to be played by the leading lady, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed widow of about twenty years, very comely, very attractive and withal very much of a coquette. The gentle Desdemona had made strong impressions upon the hearts of both the gentlemen who were to perform as the stars of the evening. Cassio, who, in ordinary life, was a pressman in a neighboring printing house, had been so warm in his devotion to the fair widow, who had accepted his attentions with pious resignation, that he believed that he had touched her heart and won her hand. Othello, too, had courted the flaxen-haired dame and wooed her in a diplomatic manner, in stolen interviews and twilight walks, when he was satisfied that Cassio, who had taken no pains to conceal his love, chanced not to be about. He, too, believed he had won the widow's heart, and still, having a propensity for the romantic, he kept his secret buried in his breast, and only upon furtive occasions breathed his adoration.

It was between the acts of the piece that Desdemona retired to the green-room to recuperate from the fatigue of the past act by swallowing in solitude the contents of a foaming pewter of fresh drawn porter. Our widow but imitates the precedent of great *artistes*—the illustrious Siddons, the great O'Neil, the divine Malibran. Scarce had she, wrapt in meditation, quaffed from the mug, when the reverie was disturbed by the abrupt entrance of Othello, who had been recuperating with more than one hot rum punch, for his eyes were in a fine frenzy rolling when his bosom heaved in the throes of love. Taking advantage of the occupation of Cassio, for this worthy acted as stage manager, Othello had dropped down upon the fair Desdemona to breathe the outpourings of a soul it was impossible to restrain. Over her porter the widow listened to his brief yet impressive appeal, which the amorous actor demanded should be ratified by a kiss. Vainly the widow remonstrated at the impropriety of his rashness; Othello was inexorable, and, despite the fair one's resistance, he kissed not only her pouting lips but her dimpled cheeks and her alabaster forehead. A gentleman in a less excited state of mind might have performed all these operations with much less noise than accompanied Othello's illicit performance. Cassio, hearing the reverberations of the amative lips, anxiously entered the green room to discover the cause of these unaccustomed sounds. The green eyed monster took possession of him as he beheld the condition of affairs, and in a thundering voice he demanded by what authority Othello had polluted his lady-love with his kisses. Othello, somewhat harrassed at the change in the situation, denied the soft impeachment. Cassio smiled ironically in his best stage manner, and dramatically pointed to the face of the trembling Desdemona, which was ornamented with sundry daubs of burnt cork, evidently borrowed from the visage of Othello, who, according to the fashion of actors of that day, did up the dusky Moor as the blackest of blacks, and supplied him with a full Turkish costumery. "You lie, villain; you lie!" shouted the jealous Cassio, and, seizing the pewter mug standing undrained before his lady love, he hurled it at the head of Othello, which that person skillfully dodged, while its contents fell in a murky shower on the lady's garments.

Othello lacked not physical pluck, neither was he wanting in boxing science; so, alarmed by the whistling missile, he nerved his courage and plunged in for a rough and tumble fight, while Desdemona, prefatory to a faint, shouted murder! in a sonorous treble. Being evenly matched, the contest would have been a prolonged one (as tables and chairs fell about, the combatants rolling and pummeling on the floor), had not two guardians of the public peace forced their way into the *sanctum sanctorum* of St. John's and carried the belligerents before the nearest captain of the watch, leaving Desdemona, like Niobe, all tears, with the additional infusion of trickling porter.

By far the most important amateur association assembled beneath the eaves of the gothic roof of Gothic Hall, formerly the Masonic Hall, an ungainly building near Pearl street in Broadway. The organization was known as the American Histrionic Association, and was under the presidency of an able and intellectual young man named Hanly, who has since embraced the dramatic profession, and is at present, as I am informed, the stage manager of Wallack's Theatre. I never saw the Histrionics perform but once, and then it was at the Astor Place Opera House. This opportunity they secured under very peculiar circumstances. A number of gentlemen of the London press having given a very successful amateur performance for charitable purposes, a knot of writers and editors in this city determined upon emulating their example and of donating the funds received to the benefit of the New York volunteers in the Mexican war. This was in the fall of 1851, and, as the idea was an attractive one, no difficulty was encountered in drumming upon the corps dramatic.

Those charged with the management of the affair went to work like beavers; but, unfortunately, being new in the business, they commenced wrong end foremost. They hired the Astor Place Opera House for a given evening, with an excellent orchestra, and then set about raising the company. They pitched upon "London Assurance," with a contributor to the dailies for Sir Harcourt, a well known editor for Dazzle, a comic essayist for Dolly Spanker, and so on to the full line of characters. As an after-piece they were to do "My Fellow Clerk," with a sporting writer for Tactic, and a fair assortment of press attaches to fill up the remaining parts. This done, they placed themselves under the instructions of an actor of the Broadway, Mr. McDonall, who promised to turn them out finished amateurs by the time specified. But, alas for poor McDonall! he might have drilled a regiment of soldiers, a band of negro minstrels, or even a brace of elephants; but with members of the press he found, notwithstanding their will, which was the only dramatic virtue they possessed, that it was an impossibility to convert them into supernumeraries. Having borrowed the theatre of the Histrionics for rehearsals, in order to familiarize themselves with the stage, the press amateurs decided upon rehearsing their intended performance. The first rehearsal was somewhat of a dampener: Cool was in a blessed state of obliviousness from, as he said, overwork; Dolly Spanker was staving tight; and Dazzle, having been to dinner, couldn't recollect a line of his part. The second rehearsal produced like results, only with a change of characters; Cool, Dazzle, and Spanker being as lively as crickets, while Sir Harcourt, Muddle, and Max, having been uncommonly dry, forgot all about the grand amateur performance.

Perceiving the dilemma of the managers, Mr. Hawley volunteered to substitute the American Histrionics for the press members. The proposition was received rapturously, and, in consequence, Mr. Hawley, with his associates, performed "Virginius" in a commendable manner, giving the only public amateur performance which was not received by a general public with derision.

The Despised Actor's Revenge.

While playing at Exeter, England, and at the height of his popularity, Edmund Kean was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced, the table was sumptuously decorated, and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found everything to their satisfaction.

Kean stared at him for some moments, and then said:—

"Your name is ———?"

"It is Mr. Kean. I have had the honor of meeting you before?"

"You kept some years ago a small tavern on the outskirts of this town."

"I did, Mr. Kean. Fortune has been kind to both of us since then. I recollect you, sir, when you belonged to our theatre here."

"And *I*, sir," said Kean, jumping up, "recollect *you!* Many years ago I came into your paltry tavern after a long journey, with my suffering wife and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands until you had received the trifle which was its value. I left my family at your inhospitable fireside while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, 'to take my wife and brat from your house,' and abused me for not spending in drink the money I had for food. Fortune, as you say, *has* done something for both of us since then; but *you* are still the same, I see—the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy money hunter. *I*, sir, am still the same; I am now in my zenith—I was then at its nadir; but I am still the same man—the same Kean whom you ordered from your doors; and have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat nor drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel! Gentlemen," said he, turning to his friends, "I beg pardon for the outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me."

Kean kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY I. D. CLARE.

Maude was blonde and very fair,
Kate, brunette and very pretty;
One was languishing and sweet,
The other, pert and smart and witty.
Maude upon me often smiled;
Kate of kisses was not chary—
'Pon my word I found myself
In a regular quandary!

First I thought that I would choose
Maude, and so I then prepare a
Little speech to make to her;
Then I thought that Kate was fairer.
One day Maude and next day Kate
Would my varying fancy tickle—
Both were very sweet on me,
But I, O, I was *so* fickle.

Well, so it went, and time passed on,
I did not propose to either;
Cruel Fate, to punish me,
Decreed that I should marry neither!
Maude disappeared one summer day,
Eloped, and with her music teacher;
And Kate—the pretty Kate—ah! well,
She wed an old, baldheaded preacher!

A POINT OF HONOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY C. E. C.

The boys of the school were in a state of perturbation. Dan Walling had openly declared his intention of thrashing Jack Cameron, and nobody doubted his ability to do it, and few his courage; for Dan was most unmistakably the "big boy" of the school, and who could question or impugn the bravery of such an one?

"I'd punch his head if he'd talk that way of me," said Will Allen. Allen was a "sneak" of a boy, one of the barnacles who always fasten to the stronger side.

"No, *you* wouldn't," said little Jack Adams, boldly, "you wouldn't punch anybody's head. You'd be afraid to."

Allen cast an appealing glance towards his big ally, and Walling glared upon little Adams in a way to make that worthy drop his dead sheepishly and retire. He was not prepared to face the bully of the whole school. Dan glanced round upon the others with an air, and then said: "Some of you boys had better mind your tongues, or you'll be getting into trouble."

This was fired at little Adams, as they all knew. But Jack was too insignificant to be honored with more particular mention.

"I wish he'd get his nose broke, so I do!" muttered the latter viciously, but taking good care not to be heard by the gentleman to whom he referred.

"He called you a liar," said Will Allen, again.

"He didn't, he didn't!" cried a dozen voices.

Walling looked around at them again, and replied sternly: "He said that if I called him a little beggar I spoke a falsehood. And that's just the same as calling me a liar, ain't it?"

There was no answer.

"I'll thrash him within an inch of his life if he don't take it back," added Mr. Walling.

At this solemn declaration the big boys looked grave, and the little ones dismal, but no one ventured to say a word.

There was a pause. The boys were evidently waiting. At last Allen again broke silence, saying to Dan:—

"I don't believe there's any use in waiting. He won't come. He is afraid of you."

"He promised to, but his staying away won't do any good, for I'll give him a whipping wherever I find him."

"He will come if he said he would," said one of the boys, quietly. "Johnnie Cameron always keeps his word."

This sounded very bold to some of the youngsters, and it was thought that Walling would resent it. But Dan remained silent, and looked unusually thoughtful, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

After this there was again a considerable interval of waiting, broken only by the subdued murmurs of conversation, as the boys split up into little knots, to discuss the probabilities of a fight and its result. On this last point, however, there was scarcely a dissenting opinion. It was almost unanimously voted that Dan Walling was too big and strong for Cameron. At length another boy was seen coming across the field carrying a basket.

"There he is—there's Cameron!" said little Adams, who had seen him first; and he ran down to meet him, in which movement he was followed by a few more of the boys. Most of them remained with the bigger boy, as some of their fathers do under similar circumstances.

Little Adams, who was a warm-hearted, affectionate boy, ran up to Johnnie, and nestled his hand into that of his larger companion, saying sorrowfully:—

"Oh, Johnnie, Dan's going to whip you!"

Cameron smiled quietly, though there was a slight settling and compression of his features too.

"At least he will if you don't take back what you said about him. I think you'd better, Johnnie, for he is too large for you."

"We will see about that, little one," was the reply. Boys of thirteen find such a pleasure in styling those of ten "little ones;" it is ever nice to be able to patronize.

Some of the other boys now joined them.

"Dan is awful mad," said one. "If I were you, Cameron, I'd not provoke him."

"We'll see," said Johnnie again.

By this time they were approaching Walling and his party, and the boys opened out in a sort of lane to allow the rivals to confront each other.

Dan Walling had hitherto kept his eyes upon the ground in a singular state of indecision; for the boy was far from bad at heart, and had a feeling that he was acting wrong. But a chance remark from one of his companions to the effect that "Jack Cameron carries himself mighty brave," served to check the good feeling, and in some sort to anger him. Had Cameron been in the least submissive there would have been no battle that day, and the two lads would have been better friends for the misunderstanding.

Johnnie came up in his usual quiet, easy way. There was certainly nothing of bravado about him. He still carried the basket upon his arm, and they could all now see that it contained bread.

"I am sorry that I couldn't get here sooner," he said; "but I was sent to the baker's, and had one or two other errands to do. I have a good deal of work on Saturdays."

This sort of language, seeming to utterly ignore the conflict which was peading, seemed awful to some of the boys.

"It doesn't matter," Walling returned sternly, "now that you are here. We thought you wouldn't come, but it would not have done any good to dodge me, because you and I have got to come to an understanding about a certain matter. You know what I mean."

There was a moment of silence, during which the lads fairly held their breath. Then Johnnie replied:—

"I think I'd rather hear you tell it, and then I will be certain."

"Well, we had better come to the point without any nonsense." Dan's voice was getting louder and louder. He was clearly trying to work himself into an excitement. "I'm not one of the kind to beat about the bush. Didn't you call me a liar?"

The crisis had come. A soft answer might turn away wrath now.

"Who says so?"

"You called me a liar!" repeated the big boy in a threatening manner.

"I don't remember that I ever did," was the calm reply.

"You know what I mean, Jack Cameron. I don't want any sneaking."

"I am not a sneak!"

There was a murmur of approbation among the lads standing around. Dan Walling glanced about angrily as he went on.

"Then don't act like one! You said I spoke a falsehood if I called you a beggar."

"And was it the truth?"

"I don't care whether it was or not," spoke Dan, flushing scarlet. "Are you going to take it back?"

Johnnie Cameron set down his basket, and as he stood erect there was a bright flush upon his cheeks also, and an unusual glisten in his eyes. The boy's head was thrown back proudly, and altogether he seemed to look taller. He said:—

"Dan Walling, I have always been taught to speak the truth, and I make it a point of honor to do so without looking to what may follow. You have rich parents I know, but for all that you have no right to jeer at me because I have no father, and my mother sews to support herself."

"That's not coming to the point," retorted Dan doggedly; for even he was a little affected at Cameron's words and manner.

The latter's self-possession and calmness began to forsake him in spite of himself. Tears came into his eyes and he spoke loudly and bitterly.

"Then the only 'point' I can see is whether your words were true or not. Am I a beggar?"

Dan struggled a moment between his natural generosity and his foolish pride of opinion. The boys looked on breathlessly.

"Yes!" he answered stubbornly at last.

"Dan Walling," came the words hard and firmly, "I *will* speak straight to the point. *You lie!*"

Walling glared at the speaker like a tiger, and looked indeed as if about to spring. The other lad stood up erectly without blanching.

"Don't fight!" cried the shrill treble of one of the little lads. But nobody heeded, if anybody heard.

However, the first impulse was not yielded to. Dan threw off his cap, and proceeded to divest himself of his jacket and collar. Cameron hesitated a moment, just a moment, and then he too began to strip. No more words were spoken now by anybody. All felt that the matter had gone too far to be settled without a recourse to fists. The little party drew back and formed a circle, with the two disputants in the centre of it.

They were soon in trim for the fray. Before facing his opponent, Cameron turned to the crowd, saying:—

"I know this is all wrong; I don't want to fight, and you know that I don't do so willingly. I'm forced into it because I make it a point of honor not to tell a lie."

"You talk a great deal," said Dan, sneeringly.

"I am done now," was the answer.

At the same time he faced his adversary. There was too much difference between the boys not to justify the almost universal opinion that Cameron was in for a licking. Dan to begin had a little advantage in age—probably a year. He was not much taller, but was much more manly and filled out in his appearance, and altogether was so burly as to make Johnnie appear a mere stripling in comparison.

There were some few of the latter's friends that did not despair. They knew he was hardy and wiry, and very quick on his feet. In truth he was accounted the best runner and jumper in the school.

"You must dodge him and tire him out," whispered one of his partisans. "Don't let him get hold of you."

The time of action had come. Johnnie's last words had virtually called "time," and he stood watching and awaiting the expected attack.

There was a moment's hesitancy, during which a pin might have been heard to drop upon the sod, and then Walling broke ground and darted towards the smaller boy. He did not offer to strike; his design was to seize and throw him. Johnnie was very wary, and at the right moment he stepped aside cleverly, at the same time hitting out. The blow amounted to nothing; it merely touched the side of Dan's forehead. But it was *a blow*.

The latter turned upon his opponent with a face perfectly livid with fury—so fierce as to startle some of the boys.

"Keep cool," was whispered to Johnnie. "Don't let him catch you, and you'll lick him."

This time Cameron stood up to his assailant. Neither boy had the least idea of stopping a blow, and, as they both struck out simultaneously, the consequence was a stunning counter, Johnnie catching his favor in the mouth, staggering him back, while Dan's was a regular smasher on the nose. Both lads bled freely, and both stood off a moment, looking a little confused.

During the interval some of the boys attempted to persuade the combatants to quit, while others encouraged them to persevere. They took no notice whatever of the outside talk, but stood watching each other without cessation.

At last Dan Walling made another of his impetuous rushes. There was no collision this time, as Cameron danced out of his way. Dan rushed blindly after him, when Johnnie suddenly turned and met him with a hit flush in the eye, and jumped aside from Dan's wild return. Cameron's friends now set up an exultant shout.

Dan hesitated but a second, and then once more ran in. The other again met his attack, and again there was sharp counter hitting, both upon the nose, Johnnie being staggered back and slipping to his knees. Dan attempted to take advantage of this, and it was all that Cameron could do to get away in time.

Both their faces were now covered with blood, and for want of cleaning they looked badly. Some of the smaller boys had become frightened and sneaked away. Few, if any of the bystanders desired the thing to go on, and another attempt was made to induce the boys to shake hands and quit. However, as before, they paid no heed to the persuasions of their friends.

How the matter would have ended it was hard to determine. Up to the last exchange Cameron had more than held his own, showing great agility in avoiding Walling's heavy lunges. But it was manifest that he was now considerably shaken up—more so than his opponent.

Speculation was rendered useless just then by an unexpected interruption. A man had come across the fields, attracted by the unusual commotion, and so much were the boys enwrapped in the contest that he was elbowing his way through them before he was noticed.

Then one or two startled voices whispered:—

"It's Walling's father!"

"Stop this!" he cried sternly. "Dan, what does this mean? Why are you fighting, and with a boy smaller than yourself?"

Dan hung his head sheepishly, and said nothing. Johnnie stood up erect and proud, unmindful of the blood which dripped down upon his shirt.

The gentleman looked at Cameron keenly. Then he asked him:—

"Whose fault was this?"

"I think we were both to blame," said Johnnie, quietly.

"No, no," cried several voices. "Dan picked on him first."

"Well, well," said Mr. Walling, "I want this to stop right here. Dan, you've done wrong. I want you to go and shake hands with this lad."

Dan advanced slowly and reluctantly. Cameron stepped forward to meet him, offering his hand without hesitation. They shook hands warmly. The boys sent up a cheer.

Mr. Walling turned to them.

"Boys," he said, "fighting is very bad. Don't do it, unless you must, to defend a principle."

"That's what Johnnie was doing," answered the shrill voice of little Adams. "He wouldn't tell a lie!"

"Indeed!" said the man. And he looked hard at Cameron's blood-smeared countenance. Then he walked slowly away.

That was several years ago. John Cameron has never regretted his "Point of Honor." To that he attributes the substantial friendship of the elder Walling. To that, his expectation of soon sharing the business with his best friend—his quondam foe—young Dan Walling.

THE "ROCK" ON WHICH THEY SPLIT.

A Watering Place Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HAMILTON.

Last week I spent the summer at a beautiful lake "whose name shall be nameless," as I once heard an Irish lady sweetly remark. It is so near the great metropolis that business men having families at the hotel can get "down town" at a sufficiently early hour each day. Consequently many business men brought their familes last summer to this favored spot and departed at eight each secular morning, leaving behind them a population almost entirely female. From 8 A. M. till 6 P. M. the lament of the New Englander spinster was realized; "men were scarce and women were plenty."

The landlord and I were the only *apparent* wearers of trowsers on the premises. It report, that lying jade, *did* accuse some of the fair matrons present of wearing the unwhisperables, their husbands were the only certain authority on the subject and *they* made no sign. The waiters at the hotel were waitresses (to use another Hibernicism) and Mr. Jones and I were at first alone in our glory.

Presently, to us came another man, who ignored the 8 o'clock train—a young fellow with an equine constitution, but with some derangement of his digestive organs. I welcomed him warmly, if not as a brother in arms, certainly as a brother in oars, for he was a grand performer, either with a sweep or a scull, of middle size, middle height, middle weight; nothing about him, when in citizens dress, showed any particular power, but (to use a ring phrase) he "peeled big" and I was particularly struck with his resemblance to that wonderful big little man, Tom Sayers, in one respect. That point was the great bunch of muscle back of the shoulders, by the aid of which Sir Thomas used to shoot forth his grape and cannister. Frank Mitchell possessed this development to a very great degree, and I was certain that his fist would prove an unpleasant deposit in any gentleman's eye.

Frank and I had many a superb pull in the double scull "Katy Did," and *my* pleasure in boating was unalloyed. *His* pulling brought *him* into difficulty and another person to grief. The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing, and the whole trouble came about quite naturally, thus.

Mine host, Jones, had two or three skiffs at his little wharf, in which, on moonlight nights, the gentlemen from town would pull their spouses and sweethearts a full quarter of a mile, returning with perspiring brows and blistered hands and a determination never to do so again, which resolution went the way of other resolutions by the time that the next moon came. But the pleasantest time for boating, in early summer, is the morning, and then the beaux were gone. An attempt was made to turn me into a jolly young waterman, but I was prepared. At the first hint I became strangely agitated and retired, afterwards explaining that I once took a very dear female friend out in a boat, which boat was upset by a steamer's swells, and my dear female friend was drowned before my eyes because I could not swim. Since that mournful event a female in a boat is a terrible sight to me. I had given up a profitable offer to go to the South Sea Islands, because I understood that the boats which visit the ships there were all paddled by women. I got a great deal of sympathy and hope I may be forgiven the falsehood; but what shell boat puller can endure a clumsy skiff? Why it is like an English fox hunter riding a donkey!

Frank Mitchell's fate was sealed before I could warn him; and I really felt sorry to see him politely pulling a pair of ponderous persons at a funeral pace. He did what he could to discourage the aquatic fever. His discipline was very strict. No jumping up to see a fish or a water snake; no rocking the boat "for fun" was allowed, but the passengers persevered in liking the pulls.

About this time there came two new guests to the hotel. The lady was about 30, rather good looking, considered herself very much so, was loud in her talk, and very fond of "showing off." The husband was one of those tall, stout men, aged about 40, who generally wear black broadcloth with an exaggerated scarf-pin, one of those figures which look powerful from their bulk, but which, when analyzed, show too much fat for the muscle, too much weight for strength. Most of my male readers have seen the kind of man he was; of that type which knows everything, and particularly considers itself authority on all out-door sport questions.

He had been a remarkable man in his past life, if you believed him. Mention Charley Smith and he would immediately launch forth upon the merits of his own third base playing "years ago." Speak of Hamill and he would give you some miraculous single scull time of his own making "when he was younger." Talk of the Seventh Regiment, and he would detail the perfection of drill which his company attained "in 1850." A loud, self-asserting man, a bully in argument and in practice, when he thought it was safe practice. I have reason to believe that he was so utterly ignorant of military matters that if he had been suddenly put in command of a battalion and some one had prompted him to give the order:—"rear rank, open order, march!" and if the rear rank had thereupon with one accord begun to turn back somersaults, he would have been perfectly satisfied that the order was being properly executed.

This gentleman went to town every morning in the general male Hegira. After a day or two had passed, Mrs. Johnson was suddenly smitten with a desire for boating, and poor Frank was impressed. He told the new comer the strict discipline he always maintained for the sake of safety, at which she laughed, and as soon as the party got away from the wharf, she created a sensation by beginning to rock the boat. The ladies screamed (and there *was* some danger for the skiff was crank), so Frank first asked, then ordered her to desist. The mutiny continuing, he turned about and in a few vigorous strokes regained the wharf-side.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"I am going to land you," he answered, "I never *will* take out a lady who won't obey safety orders."

"I think I see myself getting out because you want me to!" said the now angry woman.

"Very well then, madame, I'll get out." Which he did, followed hastily by the other ladies, leaving Mrs. Johnson in a very ludicrous position, as the tittering of the ladies showed, when they looked down upon her. So, red as a turkey cock's gills, she abdicated, and retiring to her room became invisible for a long space of time. Frank gave the other ladies an unusually long row, and was in high spirits when he returned.

Those of the following occurrences, which I did not see, came to my knowledge afterwards, and I shall relate them in their proper order.

Mr. Johnson came down late on the eight o'clock train that night. His wife, having become tired of sulking, entered the parlor, where an impromptu "hop" was going on, just before the train arrived. The story of her adventure, or misadventure, had been generally circulated, and a quiet smile greeted her advent. This caused her smouldering anger to break into a blaze, and just then her husband came in. To him she detailed her story with omissions and additions to suit, and he became rampant immediately, seeing an opportunity to display his dignity without danger, for was not Frank a quiet fellow, much smaller than himself? No man can be blamed for being wroth at an insult to his wife; but he was evidently determined to hear no explanation. It was too good a chance to let pass, and a public humble apology was his settled ultimatum. So he departed in search of the culprit.

At that time Frank and I were indulging in a quiet *tete-a-tete* over again, on the front piazza of the hotel. To us entered Mr. Johnson brimful of wrath. He marched up to Frank, who was sitting on a low chair, and opened his batteries with, "You're no gentleman, sir."

Now, this abrupt address was calculated to stir a fever in the blood of age, and Frank was young. Consequently he replied sharply enough, "What do you mean by your language, sir?" To which the first speaker responded in a tone of withering sarcasm:—

"You're a brave man, aint you? Think it a smart thing to insult a lady when she's got no one by to protect her!"

"Mr. Johnson," said Frank, civilly, but chafing, "I am very sorry that the thing occurred this morning, but I could not help it. It was risking all our lives to allow the rocking of the boat to go on, and I was *compelled* to come back. I wish you would ask the ladies, who were with us, and *then*, if you find anything wrong in my proceedings, I shall be very glad to apologize for it!"

"No, sir," said the man addressed, who was evidently working himself into a fury; "I shall ask nobody, you young puppy. You must apologize humbly and publicly or——"

"*Or what?*" interrupted Frank, who had sprung from his chair and confronted the speaker with an evil light in his eye.

It was wonderful what effect that short question, asked in a peculiar tone, had. Mr. Johnson stammered, stuttered and was again interrupted by a clear, decisive voice.

"Now listen. You commenced this conversation insultingly. I bore with it and offered proof that you are mistaken. You refused to accept my proofs and added an insult to your refusal. (Here I trembled excessively for Mr. Johnson's beautiful Roman nose). I can make great allowances for your believing your wife's story, otherwise I'd give you something to always remember me by, but as you insist upon an apology I'll give you something to ask an apology for—and then you won't get it."

And with that he gave his opponent three or four as sound slaps as a man's face ever received, then stepping quickly back, waited.

Now the bully was a coward. Just when he should have shown the bull dog he showed the cur. He clapped his hand to his face, as if blinded, and without a word started for the door. Frank seated himself in his low chair and was stooping, looking for his fallen cigar, when Mr. Johnson suddenly turned, and acting on the grand fighting principle that weight will tell, he rushed at his adversary like a bull of Bashan, evidently determined to crush him by his great bulk.

It was a cowardly act towards a smaller man, and I shouted a warning. Frank turned. The enemy was so close upon him that he could neither resist nor run, but there was a piazza pillar before him. He threw himself lightly against it, and kicked his chair behind him into the way of the "coming man." The success of this flank movement was perfect. The chair caught Mr. Johnson's shins just as he was at the top of his pace and down he came, with a squelch that alarmed the whole house.

Human pen cannot describe the consequences. Mrs. Johnson was, with difficulty, torn from her prostrate lord, on whom she had flung herself frantically. The wounded was borne away from the field of battle by an impromptu ambulance, manufactured of four Wall street brokers, one wholesale merchant and the landlord. Brown paper and vinegar were in great demand that night, and the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, to use John Bunyan's touching expression, "went on their way

THE MINSTREL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

She was an artless little thing,
She was a country maid—
He was a minstrel, and the bones
In Greasem's party played.
She fell in love with his pretty face,
And his voice, like a mocking bird,
Was really the sweetest thing of the kind
That she had ever heard.

She obtained an introduction, and
Agreeable was he
When the artless little country maid
Invited him home to tea.
They talked of birds and flowers and things,
They whispered of stars and moons,
But the pretty minstrel he watched his chance,
And prigged the silver spoons. J. H. B.

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I first learned to steal when I was eight years of age; rather an early beginning, eh? Well, it wasn't any wonder either, for my parents were both dead, and I hadn't a friend in the world, 'cept the old rascal who first taught me my business; and how much of a friend he was it's easy enough for you to know. My father I never saw in my life, and my mother had only been dead two weeks, when one day the old cove I speak of picked me up in the streets. He took me home with him (a queer den it was, up an alley way and down in a basement, where were two other boys, apprentices), and gave me my first lesson in how to pick a lock. He had all sorts of locks in his crib which he used to experiment upon, a new one two or three times a week. The one he set me to work on first, was a simple, ordinary lock. I had always a genius for mechanics, and wasn't long in getting the best of it. He complimented me on my skill, and told me that in course of time I'd make a first rate cracksman. I felt flattered, and went to work with a will. I was smarter'n the other boys by considerable, so the old fellow used to say, and so it was easy to see myself, for they were a clumsy two, and their fingers seemed all thumbs. They were forever dropping their tools, which a clever student never does under no circumstances, and then they were whole days gettin' the hang of the simplest fastening. They ought to have been miners and made a livin' by borin', that's what they ought to have done; blastin' was their trade, and I believe they'd of took to blowing a lock off with gunpowder if they couldn't have got away with it any other way. The fate those chaps met with proved they were not up to the business. One of 'em let fall his bag of feelers (that's for tools, you know, with most of us), and got shot through the head for a'doin' of it, comin' and waking up the sleepers at night, you see. The other was copped shortly after and sent to State's prison. So much for them two.

Well, it might happen to any one, for the matter of that. We coves have to look mighty sharp; but I've no patience with one who has a habit of waking up the sleepers. It ain't manners, that's what it ain't. The old fellow that I served apprentice to was a regular out-an'-outer, and an old hand; he was gettin' a little too far in years, that was all. I did my first job with him. It was rather a light stroke of business, and I was rather glad; for you may just bet I was scared.

But that weren't the one I was a' goin' to tell you of—that one wasn't worth telling about. We nipped the swag, which was precious little to go for, and I got away safe, although my knees shook so I could hardly walk, and I was awful afraid "Old Wrench" (that's the name he went by) would notice it, in which case I was sure to come in for a kick—you see I was only fourteen; those other seven years I spent in picking pockets and studyin' the internal construction of locks and things. It takes some time to become an out-an'-out professor.

But now to my story, which happened only two years ago. I'm now eight and twenty, as I calculate. "Old Wrench" wasn't in with me, for you see we'd dissolved long before, and the old fellow'd been dead many a year, nigh onto eight, I guess. It was a big brown stone house away up-town; and the folks were rich—that is, the old woman was. She was a grandmother, with one son, a middle-aged man, who was away from home for a week. You see we were posted. We'd watched the house, and knew all about everything, except one, and that's where we were mistook. The grand-daughter was a young woman of sixteen, and a pretty creature she was, too. Bless you! she had eyes like a young dove, and neck and shoulders—but I oughtn't to mention them.

The servants slept away up in the garret, so there was little chance of waking them up if we went to work right, and that we were sure to do, so we thought. The mistake was mine, but I never let on that I'd made any. You see, there were two others with me, and them I left outside to watch—one on one street and one on the other—for it was a corner house, you must know, and four stories high. The son slept on the third floor, that is when he was at home. The old lady on the second floor, front, not counting the basement, for it was a high stoop house; and the daughter, so we thought, on the same floor with her uncle; for, you see, she was the child of the old lady's only daughter, who was dead, and whose husband had died before her. An orphan—there's where we were alike. How I came to make the mistake I did I can't understand, for I thought we were well up as regards the house. Old ladies, as a general thing, don't sleep very sound, so it's thought best mostways not to go near them; but then this one—now her son was away—had all the plate and most of the valuables with her in her sleeping room. We were tarnation sure of that anyhow. She was a feeble little old lady; I'd seen her many a time while we were watchin' the house. But I ain't gettin' along fast enough with my story, so here goes for it.

It was a dark night—the one we chose—and about half past twelve we were in front of the house. The street was rather a lonely one, and not altogether built up. We were not long in beginning operations. I went to work at one of the basement windows and was soon inside. A pane of glass had to be removed and the fastening drawn back, that was all. Once inside, I soon found my way up stairs, having to pick only one lock, that of the door leadin' from the basement stairs into the large hall above. In less than twenty minutes from the time I entered the house I was in the front room on the second story.

The gas was burning low, just enough for me to see by. Now, if this hadn't been the case I should have hesitated about lighting it, or turnin' of it down if it had been a'burnin' real high, for fear of wakin' the sleeper. But as it was, it was all right. The curtains were drawn, and outside there were half a dozen vacant lots opposite. There was the old lady, sleepin' soundly, with her face to the wall and covered up to her chin with the bed clothes. "Now for the swag," thought I; "where's the plate?" I looked under the bed, under the sofa, into the wardrobe, cast a suspicious glance at the pillows and bolster, carefully removed the screen of fancy fringed tissue paper from the fireplace and took a peep into the grate; then concluded I was off the scent. It wouldn't be in the bureau, that I was certain. The old lady's clothes were there, and there wasn't room enough for anything else, hardly; not enough for plate anyways. As these thoughts passed through my mind I opened the top drawer. There were neat little collars and cuffs, bits of gay ribbon made into bows, laces, under sleeves, a pair of white satin slippers, with rosettes and steel buckles ("the old lady is somewhat gay for one of her age," I thought) embroidered lace handkerchief, powder boxes, bottles of perfumery, cakes of scented soap, mottoes, a stray letter or two, a watch set with diamonds (this I placed outside on the cover), a miniature set round with pearls (this I laid by the side of the watch) and—just then something prompted me to look towards the bed. Good heavens! there were two great startled, staring brown eyes looking straight at me out of the downright handsomest face I ever saw—that of the gran'daughter. She seemed astonished, stupified, but not frightened much, leastway she didn't scream or kick up a rumpus. She was an out and out trump, that gal was, an' a brave one. Up she got, and slidin' her feet into a pair of slippers, came right over to me. She had on a night-dress which was just like any mornin' wrapper, high in the neck and long in the sleeves, an' worked all over like with braid. She seemed that innocent that I felt abashed; then I thought she must take me for her uncle, but she didn't, for we weren't a bit alike. Now you see where the mistake was. The old lady slept on the floor above. Up she got, the young woman, as I said, and come right over to me, an', layin' her hand on the locket and watch, quietly took 'em in charge.

"That picture," she said, lookin' me straight in the eyes, "is a portrait of my dead mother, and I don't want you to touch it—not even to *touch* it. I sha'n't scream or attempt to wake the servants, because it might be the death of my poor old grandma, and I'm sure you can't mean any harm to me by your face. You don't look wicked."

Think of bein' spoken to in this way by a sweet young creature of sixteen!

"This watch," says she, "was a present from my mother, too, and I don't want you to take that. If you wish money I will give you all I have. In that work-box is a hundred dollars in two dollar and a half gold pieces; I've been saving them up; you are welcome to them."

She was silent for a moment, still lookin' straight at me. I raised my eyes to hers from the floor. For the life of me I couldn't help but feel awkward before this young gal. She seemed so modest and truthful and gentle and good that—well, I felt as if I was a doin' wrong to stay there. I felt, for the first time since I met "Old Wrench," that thievin' wasn't an honest way of gittin' a livin', an' that this was as bad a'most as robbin' a church. If any one had 'a told me that I'd acted this way under like circumstances, I'd 'a laughed in his face. I didn't know what to make of myself; but when she went on to say, as I already knew, that she was an orphan, that both her parents were dead, I felt as if we were alike in that, if in nothin' else; and then, when she continued on a telling me how wicked it was to take what didn't belong to me (no preachin', either), and how I was fitted for somethin' better, I just give way altogether, and says I—

"Young lady, I ain't a'goin' to take nothin' here, leastways anything belonging to you; not your gold neither, nor your watch, nor that pictur' of your mother; I'm a goin' right straight out of this house and I'm never goin' to come into it again to steal. What you do is to look out of this window and you will see me go, then you wake up some of the men servants and have 'em make secure the basement window." I took one last look at her, she was pale as marble (what a strain it must have been to her to act the part she did), and left the room. I should like to have kissed her hand, for she had brought the only tears to my eyes I had shed in years, but I passed out without so much as that even, and saw her face at the window as I stepped into the street to join my companions.

"The house is alarmed," I said, "we had better be off."

"And the swag?" asked one.

"The old lady's a weasel," I replied; "don't catch her nappin' when her son's away."

"Queer you didn't find it out afore."

I made no answer, only urged them to walk on faster. I've done many a stroke of business since then, although for a couple of weeks I felt like turnin' my attention to somethin' else—it's so hard to be honest when you've once been a rogue. That young lady was a trump if ever there was one, but I have an idea she must have fainted after I left, she looked so pale, and the shock of finding me there must have been so great. I've done many a stroke of business since then, as I said, but never had another experience like that. And she didn't scream on account of the old lady; that gal, I say, was a trump.

"TIME."—The *Siecle* gives us another example of the ingenuity and patience with which the Paris *chroniqueur* introduces the most useless statistics. A little time ago we were informed as to the exact amount of paving stones required to cover the streets of Paris. This time the able collector of the *faits divers* seems to have tumbled upon an old speech of General Foy. The subject which formed its text was a proposal to give 1,000,000,000 francs, as a compensation, to the emigrants. The General exclaimed, "Do you not know that 1,000,000,000 minutes have not passed since the death of Christ?" Here it is that the *Siecle*, hitherto coy, bursts out into daring eloquence. We are told that the exactitude of General Foy was such that, though he delivered his speech half a century ago, the 1,000,000,000 minutes have not yet expired. Indeed, next Christmas will only account for 982,368,000 minutes since the birth of our Lord. A year contains 525,000 minutes, and forty more years will be required to reach the round figure. It will not be till A.D. 1902 that the 1,000,000,000 minutes will have been completed.

ARE YOU BEUTH?—Edwin Booth was traveling on the cars. The passengers, hearing he was aboard, naturally evinced curiosity to see the celebrated actor. Among the passengers was a genuine Vermonter, who occupied a seat some four or five benches in the rear of the great object. By slipping from one seat to another, he very soon occupied the one immediately "aft" of Booth. His anxiety was great; reaching over and touching Edwin on the shoulder, he said:—

"Ah! excuse me, sir, but is your name Beuth?"

In his well modulated voice Booth replied, "Yes, sir, my name is Booth."

"Ah! eh! excuse me, sir; but is your name Edwin Beuth."

"Yes, sir, my name is Edwin Booth."

"Really, eh! ah! sir; but you must really excuse me, sir; but ah! eh!—sir, are you brother to the gentleman who had

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 4.---Horace Greeley and his Cotemporaries.

Possibly next to the editor of the *Herald* none of the fraternity is more thoroughly identified with the journal of which he is the presumptive head, than is the Hon. Horace Greeley with the *Tribune*. While Mr. Bennett prefers indulging in the seclusion of private life, after having relied entirely upon the newspaper of his creation as a channel for self laudation, his cotemporary of the *Tribune* has boldly plunged, from the commencement of his editorial career, into the world of politics and of popularity. Mr. Greeley is emphatically a public man; he has addressed assemblages of all kinds and descriptions; he has attended conventions and held a seat in Congress; he has lectured before learned bodies and scientific associations; he has traveled largely and exhibited himself at every point of travel; in fine, no literary man in this country has ever struggled harder to make himself conspicuous among the masses than has done the philosopher in the old white coat. If, therefore, in this city the person of Mr. Greeley has been lost in the immense crowd of notabilities in every imaginable walk of life, it is perfectly familiar to the inhabitants of the rural districts, and of those of the western cities among whom he has traveled and talked. In a word, then, while Horace Greeley is only known to his fellow townsmen through his connection with the *Tribune* and his individual eccentricities, by the country at large he is regarded as a statesman, a philanthropist, a literateur and a reformer; in fact, a real personage, with a thousand and one ideal virtues, of which the *Tribune* is taken to be a daily reflex. Consequently, while Mr. Bennett depends entirely upon the *Herald* for his reputation, and covets no greater honor than that of being recognized as its creator, the proprietor of the *Tribune*, in a measure, relies upon the personal reputation of Mr. Greeley, gained through his individual exertions beyond the pale of editorial life.

The late William T. Porter used to narrate with great gusto the incident of Greeley's first employment as a printer, after his arrival in New York, as he oftentimes declared the version given by Parton in his semi-fabulous biography of the Hon. Horace to be an erroneous statement. Porter, who was at the time foreman of a large printing establishment, coming to his daily work discovered on the door steps a, to his mind, curious specimen of humanity, a carrotty headed country boy, thin, awkward and slatternly. Porter, who was ever noted for the pains he took with his apparel, rather abruptly inquired as to what so uncouth an object wanted around the premises, to which the stranger replied that he was a country printer in search of work. Porter smiled as he cast a second glance on the unpromising applicant, and inquired where he came from. Upon receiving an answer that the stranger came from New Hampshire, the State of Porter's nativity, William, whose nature was of the most benevolent description and whose generosity only ceased at his death, decided upon giving the lad from the country a trial, and engaged him for the day. Nevertheless, as he had little confidence in his new compositor's ability he set him at work upon a Hebrew Lexicon, then in course of preparation at the printing office, firmly believing that a few hours exertion upon strange and unsightly copy would disgust the young "typo" to such a degree as to induce him to throw up the job.

A few hours afterwards one of the proprietors entered the office, and perceiving the new hand, and prejudiced at his personal appearance, rather tartly demanded how his foreman came to set such a scarecrow to work. Porter had been watching the new comer, and being himself an excellent compositor, noticed that the fresh hand worked assiduously, steadily and as it he had a good knowledge of his art and therefore justified his temporary employment. Finally, when the day's proofs were drawn, it was found that, despite the ungainliness of his person and the difficulty of the task allotted to him, that of the strange printer came forth the cleanest and best of the entire office. Mr. Porter was delighted at this result and oftentimes expressed satisfaction at the accidental manner in which he made the acquaintance of the uncouth looking printer—Horace Greeley.

When Porter and his brothers established *The Spirit of the Times*, Greeley worked in the printing office, his numerous good qualities as a compositor being fully appreciated by his former benefactor, and, while toiling in that capacity, the future editor of the *Tribune* contributed to *The Spirit* the first article written by him for the public press. This incident, which was likewise purely accidental, gave an initial opportunity for Greeley to display that peculiar aptitude for journalism which has since proven the basis of his success and reputation, in this wise demonstrating that the fortunes of individuals depend oftentimes upon the most trivial circumstances. The entire history of our local press exemplifies the uncertainty of reliance upon journalism as a profession, and shows success in that profession in many cases to be the product of mere accident. Men of talent, of education, and of industry, such as William Legget, of the *Plaindealer*, Maturin, Maitland, North, Foster, and others have tried the experiment of a newspaper life only to lead an existence of penury, while some journeyman printer, aided by flashy writers of both sexes, by an unexpected stroke of chance, suddenly finds himself elevated to a pinnacle of wealth and fame. In the case of Mr. Greeley, accident afforded him the golden opportunity of a first step, whence he has struggled manfully and indefatigably to prosecute a mission, presented by hazard, such as may again occur to but one man in a hundred.

Mr. Greeley's earliest venture, as an editor, was in the conduct of the *New Yorker*, a weekly newspaper, in which he was assisted by Henry J. Raymond, now of the *Daily Times*, a semi-political sheet. Although this journal was well edited, as Mr. Greeley therein displayed the vigor and terseness of his pen, and contained contributions of marked merit, it was ultimately abandoned to make room for a publication of a more popular school.

During the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" presidential campaign, appeared the *Log Cabin*, an ephemeral sheet, published in the interest of the Whig party, and conducted by Mr. Greeley, who had entered upon the political field with that energy and activity distinguishing all his actions, for the editor of the *Tribune*, having confidence in his abilities, affects, in his political essays, a defiant contempt for his antagonists, be they whom they may. The *Log Cabin* was by all odds the cleverest campaign paper as yet published, and its dissemination, supported as it was by an enthusiasm emanating from the wealthiest portion of the population, became a matter of necessity with the leaders of a movement against a party heretofore enjoying the confidence of the masses, who had to be reached and converted to the new doctrine by more solid arguments than usually presented in political sheets. Hard cider and log cabin songs, barbecues and torchlight processions were well enough to captivate the senses of an indiscriminate crowd in a city, but to bring a logical statement of facts before the farmer, the planter and the country gentleman, compelled the widespread circulation of a newspaper devoted to the whig cause. Operating upon this obvious policy, that party bestowed upon the *Log Cabin* an immense circulation by means of its local organization, and hence during the Harrison campaign, Horace Greeley became the best known political writer in this country.

The triumph of the whig party and the election of General Harrison achieved the fullness of Greeley's reputation, as the result was, in a great measure, attributed to his labors in the *Log Cabin*. His previous literary failure was now attributed to a talented editor's lack of business tact, and at this moment a man of admitted business tact, a capitalist, stepped forth to take the rising political writer by the hand. Consequently it was announced in one of the final issues of the *Log Cabin* that a daily journal, advocating doctrines identical with the incoming administration, would be published under the editorial supervision of Mr. Greeley, with competent associates.

The *Daily Tribune*, with its weekly tender, designed to supplant the *Log Cabin*, came into the field under the most advantageous auspices. The organ of a powerful and successful party, edited by a gentleman of Union-wide repute, and its business affairs managed by a retired trader, standing A No. 1 in the mercantile world, with a weekly circulation adequate to render the concern self sustaining, the chances for the failure of the enterprize were, unless through the grossest mismanagement, regarded as preposterous and not to be anticipated when the business machinery was to be controlled by such a man as Thomas L. McElrath. From the issue of its initial number, the *Tribune* proved itself, as prognosticated, a success, chiefly through the influences brought to bear in its favor politically, taken in connection with the shrewdness of its management in the matter of arresting the attention of the general public by the advocacy of theories and fantasies of a sensational character.

One of the prominent features of the *Tribune* was the promulgation of its editor's views upon subjects of domestic economy and morality. Personally, Mr. Greeley affected to despise the amenities of good breeding, and consequently indulged in vagaries contrary to the general diction of society. He sported a raiment of questionable fashion and strolled around town with disordered garments, generally wearing a long tailed white overcoat, with one leg of his pantaloons in a boot top and the other without. He avowed himself a Grahamite, and, after the manner of the Hindoos, hurled fulminations against the use of animal food. He approved of the then prevalent doctrines of St. Simon and Charles Fourier, as expounded by Albert Brisbane, in a daily contribution to the columns of the *Tribune*. In a word, he exhibited himself a faithful and practical disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and a veritable child of nature with a few modern improvements.

In the meanwhile Mr. Greeley dexterously managed the editorial columns of the *Tribune*, by expatiating upon every philanthropicism thrown in his way. In them he and his colleagues descanted upon the immorality of the drama and the morality of communism, upon the tenets of the so called reformers and the principles of the agrarian land dividers; in fact, upon every crazy fantasy which had racked a deluded brain, until the *Tribune* became the organ of every theory reflected by ordinary people presumptively of common sense. It acquired a profound reputation for advocacy of reformation, religion, and regeneration, while in reality it was simply grown into a powerful political motor for the elevation of particular partisan leaders.

The circulation of the *Tribune* augmented prodigiously among the class of speculative fanatics given to contemplation of irrational theories, and then when the revolutionary fires of 1848 became alighted, it stood forth the exponent of those ultra republican ideas, in favor with our foreign population, while Mr. Greeley participated as a leading member in the Irish Directory which promised the emancipation of the Green Isle.

Finally, the whig party succumbed, but not until after Mr. Greeley had been honored with a seat in Congress; but the *Tribune*, through the ingenuity of its editorial management, could in no wise be shaken by the fall of its first patrons; on the contrary, when the formation of a new party in opposition to the existing National administration became a manifest necessity, it found itself in a position sufficiently strong to dictate not only the platform to be supported but the candidates to represent it, as both John C. Fremont and Abraham Lincoln owed their nominations to the direct influence of the *Tribune* upon the nominating conventions.

Having attained its mandatory position, the whole course of the *Tribune* was changed. Upon the retirement of McElrath, heretofore the financial partner, the establishment was merged into a joint stock association, divided in shares, negotiable as other legalized stock, and the trustees of the company took the responsibility of its direction by augmenting its editorial staff, preserving, however, Mr. Greeley at its head as indispensible to their mutual benefit. From that hour no more assaults upon the drama, no more essays upon socialism, no more dissertations upon Fourierism, no more eulogies upon Communism, no more apologies for the vast army of isms, which had previously hovered, spirit like, around the *Tribune* office. The paper itself was enlarged and modelled after the fashion of the London *Times*, while its chief editor was induced to eat like common men, to dress like common men, and to walk like common men. Never was revolution more complete, and, in consequence of it, the *Tribune* assumed the position of a leader of opinion, for unlike the *Herald*, which follows in the wake of popular sentiment, its rival endeavors to travel in advance of the public mind and to direct its course. The oldest rival to the *Tribune* in the old Whig party was the *Express*, originally a morning paper, the property of James and Erastus Brooks, both of well remembered political fame. This journal is one of the few survivors of the blanket sheets of Wall street creation, which, like the *Evening Post*, have exhibited a commendable ingenuity in adapting themselves to the change in popular taste. The *Express* formerly published an evening edition, giving the latest commercial news and a few items intended for the Southern mail, as a mere adjunct to the actual or morning edition. Gradually, as the avidity of the public increased, during the Mexican and our late wars, to learn the latest news by telegraph and otherwise, it was perceived that the morning edition hung a dead weight upon the establishment, and at the present time has been wisely discontinued.

The *Express*, in the first instance, was a strong advocate of the Whig party, and next to the *Courier and Enquirer* its most influential organ. When the Know Nothing excitement swept the land, and the remnants of the ancient Whigs, generally designated the Silver Grays on account of the venerable years of their leaders, were swallowed up by the native element, the *Express* joined in the movement. Under auspices of the American party, Mr. Erastus Brooks became a candidate for the governorship of this State, but failed of an election on account of the defection of the "Shocktaws" or that branch of the Americans who had previously repudiated the election of Daniel Ullman as a candidate for the same office. Since the demise of the Know Nothings, the *Express* has been the recognized

law of the Order of United Americans, once a powerful association.

Mr. James Brooks, the elder editor of the *Express*, should be ranked rather as a politician than a journalist, having served more than one term in Congress, the Hall of Representatives previously receiving six recognised journalists upon its benches. It is curious to remark the diverse literary sources whence these representatives of the press have been drawn and the respect in character of the journals they edited, for nothing can better illustrate the temper and tone displayed by electors in their preference of individuals. New York has supplied Congress with the following named members of its press: Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune;* Mike Walsh, of the defunct *Subterranean;* Henry J. Raymond, of the *Times;* Anson Herrick, of the *Atlas;* Thomas R. Whitney, of the *Sunday News;* James Brooks, of the *Express;* and Benjamin Wood, of the *Daily News.* This congregation of contradictory elements in political literature was happily never effected at a single session of Congress, otherwise the marvellous exhibition of the "Happy Family" would pass into a merited oblivion as a trite and uninstructive show.

When Mr. Henry J. Raymond parted from Horace Greeley he passed to the editorship of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and in that capacity managed to offend his former colleague, whereupon a journalistic discussion ensued, during which controversy the editor of the *Tribune* lost the thread of the argument as well as his temper by giving utterance to the oft-quoted expression: "You lie, little villain, you lie," a very forcible, but inelegant manner of controverting an antagonist, of which advantage has been taken to apply the term, "Little Villain," to the Hon. Henry J., an application which will remain plastered to him for the term of his natural life. Possibly it may be urged in extenuation of the honor of the craft, that both disputants being honorable Congressmen, this language will be taken as of a parliamentary and not of an editorial order

A DUTCH GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY CARLOS.

Christmas Eve, to *be* Christmas Eve, should be a dry, cold, blustering night, with plenty of dusty snow lying beneath one's feet, ready to be whirled up in one's face on the slightest provocation. I don't profess to be able to give the thoughts of a drunken man, and that man a Dutchman. Therefore I am unable to say whether Hans Scalken would have agreed with me in my opening assertion. If he did, he must have been satisfied; as on this eve (it was so late as to be nearly Christmas morning) the wind roared, and shrieked, and blustered, and tore madly up and down the bleak streets, and dashed the snow up from the walks and down from the roofs, and "played hob" generally; making the spectral trees to groan and shiver, and in fine every body and everything to cower, except the sturdy figure of little Hans himself, which went rolling on in a zig-zag sort of way. Hans had been spending his evening at a town tavern, and had probably, nay surely, imbibed a trifle; for his face was radiant in proporti on as his legs were unsteady.

Hans walked not as the bee flies, yet did he manage to progress nevertheless, until he came to a point at which the street branched off in two directions, when our friend paused like a wise man. We are here under the painful necessity of acknowledging that Hans, at this juncture, was by no means sober. But then it was Christmas Eve; and besides, Hans was not *drunk*—at least, he would have denied indignantly the soft impeachment, and we, being Hans' friend, must insist that he was far from intoxicated. Still he was not sober. Had Hans been sober, Hans would have taken the left fork, and proceeded quietly home. But Hans not being sober, he stopped to consider. Now, Hans' legs being, as we have insinuated, rather unsteady, while their master was gazing up sagaciously at the corner house carried the said owner up the right fork unawares; and Hans, disdaining to turn back, proceeded manfully forward.

This road passed through an extensive meadow; for it was on the outskirts of the town, and the snow had so covered both meadow and road that Hans could not distinguish the latter at all. Little cared he for that, however, but pushed forward as fast as his condition and his short legs would allow him. Any one meeting him then would first have discerned a fiery beacon, which a nearer approximation would have resolved into the rubicund nose of our Teuton; and any one following his foottracks would probably have concluded that Hans had a contract to trample down all the snow on the meadow.

For half an hour did our friend push sturdily on without adventure. The snow in vain dashed into his face; Han's guardian nose met the assaults, and the dismayed flakes melted away defeated. At length Hans saw a light glimmering dimly in the distance, and attracted towards it by some invisible agency, he proceeded thitherward as directly as circumstances would permit. A near approach showed him that the light streamed from a window in the rear of a small house. Now, although Hans had frequently listened to blood-curdling stories of haunted towers, ghosts at midnight, etc., yet he was by nature stolid, and on this occasion too well fortified internally to have feared the infernal one himself.

So he valiantly approached the window and looked in. He merely noticed that it was unoccupied, and that it was remarkably warm and cosy looking in contrast with the whirling snow and shrieking wind, and then, finding the door unlocked, he lifted the latch and entered.

There was a rich smoldering fire in the ample chimney, and up to this did our little hero draw a large rocking chair, in which he ensconced himself in a comfortable position. As he thereafter made no other sound than a regular prolonged murmur, it is fair to presume that he fell into a profound cogitation. It is a pity that our gentleman's thoughts cannot be given, as doubtless they would have furnished us a great insight into the little man's character. But whether he reflected upon the strange chance which had thrown him into his present position, or whether he wondered how his Katrine's anger would have ventilation, now that her liege was out of the way, will never be known. Hans' little legs curled up gradually beneath him, and Hans' little round head slowly sank down upon his breast, and then in a little time the noise of his thoughtful murmur increased in volume, evincing the great depth of his meditations.

Saving this, all was still as the graves are.

But this apparent quietude only served to prove the falsehood of appearances. Of a sudden the candle, which Hans had noticed a moment before to be fully three inches long, was extinguished. Although our hero well knew that infernal means must have been employed to do this, still, as we have hinted, he was not one to be easily daunted, and so he remained quiescent, awaiting further developments.

The next moment a cold current of air struck him, appearing to chill to the very marrow, and while he was still of a shiver therefrom he heard an unearthly voice, which seemed to float [illegible] over him, [illegible]

Hans Scalken!

Hans said nothing; speechless he sat. For the first time in his life Hans was too badly frightened to utter a word. There was an interval of ominous silence. Then came a strange rustling sound, and immediately a creaking as of an opening door, although Hans could positively see no door to open. Suddenly a deep vapor seemed to rise from the floor, so that Hans could not even see his own hands. Terrified at this, Hans closed his eyes, to shut out all further horrors, when again he heard the same voice, this time much nearer:—

"Hans Scalken! Gracious, gracious, wo hast du been, Hans Scalken?"

Hans' little red eyes slowly opened at this interrogatory, when he beheld the figure of a stern-looking woman before him. She was a perfect piantess, and possessed but one great eye, the place for the other being covered by a large patch. Her right hand was concealed in the folds of her dress, while with her left she pointed sternly at her victim. Poor fellow! His tongue fairly clung to the roof of his mouth, so great was his fear; he could not utter a sentence.

The eye of the giantess blazed. She shook her finger warningly at Hans, and a single, terrible word floated from her lips:—

"Speak!"

"D-dear, good Missus Khost," our hero stammered, but he could go no further. The form of the giantess fairly trembled with rage, and new fire flashed from that blazing eye. Now she suddenly raised her right hand from its concealment, when Hans, to his intense horror, discovered that it grasped an enormous iron hammer, which waved ominously over his little bullet head, while again floated from those terrible lips the inexorable word—

"Speak!"

Though he felt that his existence depended upon it, yet he could not do so. She waited in expectancy a moment, but still Hans' frozen lips refused their duty. Then she gave the hammer a preliminary swing, but Hans' limbs seemed palsied, and he could make no effort to escape. He could only gaze with mercy beseeching eyes upon his stony enemy. She paid no attention whatever. At last the mallet was drawn back—then it descended like a flash! Hans had seen it coming, and by an almost superhuman effort he jerked his head to one side.

Too late! The weapon fell in all its force upon the Dutchman's left ear. Half s'unned by the blow he sprang to his feet.

A bewildering transformation seemed to take place. A light flashed before his eyes. It came from a candle, held in the woman's right hand, where the hammer had been just before! She took him by the ear with her disengaged hand, and led him off a meek captive. He passed through a doorway and up a flight of stairs; then he knew no more. He awoke in the morning—in his own bed!

Katrine, in telling the story next day, complained bitterly that when she came into the back kitchen and found Hans in a drunken sleep, he called her a "Ghost," and so she boxed his ears and sent him to bed.

Hans is tender on the subject of ghosts.

A MODEL JURY;

And How They Made Up Their Verdict.

We have heard some hing lately of the way in which juries wrangle about their verdict. Listen to a Devonshire story thereanent. A doctor in B—— had caused the death of an old woman in that town, through giving her wrong drugs. The facts of the case were notorious. However, when the trial came on, to the surprise of every one, he was acquitted. The jury were much laughed at for acquitting so notorious a culprit, and had actually to change their market town from B—— to another. Before quitting, one of them, to prove the regular and straightforward way in which they had acted, made a clean breast of it, and spake thus:—"I must tell 'ee furst, us was tuked and shut up in a dark rume, wi'out vire and cannle, no wittles and no drink, like so many dawgs—tell about Christian jurymen! Us had nothin' else to do, so us simmed us might all so well get to wurk about the business so sune as possible. So I was what they cal's Vorman—'ee's the chai who has to tell the t'others what they'm to say, and to settle disputes, and keep things comfortable like; so I says, 'Gen'lemen, us must just get thro' thick y'ere business so sune as possible, and git to supper 'ome long. Do'e know what for us be come together?' 'Why, 'tis something about thicky doctor, isn't it?' 'Ees fy! 'tis a question whether us shall take and hang 'un or no; and us 'ad better go by most votes on the subject; so if so be you'll sit still I'll axe ye all round.' So I axes No. 1: 'What do you say, Mr. ——, Guilty or Not guilty?' 'Well, sir, you might ha' known before axm a long, thin I don't care a dam either way, for I can't make no difference to me—hangin' he don't 'urt me.' 'Very true, sir,' says I; so I registers 'ee as Not guilty. 'What do you say, sir?' 'Well, sir, I says 'tis a case teu (two) lives agin one. You know Doctor —— was our parish doctor, and it was only last Tuesday week he was on his rounds, and he comes and saves my teu (two) little children as was tuked mortal bad with small-pox, and now you axes me to hang 'un. Why, 'ee's only killed a auld weuman who must have died shortly in the course of nature, and saved my teu children weight.' 'Well, what weight hiv ye?' said the pedlar. 'Tea pun,' said the woman. 'And what is the weight?' said the man. 'O, it's just the tange.' 'Weel,' said he, 'put as leg in the scale, and the thither oot, and that'll be a pun'.' The woman did so, as requested, but when it was weighed she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said, "It looks a muckle pur.'" "O, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar, "low much is't?" "A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and departed rather hastily, lest the good woman might see her mistake.

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OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

NEW VERSION.—When's a door not a door? When it's "a shatter."

WHAT is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

WHY do so many people in China travel on *foot?* Because there is only one Cochin China.

WHAT is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? One has his bill of fare, and the other his fill of bear.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

WHAT is the difference between a special constable and a superannuated constable? The former's sworn in and the latter's worn out.

WHY is a man with a squint one of the greatest anomalies? Because he's a man who sees *as-cant.*

WHAT town in Ireland reminds one of a candle just burning out?—Wick-low.

BREVITIES.

THE first apple was eaten by the first pair.

A MARINE plant—The beach of the sea.

A NATURAL color—The grey of the evening.

THE round of domestic life—A hoop skirt.

A WOMAN of metal—A belle.

A FIERY steed—Horse radish.

A LIGHT employment—Candle making.

FRESH pears—Newly married couples.

THE hardships of the ocean—Iron-clads.

THE spirit of the press—New cider.

COATS to make a spread—Petticoats.

THE fear that is life to us—The atmos-phere.

LEGAL Tender—The lawyer's sweetheart.

WHAT all ships must be troubled with—A-tack of the blues.

STARTING a man in business—Kicking a merchant out of his own store.

CAN the last attachment of a flirt be considered a newer ism (aneurism) of the heart?

SOMETHING for vaulters to remember—That one good turn deserves another.

WHEELS like men are often tired, and very frequently from a kindred cause—going round so much.

THE question is raised whether the grief of a mulatto can be considered yellow pine.

THE object some wives have in blowing up their husbands is doubtless to have them come down.

ADVICE is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

SOCIETY is divided into two great classes; those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

A LITTLE wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

"PRAY keep your seat," as the sportsman said to the rabbit.

IF A TOPER and a gallon of whiskey were left together which would be drunk first?

"MY FARE is foul," as the boatman said when he was carrying some poultry to market.

ONE should eat to live, not live to eat.

CHILDREN say what they do, old people what they have done, and fools what they wish to do.

"I KNOW!" is the language of a proud ignoramus; "I know not!" that of a fool; "I know that I know nothing!" that of a wise man.

AGESILAUS was asked by what means a young man could acquire esteem and advance himself. "By learning," returned he, "to speak well and act still better."

SOUND ADVICE.—Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just as sure as you do you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that anything is wrong, do it not until you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one; and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

THINK not that the time devoted to pastime is unproductive of good results; for, if well chosen, it proves a medium for exercising imaginative powers, diverting the mind, and often conveying deeper impressions of morality than a sound chapter of reading on such subjects would do.

THE FIVE H'S.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begins with H:—Heart, hope, home, happiness, and heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

MERRY MOMENTS.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator," "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part."

TURNED THE TABLES ON HIM.—Mrs. Yell lately cowhided Mr. Lay for not performing a promise to marry her. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him Yell.

ACCIDENT OF WHAT OF CANDLE.—Here lieth three, and more to be found on a stone in the churchyard of Darenth near Dartford, in Kent, certainly do not err in that direction:—

"Oh, the liquor he did love,
For what he lov'd did turn his foe;
For on the 28th January, 1741, that fatal day,
The Debt he owed he then did pay."

MRS. SIDDONS having occasion to call on Dr. Johnson, and his servant not immediately bringing her a chair, with the utmost politeness the Doctor observed, "You see, Madam, wherever you go how difficult it is to find seats."

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of bed. His counsel admitted the charge, but said there were extenuating circumstances. "What are they?" asked the magistrate. "She persistently scratched his back with a curry-comb!"

EXPERIENCE.—I pressed her gentle form to me and whispered in her ear, "if, when I was far, far away, she'd drop for me a tear?" I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh, Ike, you're such a fool!"

A DEAR BARGAIN.—Quin was one day lamenting that he grew old, when a shallow, impertinent young fellow said to him, "What would you give to be as young as I am?" "By the powers," replied Quin, "I would even submit to be almost as foolish."

PLEASANT VIEW.—The Staffordshire, Eng., *Sentinel*, contains the following advertisement:—"Old Church, Hanley. To be let, or sold, a front pew under the organ gallery. Will seat seven persons, and commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

A NASAL DIFFICULTY.—Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied the tragedian, "the bridge is gone."

RESIGNATION.—An actor, on his benefit night, having a very limited audience, when he came to the often quoted passage, "'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it," heaved a deep sigh, and substituted for the last line, "We'll do more, Sempronius—we'll do without it."

JUVENILE SPORTS.—Two little Sabbath school boys in Boston got very heated over a vexed question in their lesson, and startled the teacher, whose back was turned for a moment, with, "I tell ye it's Mary *Magazine* and not Magdalene," and one, thrusting his hand deep and desperately into his trowsers pockets, sung out, "Now, what'll you bet?"

WIT.—During a recent debate in the Victoria Legislature a rather good thing was said by one of the members. An unfortunate loyal Liberal, whose education had been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the house, and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter; turning to his next friend, he asked anxiously, "Is that a hen or a hen?" "Oh!" replied his friend, "Call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

A TIMELY CAUTION.—A man recently ascended the column in the Place Vendome, Paris, for the purpose of committing suicide. As he was about taking the fatal step, a gentleman touched him on the shoulder and said—"My friend, be careful what you do. There is a fine of ten thousand francs for leaping from the top of this monument." The man walked down the spiral staircase, not having the means to indulge in such a luxury.

AN IRISH CERTIFICATE.—A young Irish servant girl, coming from Albany recently in one of the night steamers, had the ill luck to lose the recommendation which had been given her on leaving her last place. An Irishman learning the cause of her distress and being able to write, gave her the following, which she presented to a friend of ours:—"This is to say that Katy o'Brien had a good caracter when she left alberny but she lost it on board the vessel coming down from alberny."

FLOWING ON IT.—A gentleman gave a friend some first rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his friend's want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. "But you said nothing of the first," remarked his host. "Oh," replied the guest, "the first spoke for itself, the second needed a trumpeter."

MR. CHARLES BANNISTER.—The celebrated Charles Bannister was in the habit of receiving acceptances from the fine surer of the theatre when cash was low with him. Calling onemorning for that purpose, he was accosted by the treasurer with—"Well. Charles, how are you?" To which he replied:—"So, so; I have no money, and have got the d——d rheumatism so bad it has deprived me of the use of my hand, and I want you to accept a bill." "If I would," said the treasurer, "you can't draw one." "No, why?" "You've lost the use of your hand." "True; but not my *right hand.*"

A CANNY SCOT.—A pedlar in the Highlands having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. "Hoo muckle div ye want?" said she. "A pun' wi' a do," said the pedlar. "I canna mak ye a pun'," replied the woman; "I hanna a pun' weight." "Weel, what weight hiv ye?" said the pedlar. "Tea pun'," said the woman. "And what is the weight?" said the man. "O, it's just the tange." "Weel," said he, "put as leg in the scale, and the thither oot, and that'll be a pun'." The woman did so, as requested, but when it was weighed she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said, "It looks a muckle pur." "O, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar, "low much is't?" "A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and departed rather hastily, lest the good woman might see her mistake.

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THE RING.

THE RING AND ITS DETRACTORS.

IS BOXING A BRUTAL PRACTICE?

The stringent measures adopted by the law-makers of the different States for the suppression of the ring in this country render the subjoined remarks upon the subject, which we find in the latest number of *Bell's Life*, of interest, and we commend them to the careful perusal of those who may be prejudiced against the institution:—

"Sir Richard Mayne, not content with muzzling our dogs, both in and out of season—for his canine ukase still remains in full force—seems determined to adopt the like course towards all intending competitors for pugilistic honors, by having them bound over to keep the peace. His proceedings in the former case are shown, by the best medical testimony, to be admirably calculated to induce the very disease he aims at preventing; while, as regards the latter, his persistent interference, instead of effecting any commensurate benefit, will inevitably lead to the renewal of those treacherous and cowardly modes of revenge by the use of the *knife*, which have been openly condemned and feelingly deplored by the judges of the land. In these occasional fistic tournaments, *voluntarily* engaged in by men so trained that little actual harm seldom arises to either combatants, the authorities should consider whether the rules of fair play thereby inculcated are not of immense advantage in regulating those sudden differences which, in the school-room, the workshop, or wherever human beings congregate, will always occur, and which will not wait either magisterial or other arbitration. There exists in most countries a certain class of sages, or rather Canewells, who would abolish all national sports (at least among their poorer countrymen), no matter how harmless they may be; and it behoves these who value the manly characteristics of Englishmen to set their faces against the present persecution of the professors of British boxing.

"At this juncture in the fortunes of the ring we cannot do better than quote from an early edition of *Fistiana*, the classbook of pugilism:—

"These rules (Broughton's) laid the foundation for that manly bearing and fair play which offer so wide a contrast to the practices of barbarous ages, when every advantage was admissible where brute strength or accidental casualties placed a combatant in the power of his antagonist. It is to be lamented that even in modern times the inhuman practices of uncivilized periods have subsisted to a disgraceful extent, and hence we have heard of gouging—that is to say, forcing out the eye of an antagonist with the thumb or finger—purring, kicking a man with nailed shoes as he lies on the ground, striking him in the vital parts below the waistband, seizing him when on his knees, and administering punishment till life be extinct, and a variety of other savage expedients by which revenge or passion has been gratified; and it is remarkable that in those countries in which pugilism or prize fights have been least encouraged these horrors have been most frequent; we refer to Lancashire in particular, where even to this day that species of contest, called up-and-down fighting—that is, when a man is got down he is held down and punished till incapable of motion—is permitted with impunity, unless indeed the death of the victim leads to the apprehension and trial of the survivor."

"The following extracts from a letter, headed 'Boxing Justified,' and written to the editor of the *Morning Post* by the late Barber Beaumont, Esq., a magistrate of Middlesex, we especially commend to the notice of our chief police commissioner and all other enemies of the P. R. The letter itself will be found *in extenso* in the above named edition of *Fistiana*:—

"The effusions of humanity, which have from time to time efforwarded its tirades against the practice of boxing, have lately overflown with a vengeance. Two men are sentenced to the severest punishment of law, short of death, for being seconds to another man who had the misfortune to burst a blood-vessel by his own exertions in a boxing match! This is done, it is said, to put down the brutal practice of boxing. If by the sacrifice of two men the brutal practice of quarrelling, fighting, and destroying could be extinguished, the good so produced would be an apology for the dreadfully severe sentence passed upon the poor men selected for an example. But no such absurd expectation is entertained; while human nature is constituted as it is, and ever has been, there will be fighting. The principle of contention cannot be eradicated from our nature; but it may be modified, and to do this is the triumph of civilization. Military discipline divests the conflicts of armed bodies of men of many of their horrors, and boxing divests their individual encounters of the ferocity and murderous terminations to which they naturally tend.

"I boldly contend that boxing, so far from being a brutal practice, is the best corrective we know of for the brutal practices which flow out of private quarrels among the commonalty. It is not in the nature of man, nor ought he, to sit down tamely under injuries. To say that he should have their lethes, should always appeal to the laws when they quarrel is rank hypocrisy and an insult to common sense. They have neither time nor money to offer in sacrifices for the protection of our courts of law and equity, such as it is; they must settle the quarrels amongst themselves as well as they can, and out of this necessity have sprung up boxing and the laws of the Ring. I wish all laws had an equal portion of humanity and good sense in them. They inculcate a feeling of forbearance, of humanity and of self-government, even while under the highest excitement of violence, which must endear to the character of all who share in it, and who regard it. All waylayings, all attacks by surprise, all cutting and stabbing, knocking out of brains, scooping out of eyes, jumping on a fallen antagonist, or burning him in his sleep, all secret assaults and unmanly advantages whatever, are abhorrent to fair boxing. To talk, therefore, about the brutal practice of boxing is to talk ignorantly and nonsensically. The disciplinae of the Ring restrains these practices. It divests combatants of their most savage means of vengeance, and saves many lives which would otherwise be sacrificed under the assaults of unbridled rage.

"It is further objected that a boxing match draws together a vast number of thieves and blackguards. This is very true; and so does an execution, a lord mayor's show, a court day at St. James', and every interesting sight which is open to the public at large.

"It cannot be denied, however, that boxing matches, being proscribed meetings, and unattended by any peace officers, are particularly favorable to the congregation of thieves and other ruffians. This defect of police keeps many respectable persons from such meetings who would otherwise gladly witness the exercises of the day. But lawless as these meetings are declared to be, and open as they are to the unrestrained operations of ruffians of every kind, it is remarkable that we seldom, if ever, hear of any riot taking place at any of them, or of any theft being committed beyond picking pockets. It is also remarkable that after hundreds of fighting men and their followers have traveled some score miles, and are assembled on the place of action, and the ring is formed, and their excitement is at its highest, they suffer themselves to be driven from the scene of their sport [illegible] like a flock of sheep at the bidding of to persons in authority which might hardly be expected under the circumstances, but is creditable to the parties yielding it. It seems to show that the lessons of patience under suffering, and command of temper and submission to authority, taught by the laws of the Ring, extend beyond it, and influence the habits and manners of the people connected with it in their general demeanor. It proves also that the cry against such meetings as being breaches of the peace is unfounded. It is evident, therefore, that boxing and the laws of the Ring impose a most valuable restraint upon the ebullitions of rage and the thirst for revenge amongst the lower orders, teaching them to preserve their temper and self possession under suffering, to scorn unfair advantages, to defend themselves with firmness, and to exercise the virtues of forbearance and humanity towards a fallen foe, and that they are also an excellent preparative for making good sailors and soldiers. It is further evident that the anathemas and proscriptions which of late years have been leveled against the practice of boxing have tended to reduce it to disrespect and disgrace, and the same unjust and hypocritical means, if persevered in and unopposed, are likely to cast it into disuse."

JOHN C. HEENAN vs. MIKE McCOOLE.

THEIR PROPOSED MATCH—ANOTHER LETTER FROM FRANKLIN.

SHARP COMMENTS UPON McCOOLE'S COURSE.

The talk of a meeting upon the turf between Heenan and McCoole has not as yet entirely ceased, although the negotiations are apparently no nearer a satisfactory termination than they were when the subject was broached by the friends of the Man of Benicia. The New Yorker has not wavered in his repeatedly expressed resolve to adhere to the promise he made to his backers in Philadelphia, and the ridiculous provisions insisted upon by McCoole are seemingly all that stand in the way of a match being effected between the rival heavy weights. This is a matter of regret to the supporters of the ring, for, aside from the intense interest, both here and in England, which a match between men so well known would occasion even in these days of suspicion and fraud, it would, if faithfully carried out, tend to place pugilistic matters upon a much better footing in the States. From the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, of the 19th inst., we clip the following concerning the affair:—

"After the Coburn-McCoole fiasco at Cold Springs, Ind., negotiations, as our readers are doubtless aware, were opened for a champion match between Heenan and McCoole. McCoole styled himself the Champion of America, but his claim to that distinction was disputed by Heenan, who proposed to fight him for $10,000 in the squared circle, anywhere in the States of Virginia, Maryland or Canada. The arrangement of the little affair was entrusted to the hands of John Franklin, of this city. Mr. Franklin, immediately after receiving his instructions, wrote a letter to McCoole stating that Heenan would make the match on the terms stated above. McCoole received the letter, and replied that although he had publicly stated in the ring at Cold Springs, Indiana, that he would never 'put up his hands again,' he would fight Mr. Heenan, provided the latter went to St. Louis to make the match. This letter was forwarded to Heenan, who replied that he would abide by any arrangements which Mr. Franklin chose to make. Again the self-styled champion, McCoole, wrote to Mr. Franklin, stating that he was anxious to get on a match with Heenan, but that he was opposed to making the match at any other point than St. Louis. He gave as a reason that he had always been obliged to leave home to make matches, and did not propose to do so again. In reply to this, Mr. Franklin wrote the following:—

CINCINNATI, October 5, 1868.

MR. MCCOOLE.—*Dear Sir.*—In reference to what you think equitable in your last communication, I will simply state that old Bill Davis went from New York to St. Louis to fight you; Jones came from Charleston, South Carolina, to this place "hunting a job," as he styled it, and you know that your last opponent lives in New York, which is nearer than double the distance from here to St. Louis. If you accept of the terms herein stated below, let me know at once, and I will go to St. Louis and put up the forfeit. If not, there is no use sending any more letters or newspaper communications to me, as I am acting for a friend, and consequently can do nothing in the matter. If you wish to write to Mr. Heenan, a letter will reach him directed to the CLIPPER office. (Signed) JOHN FRANKLIN."

GOOD FIGHT FOR A SMALL STAKE.

One of the finest and best conducted fights upon record was brought off in the Birmingham district, England, on the 6th instant, between Yellow and Maley for £10. The affair had been kept snug for the best of reasons, consequently no molestation supervened. Both are well known, having performed creditably. Yellow, who is 24 years of age, 5 feet 3½ inches high, opened his campaign very favorably with the defeat of Jack Roberts, Jack Foley and several other aspirants, causing him to be looked upon as a first class performer. The spell, however, was broken in the Bristol ring by Young Fisher, who stood some 5 inches or 6 inches over him, and since then he has come off "second best" with J. Johnson (Matchett) and Barney Mullady, of Birmingham. Mick Maley, who is a year older, and stands 1½ inches over Yellow, also started well, placing a couple of victories to his credit over Cregan and Young Cutler (a former opponent of Tom Lane, Jr.), but in his subsequent matches with R. Tierney and Mick McCabe (a most accomplished representative of the Collinson school), he had cordially the "wrong end of the stick." The spot was a well selected one, by recent experience, reached somewhat later than usual, it being 8.20 when the lads were stripped and stood up for business; five to four freely offered on Maley. Yellow looked the heavier, being much more stiffly built, while Maley had a point in height and length of reach; he was the first to attempt hostilities on the body, but was out of range, Yellow replying on the mouth and chest, when they broke away sparring, neither showing any marked inclination to assume the offensive. At length they got together, and delivered on the dial, Maley also on the body, when they closed, and some good ding-dong work resulted in the pair grassing together. Very long sparring ensued, both studying points and "taking stock." Yellow at length made a rush, and got home on the left eye, but was countered on the right cheek. They now got together, and some rapid exchanges on the dial and body resulted in Maley coming to grief, Yellow over him. In the succeeding round, after a couple of "long" investments, Maley swung his right weapon round, and planted a stinger on Yellow's left ear, from which the blood trickled down, and first event was claimed for Mick. A lively rally ensued, Maley landing well on the nose and chest, Yellow replying on the left eye, which brought them to close quarters, and a rattling dose of ding-dong work resulted in their rolling over together. Both rushed to work, and some sharp fighting followed, each bent on belabouring, and eventually they closed and grassed, Yellow being under in the fall. In the sixth bout Yellow got home twice on the right eye, which blinked again, and after some smart exchanges bored his man down, from this point gradually but surely obtaining the lead. The seventh meeting was a long and unsatisfactory one, sparring being the order, till, goaded on by their respective partisans, they dashed in on the face, and some rapid punching followed to a close, when Yellow had the best of the throw. In the ninth Yellow invested more sharply than pleasantly on the left ear, which at once swelled. Maley, in retreating, slipping, and nearly receiving a telling upper-cut, which, however "did not come off." Maley recovering himself, renewed the round, and after closing and half-arm work both came to grief side by side. Neither looked over handsome, the process of ornamentation going steadily on. The eleventh round was similar to the ninth, Maley again nearly losing his footing, but recovering himself only to be bored down. Yellow persisted in his attentions to Maley's left ear, which assumed ungainly proportions. A rattling finish, both down. From this point the battle was nearly all one way, Yellow holding trumps, and gradually fighting his man out, Maley falling away weak, and although trying bravely to "restore the ancient order of things," he had to succumb, after contending thirty-five rounds in 1h. 41 mm. Both punished about the face, Maley's left ear a "caution."

BASE BALL.

BALL PLAYERS vs CRICKETERS.

On the 20th inst., at the St. George Cricket Ground, Hudson City, N. J., the English cricketers made their third appearance in a game of base ball. Their opponents were the Union Club of Morrisania, and the novel character of the contest drew together some two thousand spectators. No doubt if the game had taken place on the Union or Capitoline Grounds, which are more easy of access than the cricket field at Hudson City, the number of spectators would have been doubled. The weather was not by any means propitious, rain threatening all the afternoon, and deterring a great many from attending. The Unions were not fully represented, Martin and Smith being the absentees; and in order to still further equalize the contest Wright was sent in to pitch, it being calculated that Pabor's swift delivery would be too much for the cricketers to master. Smith opened play for the cricketers by a clean hit to the left field, which gave him a home run, and caused considerable enthusiasm. Rowbotham was not so lucky, as he hit a foul to Goldie's neighborhood, which John captured; Willsher hit an easy one to Wright, who threw it to Goldie; Tarrant made his base on a pretty grounder, but was left at third, as Lillywhite gave Austin a chance to throw him out at first base. The Unions found no difficulty in hitting Rowbotham, and, aided by several misplays on the infield and the apparent inability of the outfielders to judge accurately the fly-balls that were sent to them, made six runs. The outs were Austin on a fine throw of Lillywhite's from third to first base; Bellan on a neatly taken foul fly by Smith, who exhibited all the judgment and expertness of a Jewett behind the bat; and Goldie and Lillywhite and Willsher. In the second innings Shaw and Charlwood scored, the latter being helped round by a fine hit of Smith's, who was left on his second base by Rowbotham, being third out on a foul. The Unions added seven more to their totals on their turn at the bat, leaving the score 13 to 8. The third innings resulted in a blank for the cricketers and one run for the Unions, fielding being very sharp on both sides. In the fourth innings the cricketers made five runs on good hits, Willsher hitting clean for a "homer." The Unions followed this up for a similar number, Pabor hitting the ball clean over the fence at right field, and making a home run. The score now stood 19 to 8 in favor of the Unions, with a better look for the Britishers. In the next four innings they scored 11 runs while the Unions made but 9. In the last innings, however, the Unions batted heavily for 12 runs, which made the score quite one-sided and destroyed most of the interest in the game.

The most noticeable feature of the contest was the catching of Smith and the fielding of Shaw, Tarrant and Willsher. The latter put out fifteen at first base, and created considerable amusement by his ludicrous attempts to capture the foul balls that came his way. The out-fielding was very weak, and Charlwood, Freeman and Jupp missed many chances to make catches, being rather slow in their movements. Pabor's fly fielding was the best we have seen this season—four flies being to his credit, one of which was a very difficult running catch. Goldie at first, Austin at second, and Bellan at short, excelled on the in-field. Birdsall was, as usual, very effective behind the bat, and excited a great many complimentary remarks from the cricketers on his expertness, and particularly for standing so close to the bat.

The great disadvantage under which the cricketers labored seemed to be a knowledge of the points of the game. Their batting was good and their in-fielding remarkably fine. In throwing to bases, particularly from third to first, sufficient time was not taken, and the ball was apt to be thrown low, as if intended for the wicket. With these exceptions, they exhibited considerable knowledge of our National Game, and as they entered into it as though they liked the sport, no doubt in time they would become very expert at it.

The score of the game is appended:—

CRICKETERS.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Smith, c	1	3	2	3
Rowbotham, p	5	1	0	2
Willsher, 1st b	3	1	0	2
Tarrant, 2d b	2	3	0	1
Lillywhite, 3d b	5	1	0	0
Shaw, s s	1	5	1	1
Jupp, l f	5	2	0	2
Charlwood, c f	2	2	1	0
Freeman, r f	3	1	1	0
Totals	27

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

Take Notice.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

N. C. Forrester,	Harry Mortimer,	D. Harkins,
Harry St. Leon,	Wm. H. Allen,	Geo. Carsoni,
Johnny Masters (2),	Harry Seymour,	S. D. Persse,
Robert Johnson (4),	C. Ames,	Frank Girard,
Fred. Berger,	B. H. G.,	Pete Lee,
John E. Murray,	Jerry Hopper,	Warren Richards (2),
A. A. Mollon,	C. Amory Bruce,	Fatty Stewart,
Edwin Booth,	Johnny Smith,	D. O. Hunter,
N. D. Roberts,	Harry Crisp,	J. A. Grover,
J. Somers,	Wm. Rolland,	Frank Converse,
C. P. Sherman,	D. B. Cary,	J. Lew King,
Harry Stone,	T. H. Jefferson,	Hiram J. Leech,
James W. Wilson,	Neil Rogers,	Hubbard Cook,
George Herrick,	Albert Enos,	Louis Henderson,
Charley St. Clair,	Chas. Slocum,	Stephen Massett,
J. H. Carter,	John K. Power,	Harry Moreland,
Frank Barry,	Harry C. Andrews,	J. H. Richmond,
Johnny Pendy,	Chas. Gleason,	John Denier,
A. F. Aymar, 43 cts.,	Geo. Gaston,	Frank Newhall,
John McVeigh,	Ned West,	Frank Ewens,
M. E. M. (2),	A. Glassford,	Ed. Morley,
Ben Cotton,	Alf Burnett,	Edwin Adams,
Chas. Kidder (2),	John Stackhouse (2),	John Overton,
Hughey Dougherty,	J. J. Showles,	H. T. Mudge,
C. W.,	Frank Kelch,	Willis Cobb,
Louis Workbon,	Fred MacEvoy,	J. W. Carner,
Low Gaylord,	Fanny Gilmore,	Nellie Jarvis,
Pauline Cushman,	Hannah Birch,	Helen De Vere,
Joan Atkinson,	Anna Sheppard,	Lillie Eldridge,
Laura Keene,	Lizzie Lauderback,	Lena Prentiss,
Mrs. Geo. Gray,	Mrs. James Conner,	Lizzie M. Clark,
Mrs. Robert Johnston,	Matilda Heron,	Fanny Herring,
Virginia Buchanan,	Jennie Gourley,	Alice Raymond,
Fannie Melmer,	Josie Booth (2),	Frances Viola,
Maggie Willett,	Jane Benerman,	Kate Raymond.

Notice.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

Monday, Oct. 26th, '68.

As election day approaches, things theatric, dramatic and operatic begin to feel the effects of the intense excitement pervading all classes of the community; for, notwithstanding that many experienced politicians look upon Grant's election as a foregone conclusion, there are thousands who look upon Seymour's election to Presidential honors as not only possible, but probable. It is this feeling, intensified in the metropolis by the stirring canvass for Governor, that absorbs general attention, and throws everything else in the back ground. One week from to-morrow will decide the eventful question, and be the result what it may, the country will again resume its peaceful pursuits, and political issues will be set aside for another twelvemonth. With the cessation of hostilities, it is but fair to suppose that amusements everywhere will exhibit a more prosperous front, for the people will have their recreations when their time is not taken up by exciting political questions, such as always attend a great Presidential contest. All we have to say touching the candidates for the White House is "a fair field, and may the best man win."......And, speaking of chances for success, there is an old saw which says that a "miss is as good as a mile." We happened to make allusion to this, a few evenings since, in the midst of a bevy of pretty girls. "I can *see* that *saw*," says one of them, of rather fast proclivities, "and go one better, for a Miss is much better than a mile—she is good for a *league* sometimes." "A *union* league," we ventured to remark, but they gave us the cold shoulder, and turned up their darling little pug noses, as if they had heard enough......But girls were ever thus—call them pet names, and they are all love and affection, perhaps; but don't ridicule the Union. And while remarking on pet names, we may be pardoned for offering a few innocent rhymes on

THEATRICAL NICKNAMES.

It's a passion we've got when old stage dodges flag,
And the usual attractions in drawing folks lag,
By nicknaming actresses, bad times to rout,
And thus newly labelled to trot our pets out.

One, who answers in size to Queen Mab, with an eye
Full of laughter and mischief, we call Firefly;
While another, whose soul teems with innocent mirth,
We salute as The Cricket—that joy of the hearth.

But where Lotta rightly her nickname usurps,
And like any cricket our fair Mitchell chirps,
There are plenty we know who more justly had fared
If to objects less graceful and sightly compared.

Some singers who strain mortal lungs to outdo,
Might borrow a name from the loud Kookato;
While others, whose light was not born to be hid,
In shrillness outrival the sharp Katydid.

Some buzz like Mos-quitoes, and some ape the Owl,
Some caw like the Crow, some like tame Peecock's howl,
And some are like Parrots, or noisy Macaws,
Who think by loud noises to bring down applause.

One whose accent is most unmistakably Dutch
A foul Turkey-buzzard resembles o'er much.
While another re minds one of nothing, we vow,
So much as a meek, superannuate Cow.

The Bullfrog his counterpart frequently finds
In the *ballet*, whose features are legs and not minds:
And some for their model, sensation to make,
The frisky, and wide-stretching Grasshopper take.

There's Mam'selle De-Saut, of the lips ruddy ripe,
Who stands on one leg like a posturing Snipe;
And Miss Le Paseu, who her [illegible],
Teeters down to the right like a balancing Crane.

Every bird in the air, every beast in the field,
Every insect that crawls, [illegible] yield
From the Lark and the Thrush to the Sloth and Ichneumon.

And so in life's daily transactions, we find
Some who thus, by their oddities, others remind
Of Spiders and Hornets, of birds with long bills,
And the Scorpion, who bites not, but with his *tail* kills.

......But man's inhumanity to woman makes a great deal of trouble and discontent. Listen:—The crimson, tented twilight was stealing over the classic plains of New Jersey, as a woman, struggling under a painful state of mental excitement and a coal scuttle sun bonnet, rushed frantically down one of the piers that jut out into the harbor of New York. At the head of this pier stood a youth clad in the garb of a sailor. He was a handsome chap; his hair was red; he wore a graceful canvas patch on the stern of his trowsers, and carried a massive quid of tobacco on the starboard side of his manly mug.

"Hen-ery, me own!" exclaimed the female, laying her head caressingly upon the shirt collar of the young mariner.

"Mariar, sweetest!" murmured he, inserting his head affectionately into the sun-bonnet.

"Then you still love me, Hen-ery, and will avenge me wrongs," cried Maria, wiping her mouth on her sleeve.

"Shiver me tarry lee-scuppers if I don't!" exclaimed the youth, fervently. "But tell me the story of your woe, sweet lady! and show me the ornery cuss that wrongest you."

"'Twas to rehearse me tale, and point out the cruel willian, that I met you here," said the female, passionately. "Dost see yonder schooner floating idly on the salt sea foam?"

"I dost!" remarked Henry, "you mean that craft with the double-reefed stove-pipe, and the binnicle at her foremost-head?"

"Yes, curse her, yes!" she screamed wildly; then, sinking her voice to a hoarse whisper, she added, "the base born hound who commands yonder vessel owes me eighty-four cents for washing, and, by the gods! he must pay or die!—do you *hear* me Hen-ery? *pay or die!*"

"I do!" yelled the youth savagely, "stamps or blood! ha! ha! ha! stamps or blood!" and drawing an axe-handle from his boot leg he sprang into the raging tide and swam boldly for the schooner.

The lady took some vermifuge from a black bottle, concealed in her robe, and seated herself on a pile of oyster-shells to watch the progress of her daring lover. The young mariner was a swimmist of rare ability, so he soon reached the vessel's side, and, seizing the fore cross-trees, swung himself on deck.

"Might I be so bould as to ax what the blazes ye want?" asked the skipper, who was an Italian named Finnigan.

"Stamps or blood!" gasped the dripping sailor, flourishing his axe handle, and squirting a quart of salt water into the eye of his interrogator.

"Take *that* then, ye thavin' bla-gard!" yelled Finnigan, and he gave our hero a terrific smack on the snoot, that busted his head like an egg-shell, and rolled his lifeless body through the port hawse-hole into the briny deep. A fiendish laugh burst from the lips of the murderer; but his triumph was short! The dark waters of the deep blue sea had scarcely covered its victim, when a steam pile-driver, on a trial trip, ran into the schooner with fearful force, and in an instant she went to the bottom, engulfing all hands, together with the African hash-mixer and a pair of mules. Who can picture the heart-rending grief of the wretched Maria—*we* can't, you bet! She wandered sadly up the pier with a tear-suffused face and an empty bottle.

Moral.—Always pay your wash bills.

Note.—Any one having a Dictionary of nautical terms they would like to trade for a game rooster can hear of a chance by applying at this office. P. S.—We reserve the right of translation and dramatisation of this great life story......Some women are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them; some have "No Name," as Wilkie Collins would say, while a few have no end to the list of names by which careful parents design to distinguish them from the common herd. Now there was—but in verse we had better tell you about

HER NAME.

"Tell me, fair one, tell to me"—
Thus we spake one summer night—
What your pretty name can be—
Tell me, tell me, honor bright!
I have seen thee, to and fro,
Every evening just the same,
On the Broadway sidewalk go,
And I long to know thy name."

Back she started, with surprise,
Breathed a gentle, little sigh,
Then upturned her lovely eyes,
And to us she made reply:
While adown we bent our head,
To catch her voice's lowest tones,
"Anastasia Seraphina
Jane Matilda Nancy Jones."

......"Our Jim" never neglects an opportunity to display his imbecility and ignorance, greatly to our mortification and disgust. He has a very bad habit of edging into the sanctum when he is not wanted, and just as sure as we are engaged in earnest conversation with distinguished men, on important matters of State or the best houses on the free lunch route, just so sure is Jim to worm himself in, and take part in the discussion. While thus surreptitiously eaves-dropping the other day, he was astounded to hear one of our visitors remark that the house of Tudor was for a long time the royal house of England. And then he vented himself in this profound opinion, taken down by a short-hand reporter who happened to be on the spot:—"I think they must have been pretty mean old skunks in them days, for no matter how short they was in the early ages, I think they might have raised enough stamps to put more than *two doors* in the royal mansion!" On another occasion—for he *will* enter the sanctum when there's company present—two Native American German actors had a friendly discussion about some professional point, when Jim closed in upon them in his underhanded way. One of them is named Jake and the other William. Jim, in recounting the scene to us after the parties had gone, says that the latter steadily maintained that "his name was Wilhelm, unt he vas *Shake's peer!*" Jim asserts that the Dutch fool meant to say Shake's beer, but thinks he was too full of the dram-eh? to know what he was saying. Jim omitted to tell us, however, that he insulted the gentlemen by informing them in no very delicate language that "the boss didn't allow Dutchmen to shake for beer in *his* office, and they'd better git!" Such are among the annoyances we are compelled to submit to through the stupidity of one who, from the example constantly before him, should know and act better. Why it is only a short time since that Sir Berkely Berkerson called upon us, having just arrived from England. His Lordship prides himself upon the possession of a magnificent pair of whiskers, of an auburn hue. Jim saw these immaculate whiskers, and, knowing the gentleman to be a fresh arrival, took it for granted that he was green on certain peculiarities touching the dark side of our bewhiskered population, so what does he do, in his simplicity—though the act was well meant—but go up to His Lordship, and say:—"Mister, I'll tell you how to get rid of them air red whiskers—kill em!" He meant to say dye em!......But it costs something for hair now-a-days, be it red, yellow, or black, for the female folk decorate themselves with it in every style, and to be without a good head of hair is to be without the pale of civilization. Lines indicative of

WHAT IT COST.

We sat beneath a spreading tree,
Out of the sun's warm glare,
And we admired, caressingly,
Her rich, abundant hair—
That, gathered behind in a pile imposing,
Threatened to keep her eyes from closing.

"What taste, what skill is shown," we said,
In admiration lost;
"And the nice arrangement of curl and braid
Much labor must have cost."
"It cost," she said, with an absent air,
"Just fifty dollars for the whole back hair!"

......Even in this instance "Jim," who is a person of poor head dress, must put in his oar by stating for the benefit of the impecunious classes of fashionable society, that "the *best* place to git hair fresh and cheap is a Camanche's *wig*-wam!"

Wednesday evening of last week was one of those nights that try managers' temper, for not one place of amusement in the city had anything like a house full; some of them, in fact, had not one third of a house, and the auditoriums presented a dreary waste, while the few courageous persons present looked cold and cheerless, very much in keeping with "all out doors," for the weather was of that wetty sort which gives one the blues. The weather, for the balance of the week, was not a success.

Harry Palmer, one of the lessees of Niblo's Garden, sprained his foot while coming out of A. T. Stewart's store on the 22d inst., and was obliged to use a crutch on the 24th.

Leslie and Raynor, the Ethiopian comedians, lately returned from California, and who appeared with the Frisco Minstrels the past week, join Kelly and Leon's Minstrels on Nov. 2d.

Leotard, a gymnast of considerable reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, makes his *debut* in this country at the Academy of Music on the 29th inst., when he will appear in his three flying trapeze act. Previous to his performance a dramatic company consisting of Charles Peters, M. W. Fiske, Steve W. Ashley, W. J. Connor, A. Glassford, Mrs. Eldridge and Lillie Eldridge, will appear in the farce of "Governor's Wife." Leonard Grover and Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett are interested in the management.

Millie Sackett, a clever actress and pleasing vocalist, opens at the Olympic this evening as Burlesque in "Humpty Dumpty." For the first time since its production—over seven months ago—"Humpty" met with a slight fall the past week, but no bones were broken, as he recovered from the accident after three nights careful nursing, when he reappeared as lively as ever. The three disagreeable evenings we had the past week told heavily upon the different treasurers' returns, but the management of the Olympic cannot but be satisfied with the business since done, should it continue.

James Taylor reappeared in this city on Oct 19th, in the small hall of Ferrero's new building, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eight street. This hall is reached by four steps descending from the street, leading to a vestibule, about eight feet wide, with ticket offices at each end, and the entrance door directly in the centre. At the extreme end of the hall is a stage about fifteen feet deep and twenty in width, with an entrance on the right and left and in the centre. At the other end of the hall and directly over the entrance door is a small gallery capable of seating about 250 persons, while the main floor will seat about 600 persons. The chairs are cane seats, and are removable in case of the room being used for balls. The hall, which is plainly fitted up, is a neat affair, but its acoustics are not good. Mr. Taylor was welcomed by a fair audience, who applauded his every appearance and each act was deservedly *encored*. He appeared as the Nurse and Crying Child, the Schoolmaster and his Pupil, the humors of a London Assize Court, Yorkshire Sam, Dismal Doleful, Sarah Walker, and Simple Simon, all of which were given in a truly laughable and artistic manner, equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind ever before seen or heard in this country. Mr. Taylor is in every sense of the word a comic vocalist, possessing a varied facial expression and a power of distorting his features seldom witnessed in any performer. His Yorkshire Sam, a specimen of a jolly old English farmer, is a capital piece of comic acting and the make up is excellent. He was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, two very pleasing vocalists. Charles E. Collins appeared in the act called "The Cure," and in an Irish song and dance. Business was only fair during the week. He continues there for the present.

Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett, who appear to take the lead in the management of show affairs in this city, and who already have a lease of Niblo's Garden and the direction of Leotard, have secured a lease of the new Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth street, for the purpose of opening it on an extensive scale as a music hall, on the same plan as the Alhambra, London. We are informed that they have secured a lease of the entire building, excepting that portion used by Bryants' Minstrels, and preparations will shortly be commenced for fitting up the large hall for exhibition purposes. At present there is a stage at one end of it, also a gallery. A good stock of scenery will be placed on the stage, and the auditorium will be fitted up in a magnificent style. It is intended to have small tables, capable of seating four persons each, distributed about the room, with reserved seats in front; 25 cents will be the general admission, with extra charge for reserved seats. It is the intention of the managers to carry out in every particular the London Music Hall style. Parties can witness the performance and enjoy a drink and a cigar at the same time. Every kind of an entertainment will be included in the programme, consisting of one of the largest *ballet* troupes seen in this country, gymnastic and acrobatic performances, grand *ballet*, operatic selections and specialties of every description, including a large orchestra. Messrs. Palmer & Jarrett, who have had considerable experience in show business in this country, have visited England several times, and, with their knowledge of what ought to suit the American public, together with having seen how the thing is done in London, they are the parties to introduce the kind of entertainment here. Mr. Jarrett sailed for England a few weeks since to secure talent.

"Lucrezia Borgia," which is now in the seventh and last week of its production by the Bryant Minstrels, will be succeeded on Nov. 2d by a burlesque on "La Sonnambula," which has been in preparation for some time, and will be presented in the same excellent style as marked the production of "Lucrezia Borgia," with new scenery, costumes and a carefully selected cast. Like all places of amusement in this city there has been a slight falling off in the attendance the past two weeks; however, they are playing to a paying business.

Edwin Forrest is in the third week of his present engagement at Niblo's Garden. On October 19 and 20 he [illegible] "Virginius," followed on the 21st and 22d by "Othello," and 23d "Richard the Third," Matilda Heron finishing up the week with her impersonation of "Camille" on the 24th. Mr. Forrest's Othello was a most excellent performance. It is a character eminently calculated to display the talents of any actor, requiring, as it does, the strongest efforts of the histrionic art to support it with propriety. Mr. Forrest's figure and appearance qualify him for the representative of the Moor. His speech to the "Most potent, grave, and reverend signors," was delivered with colloquial ease, blended with dignity. His meeting with Desdemona at Cypress was tender and feeling. The third act is the touchstone of the performer. In the first scene, in which Desdemona sues for Cassio's place, Mr. Forrest displayed the ardency of his love in his open and endearing manners. With how ardent and energetic a strain did he express the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he burst out with wild earnestness:—

"Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! etc."

The concluding part of this act is one of the best in the whole piece, for here the boundless confidence and rapturous love of Othello, are changed to jealousy the most violent, and revenge of the most obdurate kind, and suffice it to say Mr. Forrest satisfied the most critical in his acting. In the fifth act he was great, parts of which were inimitable; as a whole, we do not know that we have ever seen it surpassed. Mr. F. was well supported by George Clarke as Iago, Frank Mordaunt as Cassio, and Mad. Ponisi as Emelia, the latter's performance being full of most excellent qualities. Mr. Clarke is quite a young man, and though slight his figure is good. His conception of the character of Iago was satisfactory, although not the one usually given to the personification of the villain. In the great scene in the third act he displayed qualities which indicated talent of high order. But in his scenes with Desdemona, where he feigns sympathy, his tone was one that would have deceived no one, indicating too openly that it was assumed. Many of his other scenes are deserving of praise. At present Mr. Clarke is too quick, too impetuous; he has soul, inspiration and earnestness, and possesses the elements of becoming, by hard study, a good actor, if he will not be led away by the applause of his friends and a belief that he has already reached the pinnacle of fame. This week Mr. Forrest appears as Jack Cade.

Mrs. D. Bowers and J. C. McCollam returned from California on October 22d.

Sick.—William Smith, favorably known by the minstrel profession as the champion bone player, is at present confined to his bed with pleurisy, and has been so for several weeks. Some time since Mr. Smith was obliged to undergo the exceedingly painful operation of having a bone taken out of his right arm—which had been paralyzed—in order to save amputation. Since then he has constantly suffered pain, and although he has been compelled to give up his profession, he has managed to keep up and about, having charge of the front door of Tony Pastor's Opera House, until a few weeks since, when pleurisy drove him from his post and he is now helpless. Tony Pastor has sent half of his salary to him since his sickness, but he needs something more than this. About a year ago, a benefit was gotten up for him at Butler's Variety Place, on Broadway, but what he realized from that went for Doctor's bills at the time. It is now proposed to get up a benefit for him, one that will be a benefit indeed. Tony Pastor will give the use of his house any afternoon, and a most attractive entertainment could be gotten up for him if his friends will take the matter in hand.

"The Chinese Festival," produced the past week at the New York Circus with so much success, will continue the concluding part of the evening's amusement for the current week. It has been very well put in the ring, with a number of auxiliaries, including a *corps de ballet* of twelve ladies. Burnell Runnells is the high-cockalorum, and perched upon his throne he witnesses the sports of the long tail Celestials who go through divers performances, such as forming pyramids of four, six and ten persons, standing upon bottles, the Spanish tranca, the double ladders, tumbling, etc. Charley Shay, who joined the forces last week, appeared with his trick dog Fanny, who goes through some astonishing tricks. In the Chinese Festival Mr. Shay appeared in his balancing feat, such as dancing plates, throwing a dagger, balancing a plate on the handle of the dagger while the sharp point rested upon his chin, and many other difficult as well as pleasing feats. The performance of the Levantine Brothers on the horizontal bar is one of the best we ever saw. Excepting Wednesday evening, when the weather was quite stormy, the building was crowded each evening, also on Wednesday afternoon.

"The Grand Dutch S" was revived the past week by Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, to a succession of fair houses. In the first part R. Davies and J. C. Campbell occupy the ends. In the Olio the Clark Brothers—who joined the company two weeks ago—appeared in a sentimental song and dance, and were *encored* two or three times each evening. They are from their great height called the Giant Cloggists; their appearance is enough to create laughter, in addition to which they are very clever performers, and have been well received each evening. One of the most pleasing acts performed during the past week was the quadruple broad sword combat between Edwin Kelly and R. Davies, received with shouts of applause, and done as well as we ever saw it by the most experienced Bowery actors; to heighten the effect, the fightists place a small piece of soap in their mouths, and frothing at the mouth they fight in a determined manner.

Mr. Stephan Massett is in this city, and will shortly give his "Sixty Minutes in China and Japan."

The Worrell Sisters have, we are pleased to learn, once more obtained possession of their bijou theatre, Mr. Lloyd having suddenly disappeared from the establishment on October 13, leaving in charge his book-keeper, who had been acting as door-keeper, who, in turn, became *non est* after the performance on October 17. The manager, at the time of his disappearance, was, we are told, in arrears to the company for two weeks' salary. On the morning of October 19, the company took charge, agreeing to play on the commonwealth principle, with Harry Watkins as manager. [illegible] performance was given on the 19th and 20th to a slim attendance. The house was lighted on the evening of the 21st, but no performance was given, as the company had become tired of playing for nothing. During the past two weeks the local piece of "Out of the Streets" had been the attraction, but the attendance was very light.

Lingard, with his specialties, W. H. Hilton in his ventriloquialisms, and the Susan Galton English Opera Bouffe Troupe, continue the attractions at the Theatre Comique, where may be seen large and appreciative audiences each evening.

The "Lancashire Lass" is to be produced at Wallack's Theatre this evening.

Brutal.—It is pretty well known to the profession that many of those connected with the circus business who take apprentices to teach them to ride and do circus business generally, resort to considerable lashing of said apprentices in order to make them proficient. We have been eye witnesses where the tutor has given some poor apprentices a good cutting with a knotted rope, raising huge lumps upon their bodies, and otherwise maltreating them. No matter how hard the apprentices strive to do what they are bid, if they make the slightest balk, away goes the lash of a whip or a rope's end at their fragile limbs. About two years ago we were obliged, owing to his brutal treatment, to give a certain popular performer a sharp talking to for abusing his children. He is a powerfully built man, with two children, his own—whom he postures. He opened an engagement at the New Theatre Comique with his boys, who are very smart and exceedingly hard working children, about fourteen and sixteen years respectively. During their posturing one of the boys happened to make a slight mistake, and notwithstanding the performance was enthusiastically applauded and the children called out, the father actually kicked one of the boys as he was leaving the ring, which was noticed by many of the audience. Not satisfied with this, he beat him so outrageously in the dressing room that blood oozed from his nose and mouth, saturating his clothes, and the screams of the child brought to his rescue several of the company, who threatened the brute of a father with bodily injury if he dared to punish them again in such a manner in their hearing. We ventilated the affair at the time, and it had the effect of staying his ill treatment for the time being, only; for we learn from members of the Circus Company with whom he has traveled this season that on several occasions he has abused them in a shameful manner. He has reappeared in this city, and has again resumed his inhuman punishment, such as putting their heads in a bucket of water and holding them there until they can scarcely breathe, and then kicking them with his big feet, and actually picking them up and throwing them against the side of the room, and otherwise ill treating them. It seems almost incredible to believe that any so called man, and he a father, could descend so low as to so abuse his children; but what we have stated is true, and not in the least colored. We write this hoping it will have the effect of staying him in his treatment, for he has got two of the smartest boys in the profession, who are wholly undeserving of such inhuman treatment. If the father continues in his course, we shall be compelled to speak a little plainer. We trust, however, that there will be no farther cause of complaint.

Manager Grau reopened the French Theatre on Thursday evening, Oct. 22d, bringing up his reserves, and opening a heavy fire with his new Armstrong, "Genevieve de Brabant," officered by Desclauzas, Fontanel, etc. Grau seems to have undressed "Genevieve" to suit the popular taste; and the *Tribune*, in its delight over the physical charms there brought to view, gives the performance this first rate puff, without money and without price:—

"Mr. Grau has distinguished himself by producing at the French Theatre the most revolting mass of filth that was ever shown on the boards of a reputable place of amusement in this city. The new opera is dirty without any excuse or qualification, and the dirt is not gilded with wit, nor enriched with sensuous charms; it is merely brutal—the sickening horrors of the bagnio, without the gayety or the gilding. Out upon the insolence which offers such beastly exhibitions to a decent community! Shame upon the spectators who can tolerate such an insult to their good fame! 'Genevieve' is not merely indecent, but it grovels in a low depth, even below decency. No lady can look at it twice without sacrificing her reputation, and no respectable person can look at it at all without feeling degraded by the spectacle."

Now, we hope that this is honest criticism, and not the result of any little private "difficulty" in front of the house, in the matter of free seats, personal affronts, or anything of the sort, for if such should prove to be the truth, then the first rate puff would lose its force. However, it is a little singular that nothing has been said against this nastiness until Grau took it up. Bateman, who introduced this "opera bouffe" dirtiness to a New York audience, and who has been running it off and on, for months, was given free scope to display the immoralities of the French stage, and our critics rather encouraged the "revolting mass" than otherwise. Does Bateman control *all* the newspaper critics? Or why is it that Grau is made the target and Bateman permitted to go untouched. If this buffer operatic war is to be a free fight let it be conducted on fair principles. Give Grau a chance as well as Bateman; let Desclauzas revel with her *jolli jambs*, and so forth, as well as the Tosteecated Tostee. Come, gentlemen, a fair field for the buffers. We cannot stand by, and see Grau maltreated. If we *are* to be dosed with this French nastiness, let us have it out in its full strength. Bateman began this buffer scrimmage, and we must see that his opponent, Grau, has a fair shake. Clear the ring.

Scott Siddons makes her *debut* this evening in a selection of Shakespearean readings, at Steinway Hall, and on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, she will appear for the second time.

"No Thoroughfare" will be retained for the present at the Broadway Theatre, with Mr. Florence in a variety of afterpieces.

Wallack's Standard Plays did not prove a standard attraction, the attendance being somewhat queer and discouraging, so they will be shelved for a time.

On the East Side of the city the German element is looked after by Hermann Hendricks, who appears in "Die Marie Von Lowood" and other suitable plays.

Miss Kellogg appears for the last time on the 28th inst., at the Academy of Music, prior to her departure to Boston.

Wood's Beauties continue to fascinate Young New York at the Metropolitan Theatre and Museum. Blonde or brunette, take your choice.

The European Circus, having terminated their traveling season, opened in this city under canvass on the lot on Thirty-fourth street, near Broadway, on the 19th inst., and continued throughout the week to a most excellent business. The principal features are James Robinson and his pupil Clarence, the Buislay Family, the Bell Family, Charley Sherwood and Lucille Watson, with Frank Whittaker and Sam Long as clowns. Lucille Watson, a pleasing and dashing equestrienne, is riding a most excellent act. Jimmy Robinson is doing his hurdle act and carrying Clarence. His losing his old horse prevents him from doing his somerset act. The Buislay Family do a good trapeze and La Perche, while the Bell Family appear in classic poses, a principal pad and a carrying act. Charley Sherwood's act of "Pete Jenkins" is one of the most pleasing acts of the kind put in a ring and is always well received. Charley is immensely funny as Pete. The entertainment throughout was first class and gave great satisfaction. The attendance throughout the week was quite large, and as the managers have fitted the place up in a comfortable manner—the reserved seats being chairs on a raised platform—the concern will remain there as long as the weather and business permits. On the 24th the managers spread a large two centre pole canvas.

The San Francisco Minstrels are giving one of the best entertainments in the burnt cork line that has been witnessed in this city for a long time, and their hall is largely attended every evening. The performers work well together and the result is that what they do gains favor with their audiences. The quintet is an excellent one and it would be a matter of no small difficulty to find three such voices as those of Wambold, Scott and Templeton. The singing of "Oh! Kiss Me Again," by Mr. Wambold, was a musical treat seldom enjoyed. The sympathetic characters of the singer's voice added greatly to the pathos and sweetness of the song itself. Harry Leslie, [illegible] "The Ros-ser-our-ous," and were favorably received.

MacEvoy's Hibernicon is announced as in the eighth and last week of its stay at Pike's Music Hall, but will be transferred from the west side of the city to Irving Hall, on Nov. 4th, for the purpose of giving the east siders an opportunity of witnessing it.

The New Alhambra, located at 616 Broadway, opens this evening with a variety company, with Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle as the leading attractions.

"Jeems Pipes"—Stephen Massett—arrived from California, during the past week.

Brougham's Theatre, on Twenty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, will open about the middle of November. Workmen are busily engaged fitting the establishment up. A large stage has already been built. The parquet is a small one, but there are two large circles.

"The Crimson Shield" still continues at the Old Bowery Theatre, under John E. McDonough's management.

Harry Wall is expected to arrive from England early in November.

Messrs. Thompson and Riggs, dramatic agents, have a number of cards in this week's issue particularly interesting to the show world. They have on their books a number of first class performers. They have also opened a Dramatic College at 189 Bowery, where those who pant for histrionic honors can learn how to strut the stage.

The Coutellier Brothers, gymnasts, appear at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. Billy Sheppard is also announced to reappear. Business continues quite large at this establishment.

"Ixion" has proved one of the greatest successes of the day, and is being nightly performed at Wood's Museum to crowded and delighted audiences, who are charmed at the many local hits in the burlesque, as well as the acting, singing and dancing of the troupe. The "Water Witches" precedes the burlesque each evening.

The "Eureka" is the title given a new dramatic agency just opened in this city, at 636 Broadway, by Charles Foster, an actor late of the Bowery Theatre.

The Returns of the different places of amusements in this city for the month of September, as returned to the different revenue collectors are as follows:—

Niblo's, including two performances in Brooklyn	$33,105	San Francisco's	$12,695
Olympic	30,783	Bryants'	11,076
New York Circus	21,576	New York Theatre	9,367
Kelly & Leon's	19,436	Bowery Theatre	9,165
Theatre Comique	17,684	Tony Pastor	7,772
Wallack's	14,767	Sig. Blitz	1,432
		Broadway (no returns given).	

Dramatic.

Edwin Adams closed a six nights' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst., and the great character actor, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, succeeded him, opening on the 19th in "Sam," which was cast as follows:—Sam, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau; Bill Crocket, Claude Hamilton; Geo. Cropley, Francis Foster; Gen. Roslyn, Wm. Davidge; Edward Ashton, D. Myron; Jenkensini, E. Lamb; Arthur Shafton, J. Morton; Euphemia, Mrs. Muzzy; Blanche, Minnie Lannier. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"Mr. Chanfrau's Sam has lost none of its freshness, and is as amusing as ever. He was favored with a very large audience on his opening night, but since then business has been a little shy, owing to counter attractions and very disagreeable, Marchy weather. Mr. Davidge's Roslyn, Mr. Lamb's Dick, and Mrs. Meek's Laura were capitally given and admirably acted. Mr. Hamilton gave an excellent rendition of the character assumed. 'Sam' was repeated on the evening following. A dramatization of Mrs. Southworth's 'The Hidden Hand' was given on the 21st and 22d, Mr. Chanfrau appearing as Wool, Mr. Davidge as Hurricane, and Mr. Hamilton as Capitola. Mr. Chanfrau gave a good delineation of the Southern darkey. I doubt if the authoress ever intended that Wool should figure quite so prominently as he is made to in the drama, for Mr. Chanfrau makes him say considerable. The play, however, presents an interesting plot, and it was very well sustained throughout by the company. The Capitola of Mrs. Hamilton was really a treat to witness. The same may be said of the Old Hurricane of Mr. Davidge. This evening, 23d, the plays consist of 'Solon Shingle,' the 'Widow's Victim,' in which Mr. Chanfrau imitates noted actors, and the 'Golden Farmer.' To-morrow evening, 'Sam,' and Monday, the 26th, the new De Walden comedy, 'Joe.'......Considerable preparation is being made for the production at Wall's of the sensational drama of 'Foul Play.' The theatre has been closed since the 19th, and the initial production is announced for the 24th. Mr. D. H. Harkins, Miss Hawthorne and others of note are embraced in the cast."

At the National, Cincinnati, Miss Marietta Ravel was the attraction last week, appearing on Monday and Tuesday in the "Angel of Midnight;" on Wednesday in Poole's play, "Marco, the Mute;" on Thursday in the "Dumb Boy of Manchester;" on Friday, for her benefit, in the "Flying Dutchman," and on Saturday in the "French Spy." In the first named play she performs a speaking part, with a noticeable French accent. Her dances and combats display remarkable agility and grace, and she has drawn very fair houses. On each evening she gives a tight rope performance without the aid of a pole. As in her previous engagement, she has been supported by Mr. George Maxwell, an actor with a good figure and voice. On Monday and Tuesday Mr. M. V. Lingham, the stage manager, appeared as Paul Bernard. On Thursday C. P. De Groat was added to the company. The company performs this week in Covington, Ky., with Miss Ravel as the star, opening on Tuesday evening in the "French Spy." In the meantime the theatre will be occupied by the Bateman Opera Troupe in "Barbe Bleue." On Monday evening, Nov. 2d, Mr. John E. Owens begins an engagement of two weeks. The theatre is again in new hands, Mr. R. E. J. Miles being sole lessee and manager, the Messrs. Bates having retired. Mr. Bennett Lewis, formerly connected with Wood's Theatre is the treasurer, and Mr. Lingham as before, stage manager.

Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., will be opened with a dramatic company during the first week in November by Messrs. John Allen and G. W. Zebold, Mr. Miles having retired from the enterprise and taken charge of the National. Mr. Allen is a well known manager, having conducted Wood's before Newcomb's Troupe took it.

A Full Dramatic Company is wanted by J. T. Musselman for the purpose of opening the new Opera House, Logansport, Ind., and go thence on a traveling tour. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

"London After Dark," one of the latest English productions, is advertised for sale in another column by Charles Foster.

Davis & Co., Theatrical Agents, Cincinnati, O., have several advertisements in our columns. Managers and stars will do well to note them.

The Old Pittsburgh Theatre is advertised to rent. See card elsewhere.

The Mobile, Ala., Theatre opened its regular fall and winter season on Oct. 19th under the management of Mr. A. Roig. Our correspondent, "Guy," says:—"The house was comfortably filled, and everything passed off smoothly for an opening night. The company is, without doubt, the best that has appeared on the boards in this city for many a year. Here I wish to mention the superior manner in which the theatre has been renovated and improved in regard to the new arrangement of seats and other particulars. The parquet, which has been raised, inclines gradually to the stage, with French boxes extending around the outer circle. The dress circle has also been remodeled and divided into French boxes, some containing eight chairs and others holding six. The lobby running round the rear of the boxes and parquet is more roomy and open, and is a great improvement on the old circle. The decorations, fittings and scenery of the house have been repainted and touched up, giving them a fresh and new appearance. The inauguration pieces were 'The Honeymoon' and 'Sketches in India.' In the former piece Walter Grisdale appeared to advantage as Duke Aranza; Miss Caroline Carson renderd the part of Juliana creditably; G. F. Macdonough as Rolando, is deserving of more than a passing notice. He evinced a correct conception of the character and displayed considerable talent. W. R. Hayden as Count Montalban; W. D. Shields as Balthazar; J. P. Reynolds as Campillo; Miss Blanche Bradshaw as Zamora, and Mrs. Chas. Henrie as Volante, filled their parts with ability. In the afterpiece Geo. Pardey, as Tom Tape, succeeded in keeping the house in a perfect uproar of laughter, and may be 'dubbed' as a Mobile favorite. Mrs. Chas. Henri made a hit—a palpable hit—as Sally Scraggs, with songs. Joey Pardey also was very pleasing as Poplin, with songs. Stage manager Geo. W. Herbert has remedied a great nuisance which has been the case heretofore of not raising the curtain as soon as the orchestra has finished; now it goes up punctually, with no long waits to weary the audience out."

F. S. Chanfrau plays in New Haven, Conn., on Nov. 6th and 7th; Hartford, 9th and 10th, and Springfield, Mass., 11th and 12th, under Lowell and Simmond's management.

The Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, commences its dramatic season on Nov. 9th, with the production of "Blow for Blow" and "Lancashire Lass," the latest London productions.

A Dramatic Company consisting of S. W. Ashley, G. Stanley, L. R. Beneux, G. Maddox, L. E. Barker, Mary Barker, Rose France, Miss Wilton, Harry G. Clark, E. Haviland, E. W. Marston and Mrs. E. T. Stetson were to give a performance of "Toodles," "Therese" and the "Persecuted Dutchman," at Paterson, N. J., on the 24th inst.

Mrs. F. B. Price concluded her engagement at Toledo, O., on the 24th in "Foul Play." She commenced an engagement at Griswold's Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 26th.

The Regular dramatic season of the Logansport, Ind., theatre is to commence on the 25th inst., with a good company in a local extravaganza by A. Daly, called "The Logansport Revels." For further particulars, read advertisement in another column.

Marble's Dramatic Company closed in Red Wing, Minn., on October 19th, with a benefit to Nellie Boyd, and went thence to Stillwater and Eu Clair, Wis.

A New Theatre is being built in Oakland, Cal., on the southeast corner of Twelfth and Broadway, similar in design to the late Academy of Music, San Francisco. The size of the building is to be 56 feet wide by 100 feet long. The auditorium will be 50x60, and the stage 50x33. The parquet and orchestra will be of about 500 seating capacity, and the gallery 200—700 in all. The house will be elegantly decorated and upholstered, and suitable dressing rooms will be connected with the main building. The estimated cost of the structure will be between $25,000 and $30,000.

A New Theatre is building in Carson City, Cal. The frame is already up. The dimensions of the auditorium will be 30 by 80 feet, and will be so arranged as to be made available either as theatre, concert room, or ball room. The stage will be in the rear and supplemental to the main building, and ample arrangements will be made for dressing rooms, etc.

Sherry's New York Theatre gave three entertainments at Brants' Hall, Harrisburg, last week, producing "Pearl of Savoy," "Fanchon" and "Caste" each evening, the houses being crowded, our correspondent says, and adds:—"During a short season of six weeks manager Sherry has given fifteen performances in our city, in which time his receipts have been over $5,000." They opened in Williamsport on the 22d for three nights, and commenced an engagement at Lock Haven for six nights on the 26th.

Jennings' "Undine" Troupe were at Lancaster, Pa., last week.

Edwin Adams was to have opened an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 24th inst. in "Hamlet." He remains six nights, when the company will probably leave for Quebec.

Violet Campbell, who has been performing at Theatre Royal, Montreal, in "Leah," "Thirteenth Chume," "Creole," etc., is said to have been favorably received, the press speaking in highly laudatory terms of the lady. Mr. Belvil Ryan was also well received. Mr. Ryan has been engaged by Messrs. Jarratt & Palmer for Boucicault's drama of "After Dark," shortly to be produced at Niblo's.

Plunkett's Company were at Winona, Minn., the week ending Oct. 17th. They performed "Hidden Hand" on the 17th, with Mrs. C. Plunkett as Capitola, J. F. Breyer as Black Donald, R. B. Richards as Hurricane and Mrs. T. F. Breyer as Dorcas.

W. C. Wemyss, whose office is at 8 Astor place, this city, states in an advertisement elsewhere that he is prepared to furnish professionals and managers with all the standard plays of the day. He also has on hand all the latest comic song books of the day, including Lingard's specialties, etc. Amateurs should send to him for a late publication particularly interesting to them.

"Extremes" was performed at the Salt Lake City Theatre on Oct. 9th, followed on the 10th with the "Rag Pickers of Paris." J. C. Graham was up for a benefit on Oct. 13th.

The Dearborn Theatre, Chicago, fitted with all the modern improvements, iron opera chairs, Booth pattern, and capable of seating 1,500 persons, will be ready to open on the 1st of December. Acting and stage manager and general talent is wanted, also first class pantomimists. See advertisement in another column.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris—Mattie Wren—are at present taking a rest in Penn Yan, N. Y.

N. C. Forrester's Dramatic Company open in Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 27th inst.

Joseph Jefferson opens an engagement in "Rip Van Winkle" at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Nov. 9th.

Philadelphia is a large city, a *very* large city, its population numbering, it is thought, fully eight hundred thousand souls; yet with this great population it has but few places of public amusement. In fact, Boston, with a population about one-third as large as that of Philadelphia, gives far better support to its theatres than does the second city in the Union bestow upon its public resorts. If Philadelphia crowds one or two places, the others suffer in consequence; it is rarely that *all* are well attended at the same time. That such is the case is evident to all lovers of amusement in the Quaker City, as well as to managers. During the past week the Arch Street Theatre, with Lotta as the star, was crowded nightly, while the Walnut and Chestnut, the former with E. L. Davenport and the latter with the Hanlon Combination, both most excellent in their respective lines of business, had very meagre audiences. The American, however, was well attended, as it has been ever since the season opened. These four constitute the dramatic temples of that city; for the Academy of Music seems not to be counted in among the regular theatres as it is only opened spasmodically, when an operatic troupe or something of that sort comes along. With such a vast population every theatre in that city ought to be well supported, provided the proper attractions are offered......E. L. Davenport, one of the best exponents of certain Shakespearean characters now on the stage, opened an engagement at the Walnut on the 19th inst., and appeared during the week in a round of his best impersonations, but the attendance was by no means commensurate with the performance offered; so this week Mr. Davenport throws Shakespeare aside, and produces for the first time a new sensational drama in five acts, written expressly for him, entitled "F.; or Branded," the scene being laid in London and Paris, and in which piece Mr. D. will assume four characters, viz: Duke Tyrrell, a gipsy; Felix Reybauld, a spy; Montani, an Italian refugee, and Hector de Riviers, a French Lancer. As the drama is of a highly sensational type, full of incident and horrors, and all that go to make up a play to suit the tastes of the present age, it is quite probable that "F." will be branded as a success, and another instance will thereby be afforded of the superiority of matter over mind; but that's no matter so long as the people demand it and will pay to see nothing else. We expect to chronicle a success for Mr. Davenport in our next issue......Lotta produced her new play of "Fire Fly" at the Arch Street Theatre on the 19th, and it was kept on the boards during the week, attracting very large audiences. On the first night a few admirers of Miss Price cast three large boquets on the stage for that lady, while Lotta was present. Of course, the young gentlemen have a right to bestow their favors where they like, but in this instance was it in very good taste to take the opportunity to make their offerings while the little stranger was in the scene? Could not another occasion have been selected? However, Lotta received that hearty applause which is far more acceptable to an artist than floral tributes or anything similar. "Fire Fly," as a play, did not meet with favor; but Lotta, with her vivacity and vim, carried the piece through successfully, and it is announced for the current week, which is the closing one of Lotta's engagement, and on Monday next, November 2d, a new five act drama, called "He's Got Money," will be presented for the first time, Mr. Drew appearing in one of the principal characters......The American Varieties Theatre, Philadelphia, has had a successful run of business ever since the season opened, Manager Fox having given his patrons a series of very interesting entertainments, the *ballet*, very well gotten up, proving his strong card. "The Grand Duchess," and "Double Can Can" have met with such favor that they are retained on the bills, the principal Terpsichorean *roles* being interpreted by Ermina Venturoli and Mlle. Augusta, both holding places in the front rank of *danseuses*. Miss Annie Chase, jig dancer, is added to the already large array of attractions for the current week. Appreciating the services of his treasurer (Wm. J. Gillmore) Manager Fox, on the 19th inst., presented that gentleman with a valuable gold watch and chain. ......The Hanlon Combination, comprising gymnastic and other talent of a very high order, occupied the Chestnut Street Theatre during the past week, but failed to receive that liberal patronage which their exhibitions so well deserve. They give place to the Worrell Sisters, who were to open in the "Grand Duchesse" on the 26th inst. If it were not that Lotta and election excitements are in operation, we should look for large audiences at the Worrells' performances......That new theatre for Laura Keene is still talked about, but we have heard nothing definite in regard to its erection. Will the people support another theatre? That is the rub. If a new place is to be supported it will be at the expense of those already in existence. A theatre on the New York plan, with a stock company composed wholly of the best material, capable of doing justice to the best standard plays, might meet with encouragement, but not otherwise. If it is the idea to make the proposed new theatre such a place, well and good; if not, better let it alone.

The Leffingwell Combination opened at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on the 19th inst., for six nights, producing on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, "Cinderella," and "Too Much for Good Nature," with Leffingwell as Clorinda. Mrs. Leffingwell as Prince, and Blanche Chapman as Cinderella. Louise Sylvester, the new *soubrette*, for the first time since the opening of the season, had an opportunity of displaying her talents as Dandini, and installed herself in the graces of the audience. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, "Fra Diavolo," and "Aladdin" were played, with Leffingwell as Beppo. Helen Western is the star this week.

J. C. Myers' Dramatic Company performs in Springfield, Mass., on November 11th, 12th and 13th, and return on Dec. 5th.

Frank Mayo, supported by a dramatic company, performs in Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 23d, and remains there all the week.

The Sefton Dramatic Company, under the management of J. O. Sefton, are traveling through the oil regions, doing, we are told, a good business. Annie Sefton is the leading attraction, and is supported by T. W. Keene and E. Eberle.

Sherry's Dramatic Company open in Petroleum Centre, Pa., on Nov. 15th for one week.

The Worrell Sisters, after a successful engagement of three weeks at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., bade adieu to their admirers on the 24th inst., upon whom they had created favorable impressions. "Barbe Bleue" was given this (last) week, and was put upon the stage in an attractive manner. Miss Sophie, although indisposed the better part of the week, looked and acted charmingly in the male character of Blue Beard. Irene as Fleurette, was pleasing, and acted her part in an easy and graceful manner. Jennie as the lively Boulotte, was very captivating. The Worrells left Baltimore on the 25th inst., for Philadelphia.

At the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., Brougham's "Lottery of Life" held the boards the past week, with Albaugh as Terry, Winters as Mordie Solomons, Evans as Oil Tommy, Duncan as Sir Wylton, Fanny Stoqueler as Polly, and Mrs. Berrell as Miss Tartar. The piece, says a correspondent, "is put on the boards in good style, and will probably have a run. The management have in preparation a dramatization of Dickens' 'Mutual Friend' and Boucicault's 'Octoroon.'"

At De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, the Max Maretzek Combination of German and Italian Opera Troupes occupied the boards the past week, producing on the 19th "Il Trovatore," 20th "Faust," 21st "Ernani," and 22d "Fidelio." On the 23d "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" was given, on which occasion Giorgio Ronconi made his first appearance in that city as Figaro. Oct. 24th, "Martha."

In Boston Selwyn produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" for the first time at his theatre on the 19th. The cast included every gentleman in the company, Miss Fanny Morant, Mrs. Thos. Barry and Miss Louise Anderson. Our correspondent, "Penfold," says:—"Griffiths was immense as Sir John the corpulent, and the rest of the characters were well sustained by the fine company. Miss Fanny Morant dressed with her usual good taste, as did also the two other Merry Wives. The piece will be played alternately this (last) week with 'Ladies' Battle' and 'Simpson & Co.' Monday, 26th, 'The Hunchback,' with Mrs. Chanfrau as Julia and Mrs. Barry as Helen. Miss Eva Brent will make her first appearance here in the extravaganza of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' and not in 'La Somnambula' burlesque, as stated in my last......Edwin Booth continues to draw fine houses at the Boston. He played 'Hamlet,' 19th; 'Richelieu,' 20th; Claude Melnotte and Petruchio, 21st; Richard III, 22d; and the 23d Brutus and 'Don Cæsar' for his benefit; 24th, matinee, Hamlet, and in the evening Macbeth ......The Museum has played 'A Dangerous Game' this week to fair business. Monday, 26th, they produce 'Surf,' after months of preparation...... Janauschek has not done a good business at the Olympic this week, but her audiences are very select, which fact may console her. She has a far better support than when here last season. ......The Howard still prospers. De Rosa, Schlager, Francisco Sisters, Kate Pennoyer, Annie Hindle (Vivian's wife), Jennie Benson, the cloggist Devere, Bertha and Clinetop Sisters, with Delehanty and Hengler, Harry Bloodgood, Budworth, Prof. French, Bob Smith, Leavitt and Joe Buckley are a few of the attractions offered. Vivian will begin a short engagement here soon. A new military drama is in preparation......Morris Brothers are doing fairly with the Gregory Family as stars. ......The Comique is doing well with Bonfanti, Regl, and the rest. 'Undine' runs this (last) week......The following are the receipts of a portion of the theatres and minstrel halls during September:—Selwyn's, $16,679; Howard, $15,202; Museum, $12,775; Morris Bros, $9,138; Comique, $4,443. Total, $58,237. The Boston and Continental have not returned yet. The receipts of six of the places of amusement for the year ending August, 1868, are as follows:—Boston Theatre, $220,561; Museum, $161,474; Howard Atheneum, $110,948; Morris Bro's, $104,248; Comique, $67,018; Continental, $39,840; Selwyn's, from Oct. 28th, 1867, to Aug., 1868, $156,691. Total, $864,780. A pretty good business for 'a small city with crooked streets!'"

California Theatricals.—By the overland mail we have advices up to Oct. 3d. "La Belle Helene" was presented at the Alhambra, San Francisco, in addition to the California Minstrels, until Oct 1st, when George Coes took a benefit, when Dick Sands and Ashcroft appeared in a clog dance, Johnny Mack and Coes in an act called "Baldy Sours;" Master De Solla sung the "Bay of Biscay," Bamford gave his operatic scena, Ashcroft sang "My Father Sould Charcoal," and M'lles Lehman and Marzetti executed a dance. On Oct. 5th the Norwegian pantomime troupe were to appear, and the "Grand Duchesse" was to be produced......The subscription season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan terminated on Sept. 28th with the third performance of "Robert Le Diable."......J. A. Herne made his reappearance at the Opera House on Sept. 30th as Rip Van Winkle, and made a decidedly favorable impression, so much so that the same piece was repeated the rest of the week, and at last accounts was announced to be performed until further notice ....."Barber Bleue" is in active preparation at the Alhambra......Harry Hawk has joined the company at the Olympic. Joe Murphy continues there......A benefit was to have been given to Mr. Maguire, at the Metropolitan, on Oct. 5th, tendered by the Italian Opera Troupe, when "I Lombardi" and an act of "La Figlia del Reggimento" were to be presented......Mrs. D. P. Bowers sailed for New York by the steamer of Sept. 30th, accompanied by J. C. McCollam......Later news up to Oct. 10th. Holly, the Ethiopian Comedian, has recovered from his attack of the small pox and reappeared at the Olympic. ......S. Wylde Hardinge copyrighted a new play entitled, "Cigarette; The Child of the Flag," on Oct. 6th. The play is a dramatization of Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags."......Harry Courtaine was again jugged on Oct. 6th, for twenty days...... The Parepa Rosa Concert Troupe, consisting of Parepa Rosa, Brookhouse Bowler, Signor Ferranti, Carl Rosa and George T. Evans, were to give their initial concert of their interior and overland trip at San Jose on Oct. 13th. The troupe will then return to San Francisco, where Parepa Rose was to make her last appearance in opera on Oct. 14th. The Concert Troupe will then depart for Stockton, singing there on the 17th and 18th; Sacramento on the 19th and 20th; Marysville on the 21st and 22d; Grass Valley on the 23d; Nevada on the 24th; Virginia City on the 27th and 28th. From thence the troupe will proceed overland to St. Louis, concertizing *en route* at Denver, Salt Lake and other points. Signor de Vivo, Mme. Rosa's agent, left for Stockton on Oct. 9th, and precedes the troupe through the interior and overland...... Natali-Testa was presented with a beautiful ring, set with diamonds and emeralds, at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Oct. 9th. ......There has been a rupture in the Bates-Daniels dramatic company recently playing in Portland, Oregon, and the seceding members, Daniels and Fanny Young, were expected to arrive in Frisco on Oct. 10th. Mr. Bates also comes down by the same steamer for the purpose of organizing another company. The troupe had been successful in Portland and Salem, but "professional jealousies" waxed stronger and stronger, and finally broke the golden egg of prosperity. Previous to the rupture arrangements had been entered into with Charles Wheatleigh for a Portland season, and it is probable that matters will be re-arranged so that Mr. Wheatleigh will accompany Bates on his return......Manager Maguire took a benefit at the Metropolitan on Oct. 5th, but the attendance was not large.

Married.—Charles Wilkinson, comedian, and Lillie L. Marden, of Bidwell & Locke's company, were united in marriage at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Alden, of the Baptist Church. The interesting ceremony was conducted quite privately at the residence of the clergyman, Mr. Converse, the agent, Miss Winslow, and the venerable William Dennett, an old friend of the bridegroom, only being present.

In Chicago the long-looked for pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" was presented at Crosby's on Monday night, October 19th to a crowded house. Our correspondent "Loiterer," under date of October 21, writes as follows:—"The curtain did not rise until after half-past eight, and much displeasure was manifested by the audience thereat. The piece dragged fearfully, and it was eleven o'clock before the curtain descended on the first act, having gone down once during the act to allow stage hands to recover a lost border. It was nearly one o'clock before the curtain descended for the last time, and then upon a half-arranged transformation. The stage had been so steadily [illegible] for rehearsal, and really the play should have been postponed for one night. Too great praise cannot be bestowed on Denier, Auriol, Sloan and Leslie for the cleverness with which they introduced by-play and *impromtu business* to cover some awkward stage wait or blunders of carpenters and scene shifters. Tony as clown, and Sloan as Pantaloon, are exceedingly funny, and the audience was kept in good humor almost solely by their efforts. Leslie as Harlequin and Auriol as Columbine are both graceful, assiduous and pleasing. Goodrich, the skater, does a very funny and awkward, as well as a fancy display of parlor skating. As 'Grandeur Dignity,' this gentleman in making an *overstrained fall*, overstrained the texture of his snow white tights, and the result must have lowered his dignity in proportion, as it convulsed the audience. The *ballet*, led by Pepita, is small, but very efficient and right up to its business throughout. Pepita is a new dancer in Chicago, and reminds me very much of the great Morlacchi, both in form, feature and school of dancing. The charming Alexandria is the leading second, and she was well received, being favorably remembered at McVicker's last summer. Last night the piece ran much smoother, but a reform is needed in the carpenter's department, as many blunders lately have attested. The houses are very large and I predict a long and successful run for the pantomime......'Midsummer Night's Dream' still holds the stage at McVicker's, and from the large attendance no change is likely to be called for some time......Frank Aiken has produced a new Irish drama entitled 'Poul a Dhoil,' which is a trashy rehash of 'Colleen Bawn,' 'Peep o' Day,' 'Green Bushes,' &c. The characters are all well taken, especially that of Dillon, who as Oma Omadhan, is made to summarily dispose of some dozen or fifteen villains during the play. The farce of 'Turning the Tables' precedes the drama. Business as usual, excellent, rain or shine, and it's two rains to one shine nowadays......At Arlington Hall, the funny men and troubadours continue to delight their many patrons. Howard, in specialties, being the chief attraction. The following named people will compose in part the company Billy Warren takes out with Joe Jefferson:—Mrs. McWilliams, Katie Putnam, Joe Everham, T. B. Uhl, Harry Wentworth, Johnnie Barrett, J. B. Magill, and the Perkins Children. They open in Milwaukie on Monday, 26th."

John E. Owens closed his engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa, on October 24. He commenced his second and last week with "Self." For his benefit on October 23d, "The Poor Gentleman" and "Toodles" were given. J. H. Hackett is the current star.

Bidwell and Locke's Company opened in Dover, N. H., with "East Lynne," and "Dodging for a Wife," on October 23d, and remained there two nights, opening in Haverhill, Mass., October 26th, for five nights, and go thence to Lynn and Salem. Business is excellent. Manager Locke met with a very serious accident at Gloucester, Mass., on the 17th. In going to his room in the hotel he ascended the flight of stairs from the front hall, and there being no light on the landing he walked down a flight of stairs directly opposite, fracturing his lower jaw and otherwise severely bruising him about the head and back. It was a very narrow escape from instant death. He is now at his home in Lowell and recovering, so that in a couple of weeks we may expect to see him out again.

Fanny Morgan Phelps is in Chicago, Ill., recovering from her late illness and will shortly reappear on the stage.

Helen Western can be secured for brief star engagements by addressing her agent, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

C. W. Couldock and daughter opened at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 19th, with the play of "Dora" one week, closing with "Chimney Corner" on Oct. 24th. Leffingwell and his Burlesque Combination succeed them on the 26th for six nights.

"Millinqnerz, the Siege of Vicksburg" is a new war drama from the pen of C. H. Romaine, an operator of the W. U. Telegraph Company, of Indianapolis. It is in six acts, with thirty-five speaking characters and is running at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis.

J. Holmes Grover made his appearance in Oswego, N. Y., on Oct. 23d, in his own new comedy drama of "The Way of the Wicked," which is pronounced a success. A correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding the political demonstration, a large audience was present, and the new play was enthusiastically received. The rapidity with which he changes from the difficult character of the vagrant to that of the laughable son of the Emerald Isle, the ever jolly Dutchman, the Dundreary fop, the wiry Frenchman, and again to himself, were excellent. He was supported by J. C. Myers' company. The piece was such a success that Mr. Myers secured Mr. Grover to open in Syracuse on the 26th for one week."

Zoe commences an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 26th inst., in a new romantic play by Chandos Fulton, in four acts and six tableaux, entitled "Nita, or Woman's Constancy," written expressly for Zoe.

Madam Scheller continues her engagement at the Helena Theatre. She appeared during the week ending October 10th, in the "Naiad Queen" (with new scenery by J. Guido Methua), "Child of the Regiment," "Pauvrette," and "Pearl of Savoy." She was to start Oct. 26th for Salt Lake City to play a four weeks' engagement. John McCullough plays for four weeks, and Madame takes a rest and then commences another engagement, producing the "Naiad Queen," "Moses in Egypt," and other biblical dramas. There will be a perfect biblical revival, which will create, no doubt, intense excitement in Salt Lake City.

Geo. Pauncefort gave a Dickens' reading at Helena, to a good house, on Oct. 7th. He is pronounced a clever exponent of the characters in Dickens' novels.

Phil Margetts played Rover, in "Wild Oats," to a crowded house, for his benefit, at the Salt Lake Theatre, and Mr. Lindsay, Louis XI.

"A Flash of Lightning" has reached Salt Lake City and will flash across the stage during Madame Scheller's engagement.

Our New Orleans advices are up to October 21st, under which date our correspondent "Nat Ormsby" says:—"On October 16th "London Assurance" was presented at the Varieties Theatre, followed on the 17th (matinee) with East Lynne, with the following cast:—Sir Francis Levison, W. E. Sheridan; W. J. Cogswell as Archibald Carlyle, George Ryer as Lord Mount Severn, H. W. Mitchell as Richard Hare, J. H. Power as Justice Hare, Mr. Slevin as John Dill, J. Pierson as Meredith, Master Willie Seymour as William, Alice Grey as Lady Isabelle and Mad. Vine, Belle Freeman as Barbara Hare, Isabelle Preston as Miss Corney, Annie Vaughan as Joyce, Miss Mary Marston as Wilson, Mrs. Seymour as Mrs. Hare and Miss Kate Wood as Susanne. The play was well put upon the stage, and the characters as well sustained as could be wished. The two principal parts, played by Alice Grey and W. E. Sheridan, were good pieces of acting. On Saturday evening the 'Hunchback' was presented, George Ryer sustaining the character of Master Walter, W. E. Sheridan as Sir Thomas Clifford, W. R. Floyd as Modus, Vining Bowers as Fathom, W. J. Cogswell as Lord Tinsel, H. W. Mitchell as Master Wilford, J. H. Power as Master Heartwell, M. Slevin as Gaylove, Alice Grey as Julia and Josie Orton as Helen. The evening's performance closed with the laughable farce of 'My Neighbor's Wife.' On Oct. 19th, 'East Lynne' was again produced to a good house. On Oct. 20th, a repetition of the 'Hunchback,' closing with 'My Neighbor's Wife.' Wednesday (to-night) the 'Knights of the Round Table,' with the full strength of the company in the cast, will be given for the first time this season. The 'Lady of Lyons' and some of Shakespeare's plays are shortly to be produced at this house. In deference to public sentiment there will be no dramatic performance at this establishment on Sunday evenings."......The Academy of Music season opened as announced on Oct. 19th, to what may be termed 'a full house,' but not 'crowded to suffocation,' as the press often say. For an opening performance everything passed off well. A better working company has not graced the boards of the Academy for many a night. The entertainment opened with an overture by the orchestra, followed by a characteristic dance,' by Hannah Birch; 'Tyrolean Warblings,' by Leon De Berger; 'Spanish Dance,' by Malvina Evers; 'Triple Clog,' by Sam Collyer and sons; 'Vocal selections by Billy Pastor; Nicodemus Johnson, by Charley Pettingill; Aereal Trapeez, by Dave Hawley; Vocalisms, by Jennie Engle; The Three O'clock Train, by Messrs. Pettingill and De Berger; Banjo Solo and Song, by Billy Carter; *Ballet Divertissement*, by Mons. Szollosy, M'lles. Sohlke, Cherribelli, Evers, and *corps de ballet*; Double Song and Dance, by Masters Dan and Eddie Collyer; 'De Ole Grey Goose,' by Messrs. McAndrews, Edwards and Pettingill; Hungarian Polka, by M'lle. Sohlke; Club Exercises, by Sam Collyer; and 'Album of Living Pictures,' by Billy Pastor; the entertainment concluding with 'A Quiet Family,' embracing the following cast:—Barnaby Bibbs, W. B. Cavanagh; Benjamin Bibbs, Welsh Edwards; Peter Parker, De Berger; Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs, Kate Quinton; Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs, Jennie Engle; Miss Sommers, Madeline Hardy, and Snarley, by Viola Howard. The same programme will be repeated to-night. Bonfanti, Turnour, Chas. Vivian and Delehanty and Hengler, are underlined to appear......The new additions to the Olympic company since last week are Signora Lopez and her children, Amelia Garcia, vocalist, and Joe. Mairs, late of the Skiff and Gaylord troupe. The audiences are not quite as large as previous to the opening of the Academy, but taking everything into consideration the management have naught to complain of. The old favorites are well received, particularly Diamond, Lamoreaux, Whitney, Gardner and Henrietta.

Helen Western terminated her twelve nights' engagement at the Academy, Omaha, Neb., on the 17th inst. Her four performances during the first week promised, says a correspondent, "a successful engagement, but the opening of the second week in 'Camille' *cured* the public for the remainder of the engagement. The lady's little eccentricities upon that occasion had a visible effect upon the house during the remainder of the week ......Leo Hudson opened on the 19th in 'Mazeppa,' to a house packed from pit to dome. The performance gave the most complete satisfaction. Messrs. Jordan and Rainforth kept the audience in good humor, while the heavier business was as usual well looked after by Irwin, Vohles, and the company generally. The piece will be kept on for six nights."

Shot.—Mrs. Hernandez is reported to have been shot in Omaha, Neb., on Oct. 20th, by her husband, who at last accounts was in jail awaiting the result of her injuries. Mrs. H. is a sister of Mrs. Selden Irwin.

Lanergan's Company appeared in "The Long Strike," in Columbus, Ohio, on Oct. 22d, to a large house. The company closed there on Oct. 24th.

The "Undine" Company were advertised to open in Columbus, Ohio, on Oct. 26th, under the management of B. F. Whitman and R. E. J. Miles.

The Galveston, Texas, Theatre is said to have been liberally patronized during the week ending Oct. 17th. "Pizarro" and "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" were presented on Oct. 12th, followed on the 13th by "The Maid of Croissey" and "Ireland and America;" 14th, "Lucretia Borgia" and "Child of the Regiment;" 15th, "Our American Cousin," which was repeated on the 16th and for the *matinee* on the 17th; "Connor the Rash" was presented on the evening of the 17th, and "Under the Gaslight" was announced for the 19th. A correspondent says:—"Sam E. Ryan's as Asa Trenchard is a very fine performance. E. A. Eberle did well as Coyle; Knight was fair as Lieut. Vernon; C. H. Matthews, as Binney, played the part nicely; Nellie Johnson, as Florence Trenchard, was better than usual; Mrs. E. A. Eberle, as Mountchessington, was excellent. In 'Connor the Rash' R. D. Ogden, as Connor, was very good; Nellie Johnson and Mrs. E. A. Eberle did very nicely, and the piece throughout was dressed handsomely and correctly. A Spanish dance was performed during the piece and executed in a fine manner by C. H. Thompson, Mrs. S. E. Ryan and Misses St. Leon and Wesner."

George Clair has quitted the stage and is located in Troy, New York, as professor of elocution at the Troy Academy. He is also giving Sunday evening lectures to large audiences. A New York speculator, it is said, is about to run him through the large cities in the east soon after the election.

Maggie Mitchell appeared at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st, in "Fanchon" and "Lorle." She was welcomed by crowded houses, and her Fanchon is deserving of all praise.

The Fusi Yama Japs appeared at the Opera House, Rochester, New York, on October 19th, 20th and 21st, and "Under the Gaslight" filled out the week.

Manager Canning, of the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., publishes a card in another column, setting forth that J. E. Hartel, late leader of his orchestra, and W. A. Gregson, actor, left him in an abrupt manner.

The Richings Opera Troupe opened at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the 19th inst., to a large and fashionable audience, although, says a correspondent, the weather has been very unpropitious during the past week. Our correspondent adds:—"The success of the troupe has been of the most decided character. The season opened with the 'Bohemian Girl,' followed by the 'Czar and Zimmerman,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Norma' and 'Maritana.' 'Martha' was to have been given, but owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Seguin the 'Bohemian Girl' was substituted. Mrs. Seguin was suddenly taken ill on the trip from Richmond to Baltimore, and by the advice of her physician she decided not to appear during the week. As a consequence the audiences have been greatly disappointed. Mrs. Richings Bernard has, however, filled the void on several evenings with satisfaction. On the 26th inst. Mrs. Seguin, it is thought, will be sufficiently recovered to appear in 'Martha.' On the 22d inst., in 'Fra Diavolo,' Mr. S. C. Campbell sang 'Let all Obey' in his usual artistic manner, and was compelled to repeat it. Mrs. Bernard sang with her accustomed spirit, ably assisted by Miss Edith Abell (a new acquisition, who possesses a sweet voice) and the old favorites, [illegible], Bernard, Castle and Peakes. The chorus contains many new and fresh [illegible] conducted and the performances excellent."

The Hanlon Brothers open at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 26th inst., in connection with Pfau, the Russian athlete, James Blamphin, the harpist, Miss Emily Thorne, vocalist, and others.

Negro Minstrelsy.

R. M. Hooley opened the old Odeon, Williamsburgh, L. I., on Oct. 19th as a first class minstrel hall. Extensive alterations have been made in the hall, and everything has been done to study the comfort of the public before the curtain as well as the performers behind the stage. The stage, formerly a narrow platform, has been rebuilt, and is now thirty-three feet deep. The seats in the auditorium have been upholstered, the house brilliantly lighted, the scenery and stage furniture all new, and the drop curtain is a creditable affair to any place of amusement. The hall was densely crowded on the opening night, and hundreds were unable to obtain even standing room. There were sixteen performers in the first part, with Cool White as interlocutor, and S. S. Purdy and Archy Hughes on the ends. Joe Emmett, the Dutch comedian, Ricardo, Billy West and T. H. Jefferson are in the company. The performance concluded with the burlesque of the "Grande Duchesse," previous to which, however, Cool White appeared before the curtain and in behalf of Mr. Hooley returned thanks, at the same time asking indulgence for the partial incompleteness of some of the details.

J. G. H. Shorey is organising a minstrel band to be known as Shorey's New Orleans and Metropolitan Troupe, and intend starting out after election.

Wash Norton, with a small minstrel company called the Christy's, arrived in Cape Town, on Sept. 2d, and were announced to open there shortly. C. Steele is musical director, and Wash Norton secretary.

Dan Shelby is organizing a minstrel band in Chicago, Ill., consisting of Joe Lang, Dan Shelby, Bob Lindley, A. B. Kennedy and Frank Fisher. They give their show at Kankakee, Ill., on Nov. 9th.

Minstrel Performers are wanted by Treago's Minstrels, now organizing for '68 and '69. For address see card elsewhere.

Dave Reed re-appears with Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, this week, after fulfilling an engagement with the Morris Brothers, in Boston. The programme offered by manager Hooley for the current week is replete with some of the choicest acts in minstrelsy, including Prof. O'Reardon in his act entitled "Tumbleronicon;" John Mulligan and Dick Carroll in specialties, and Stevie Rogers in a clog dance.

The Season in Cincinnati for Newcomb's Minstrels closes with this week. During the last two weeks of their stay they have been offering something new in the shape of inducements to visitors. This consists in the distribution of $2,600, in sums of $200 each evening, and $100 for the Saturday matinees. A lottery wheel is brought upon the stage, and the holders of the lucky tickets in the dress circle and parquet receive $50 each, while two of the gallery visitors are favored with $25 apiece. The drawing is superintended by Mr. Newcomb himself, the wheel being of glass, and the whole operation perfectly *bona fide*. A number of well known citizens have taken prizes. The enterprise has proved a profitable experiment, as the theatre is packed each night. The performances have been good as usual; Johnnie Queen appeared in a new burlesque on the "Grecian Bend," and Sweatnam and Oberist gave a good sketch entitled, "Rooms to Rent." Johnnie Hart and Ryman gave several specialties. Hart has improved considerably since he has been put upon the ends. The company begins to travel in November, their place being supplied for the winter by a dramatic company, which will probably open next week.

The Fourth Street Theatre, Cincinnati, a very cozy and well fitted little temple, is to be known hereafter as Emerson, Allen & Manning's Opera House, and will be occupied by their troupe of burnt-cork opera-tors, which were to open on Monday of this week. Kelly and Leon made it pay a few seasons ago, and as the three managers above named are personally popular in Porkopolis, it is very probable that they will be successful.

Buckley's Minstrels peform in Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 1st, and will be followed on Dec. 12th by Newcomb's Minstrels, and 24th, 25th and 26th, by Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels.

Sanford and Mortimer's Company, after a short tour of the oil regions, are once more quartered in Pleasantville, Pa.

At Wilson's Opera House, the past week Fred Wilson's Grecian statues, "Ridiculous Reading," by Kemble and Bray, Withers' flute solo, and a song and dance by Bray, were given. The afterpiece was "Opera on the Brain."

Emerson, Allen and Mannings' showed at Greencastle, Ind., October 19th; Terre Haute, 20th and 21st; Crawfordsville, 22d, and Lafayette, Ind., 23d and 24th. They return to Porkopolis on the 26th and open the Fourth-Street Theatre for the season.

Charley Day has been secured to go ahead for Arlington's Minstrels, who start from Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 10.

Sharpley and Cotton's Minstrels were to appear in Dubuque, Iowa, on Oct. 22d.

Music Halls.

The Varieties, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," under date of October 19th, "still continues in the full tide of success, the house being crowded nightly with a more refined audience than has ever assembled here heretofore. Manager Bowzer seems to know just what suits his patrons, and gives it to them. On the 13th Miss Lillie Beckett put in an appearance; she displays but little musical talent as a vocalist; her voice is very strong, but anything else than musical, but her 'style' makes up for her lack of musical talent, and she is destined to become a favorite with the *habitues*. Johnny Redden in his songs and dances and negro comicalities is growing more popular every night, and Johnny Keegan, stage manager, never fails to receive his *encores* with his clogs. Billy Carter left on the 18th for the Academy of Music, New Orleans. Miss Lottie Starr does a very sweet ballad and a fancy dance nightly. This week's programme consists of the 'Two Scamps,' 'Post Office Sam,' and 'In and Out of Place,' with Lillie Becket in the principal *role*, sandwiched with songs and dances."

M. John Denier is performing at the Theatre Comique, Leavenworth, Kansas, where a fair company is engaged under the management of Wm. Scott, who was announced to take a benefit on Oct. 21st. The pantomime of the "Red Gnome" was in active preparation at last advices. "The French Spy" was produced on Oct. 20th with M'lle Elise as Mathilde.

A Danseuse Badly Burnt.—During the performance at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Louisville, Ky., on the evening of Oct. 20th, Kate Hayden, one of the *corps de ballet*, advanced too near the footlights, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Four other girls were upon the stage at the same time, but were too much panic stricken to afford assistance. A gentleman in the audience had the presence of mind to throw his overcoat about the unfortunate woman, which in some measure suppressed the fire. Miss Hayden was removed to the green room and medical assistance called into requisition, and all was done that was possible to alleviate her sufferings. It was discovered that she had been dreadfully burned on all parts of her person, and was

law of the Order of United Americans, once a powerful association.

Mr. James Brooks, the elder editor of the *Express*, should be ranked rather as a politician than a journalist, having served more than one term in Congress, the Hall of Representatives previously receiving six recognized journalists upon its benches. It is curious to remark the diverse literary sources whence these representatives of the press have been drawn and the respect in character of the journals they edited, for nothing can better illustrate the temper and tone displayed by electors in their preference of individuals. New York has supplied Congress with the following named members of its press: Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune;* Mike Walsh, of the defunct *Subterranean;* Henry J. Raymond, of the *Times;* Anson Herrick, of the *Atlas;* Thomas R. Whitney, of the *Sunday News;* James Brooks, of the *Express;* and Benjamin Wood, of the *Daily News.* This congregation of contradictory elements in political literature was happily never effected at a single session of Congress, otherwise the marvellous exhibition of the "Happy Family" would pass into a merited oblivion as a trite and uninstructive show.

When Mr. Henry J. Raymond parted from Horace Greeley he passed to the editorship of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and in that capacity managed to offend his former colleague, whereupon a journalistic discussion ensued, during which controversy the editor of the *Tribune* lost the thread of the argument as well as his temper by giving utterance to the oft-quoted expression: "You lie, little villain, you lie," a very forcible, but inelegant manner of controverting an antagonist, of which advantage has been taken to apply the term, "Little Villain," to the Hon. Henry J., an application which will remain plastered to him for the term of his natural life. Possibly it may be urged in extenuation of the honor of the craft, that both disputants being honorable Congressmen, this language will be taken as of a parliamentary and not of an editorial order

A DUTCH GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY CARLOS.

Christmas Eve, to *be* Christmas Eve, should be a dry, cold, blustering night, with plenty of dusty snow lying beneath one's feet, ready to be whirled up in one's face on the slightest provocation. I don't profess to be able to give the thoughts of a drunken man, and that man a Dutchman. Therefore I am unable to say whether Hans Scalken would have agreed with me in my opening assertion. If he did, he must have been satisfied; as on this eve (it was so late as to be nearly Christmas morning) the wind roared, and shrieked, and blustered, and tore madly up and down the bleak streets, and dashed the snow up from the walks and down from the roofs, and "played hob" generally; making the spectral trees to groan and shiver, and in fine every body and everything to cower, except the sturdy figure of little Hans himself, which went rolling on in a sig-zag sort of way. Hans had been spending his evening at a town tavern, and had probably, nay surely, imbibed a trifle; for his face was radiant in proportion as his legs were unsteady.

Hans walked not as the bee flies, yet did he manage to progress nevertheless, until he came to a point at which the street branched off in two directions, when our friend paused like a wise man. We are here under the painful necessity of acknowledging that Hans, at this juncture, was by no means sober. But then it was Christmas Eve; and besides, Hans was not *drunk*—at least, he would have denied indignantly the soft impeachment, and we, being Hans' friend, must insist that he was far from intoxicated. Still he was not sober. Had Hans been sober, Hans would have taken the left fork, and proceeded quietly home. But Hans not being sober, he stopped to consider. Now, Hans' legs being, as we have insinuated, rather unsteady, while their master was gazing up sagaciously at the corner house carried the said owner up the right fork unawares; and Hans, disdaining to turn back, proceeded manfully forward.

This road passed through an extensive meadow; for it was on the outskirts of the town, and the snow had so covered both meadow and road that Hans could not distinguish the latter at all. Little cared he for that, however, but pushed forward as fast as his condition and his short legs would allow him. Any one meeting him then would first have discerned a fiery beacon, which a nearer approximation would have resolved into the rubicund nose of our Teuton; and any one following his foottracks would probably have concluded that Hans had a contract to trample down all the snow on the meadow.

For half an hour did our friend push sturdily on without adventure. The snow in vain dashed into his face; Han's guardian nose met the assaults, and the dismayed flakes melted away defeated. At length Hans saw a light glimmering dimly in the distance, and attracted towards it by some invisible agency, he proceeded thitherward as directly as circumstances would permit. A near approach showed him that the light streamed from a window in the rear of a small house. Now, although Hans had frequently listened to blood-curdling stories of haunted towers, ghosts at midnight, etc., yet he was by nature stolid, and on this occasion too well fortified internally to have feared the infernal one himself.

So he valiantly approached the window and looked in. He merely noticed that it was unoccupied, and that it was remarkably warm and cosy looking in contrast with the whirling snow and shrieking wind, and then, finding the door unlocked, he lifted the latch and entered.

There was a rich smouldering fire in the ample chimney, and up to this did our little hero draw a large rocking chair, in which he ensconced himself in a comfortable position. As he thereafter made no other sound than a regular prolonged murmur, it is fair to presume that he fell into a profound cogitation. It is a pity that our gentleman's thoughts cannot be given, as doubtless they would have furnished us a great insight into the little man's character. But whether he reflected upon the strange chance which had thrown him into his present position, or whether he wondered how his Katrine's anger would have ventilation, now that her liege was out of the way, will never be known. Hans' little legs curled up gradually beneath him, and Hans' little round head slowly sank down upon his breast, and then in a little time the noise of his thoughtful murmur increased in volume, evincing the great depth of his meditations.

Saving this, all was still as the graves are.

But this apparent quietude only served to prove the falsehood of appearances. Of a sudden the candle, which Hans had noticed a moment before to be fully three inches long, was extinguished. Although our hero well knew that infernal means must have been employed to do this, still, as we have hinted, he was not one to be easily daunted, and so he remained quiescent, awaiting further developments.

The next moment a cold current of air struck him, appearing to chill to the very marrow, and while he was still of a shiver therefrom he heard an unearthly voice, which seemed to float into the air about him, cry:—

"Hans Scalken! Hans Scalken! Gott in Himmel!"

Hans said nothing; speechless he sat. For the first time in his life Hans was too badly frightened to utter a word. There was an interval of ominous silence. Then came a strange rustling sound, and immediately a creaking as of an opening door, although Hans could positively see no door to open. Suddenly a deep vapor seemed to rise from the floor, so that Hans could not even see his own hands. Terrified at this, Hans closed his eyes, to shut out all further horrors, when again he heard the same voice, this time much nearer:—

"Hans Scalken! Gracious, gracious, wo hast du been, Hans Scalken?"

Hans' little red eyes slowly opened at this interrogatory, when he beheld the figure of a stern-looking woman before him. She was a perfect giantess, and possessed but one great eye, the place for the other being covered by a large patch. Her right hand was concealed in the folds of her dress, while with her left she pointed sternly at her victim. Poor fellow! His tongue fairly clung to the roof of his mouth, so great was his fear; he could not utter a sentence.

The eye of the giantess blazed. She shook her finger warningly at Hans, and a single, terrible word floated from her lips:—

"Speak!"

"D-dear, goot Missus Khost," our hero stammered, but he could go no further. The form of the giantess fairly trembled with rage, and new fire flashed from that blazing eye. Now she suddenly raised her right hand from its concealment, when Hans, to his intense horror, discovered that it grasped an enormous iron hammer, which waved ominously over his little bullet head, while again floated from those terrible lips the inexorable word—

"Speak!"

Though he felt that his existence depended upon it, yet he could not do so. She waited in expectancy a moment, but still Hans' frozen lips refused their duty. Then she gave the hammer a preliminary swing, but Hans' limbs seemed palsied, and he could make no effort to escape. He could only gaze with mercy beseeching eyes upon his stony enemy. She paid no attention whatever. At last the mallet was drawn back—then it descended like a flash! Hans had seen it coming, and by an almost superhuman effort he jerked his head to one side.

Too late! The weapon fell in all its force upon the Dutchman's left ear. Half stunned by the blow he sprang to his feet.

A bewildering transformation seemed to take place. A light flashed before his eyes. It came from a candle, held in the woman's right hand, where the hammer had been just before! She took him by the ear with her disengaged hand, and led him off a meek captive. He passed through a doorway and up a flight of stairs; then he knew no more. He awoke in the morning—in his own bed!

Katrine, in telling the story next day, complained bitterly that when she came into the back kitchen and found Hans in a drunken sleep, he called her a "Ghost," and so she boxed his ears and sent him to bed.

Hans is tender on the subject of ghosts.

A MODEL JURY;

And How They Made Up Their Verdict.

We have heard something lately of the way in which juries wrangle about their verdict. Listen to a Devonshire story thereanent. A doctor in B—— had caused the death of an old woman in that town, through giving her wrong drugs. The facts of the case were notorious. However, when the trial came on, to the surprise of every one, he was acquitted. The jury were much laughed at for acquitting so notorious a culprit, and had actually to change their market town from B—— to another. Before quitting, one of them, to prove their regular and straightforward way in which they had acted, made a clean breast of it, and spake thus:—"I must tell 'ee furst, us was tuked and shut up in a dark rume, wi'out vire and cannle, no wittles and no drink, like so many dawgs—tell about Christian jurymen! Us had nothin' else to do, so us simmed us might all so well get to wurk about the business so sune as possible. So I was what they calls Vorman—'ee's the chap who has to tell the others what they'm to say, and to settle disputes, and keep things comfortable like; so I says, 'Gen'lemen, us must just get thro' thicky there 'y're business so sune as possible, and git to supper 'ome long. Do'e know what for us be come together?' 'Why, 'tis something about thicky doctor, isn't it?' 'Ees fy! 'tis a question whether us shall take and hang 'un or no; and us 'ad better go by most votes on the subject; so if so be you'll sit still I'll axe ye all round.' So I axes No. 1: 'What do you say, Mr. ——, Guilty or Not guilty?' 'Well, sir, you might ha' known before axin of me, that I don't care a dam either way, for it can't make no difference to me—hangin' he don't 'urt me.' 'Very true, sir,' says I; so I registers 'ee as Not guilty. 'What do you say, sir?' 'Well, sir, I says 'tis a case 'tu (two) lives agin one. You know Doctor ——, was our parish doctor, and it was only last Tuesday week he was on his rounds, and he comes and saves my ten (two) little children as was tuked mortal bad with small-pox, and now you axes me to hang 'un. Why, 'ee's only killed a auld weuman who must have died shortly in the course of nature, and saved my teu children against she; so I says Not guilty, sir.' 'Very well, sir,' says I; 'and I says No. 3, 'tis my 'pinion the auld woman deserved to die, for 'twas preuved that the very night before she died, her was a eatin' of rabbits and ontens; and if you or I had done that at twelve o'clock o'night, and gone to bed with one bellies full of such vittles as they, why us ought to die, if us didn't; so I says Not guilty.' 'Good,' says I; 'and what do you say, sir?' 'I should say none of your neck or nothing measures. Give'n a vartnight in the Debtor's Court—I've 'ad it there myself—and you'll find it bad enough for 'ee.' And so 'ee says Not guilty, and I turns to No. 5. 'I says,' says he, 'any person will naturally die who don't stick to Mr. 'Ohlowsy's pills and ointment, which cured poor Mrs. Maria Joby after forty years bexcrucciating hagony from the wind; and I never 'ard in how her case they, so I shall say Not guilty for he.' Well, next comes No. 6, and he says, 'I says Not guilty, for I took a hoath when I was a small boy behind a counter where there stood a cruked teapot, with a half-crown inside it, and I was accused and wopped for 'avin' pagged 'em, that should I ever see any person accused of stealin' anything else, I should always swear that he who was accused was falsely sworn against.' So I came to No. 7, and he says, 'Well, gentlemen, 'tis very pretty and very true, all you've bin saying; but you seem to me to have overlooked one fact, that if you 'ang 'ee you don't bring she to life, so I shall say leave both poor devils alone.' The next said, 'Take and hang 'im, for what I care,' and the others followed all; but, fortunately, us 'ad enough votes for to save his life, and that's how it was.'

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

New Version.—When's a door not a door? When it's "a shutter."

What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A nose.

Why do so many people in China travel on *foot*? Because there is only one Cochin China.

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? One has his bill of fare, and the other his fill of bear.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

What is the difference between a special constable and a superannuated constable? The former's sworn in and the latter's worn out.

Why is a man with a squint one of the greatest anomalies? Because he's a man who sees *as-cant*.

What town in Ireland reminds one of a candle just burning out?—Wick-low.

BREVITIES.

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

A marine plant—The beach of the sea.

A natural color—The grey of the evening.

The round of domestic life—A hoop skirt.

A woman of metal—A belle.

A fiery steed—Horse radish.

A light employment—Candle making.

Fresh pears—Newly married couples.

The hardships of the ocean—Iron-clads.

The spirit of the press—New cider.

Coats to make a spread—Petticoats.

The fear that is life to us—The atmosphere.

Legal Tender—The lawyer's sweetheart.

What all ships must be troubled with—A-tack of the bluest.

Starting a man in business—Kicking a merchant out of his own store.

Can the last attachment of a flirt be considered a newer ism (aneurism) of the heart?

Something for vaulters to remember—That one good turn deserves another.

Wheels like men are often tired, and very frequently from a kindred cause—going round so much.

The question is raised whether the grief of a mulatto can be considered yellow pine.

The object some wives have in blowing up their husbands is doubtless to have them come down.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Society is divided into two great classes; those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

A little wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

"Pray keep your seat," as the sportsman said to the rabbit.

If a toper and a gallon of whiskey were left together which would be drunk first?

"My fare is foul," as the boatman said when he was carrying some poultry to market.

One should eat to live, not live to eat.

Children say what they do, old people what they have done, and fools what they wish to do.

"I know!" is the language of a proud ignoramus; "I know not!" that of a fool; "I know that I know nothing!" that of a wise man.

Agesilaus was asked by what means a young man could acquire esteem and advance himself. "By learning," returned he, "to speak well and act still better."

Sound Advice.—Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just as sure as you do you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that anything is wrong, do it not until you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

Secret of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one; and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

A Hint to Parents.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

Think not that the time devoted to pastime is unproductive of good results; for, if well chosen, it proves a medium for exercising imaginative powers, diverting the mind, and often conveying deeper impressions of morality than a sound chapter of reading on such subjects would do.

The Five H's.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begins with H:—Heart, hope, home, happiness, and heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Willing to Oblige.—A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part."

Turned the Tables on Him.—Mrs. Yell lately cowhided Mr. Lay for not performing a promise to marry her. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him Yell.

A Candid Epitaph.—Tombstone inscriptions are generally accused of want of candor. The following lines, which are to be found on a stone in the churchyard of Dareuth near Dartford, in Kent, certainly do not err in that direction:—

"Oh, the liquor he did love, but never will no more,
For what he'd did turn his toe;
For on the 28th January, 1741, that fatal day,
The Debt he owed he then did pay."

Mrs. Siddons having occasion to call on Dr. Johnson, and his servant not immediately bringing her a chair, with the utmost politeness the Doctor observed, "You see, Madam, wherever you go how difficult it is to find seats."

Extenuating Circumstances.—A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of bed. His counsel admitted the charge, but said there were extenuating circumstances. "What are they?" asked the magistrate. "She persistently scratched his back with a currycomb?"

Experience.—I pressed her gentle form to me and whispered in her ear, "if, when I was far, far away, she'd drop for me a tear?" I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh, Ike, you're sich a fool!"

A Dear Bargain.—Quin was one day lamenting that he grew old, when a shallow, impertinent young fellow said to him, "What would you give to be as young as I am?" "By the powers," replied Quin, "I would even submit to be almost as foolish."

Pleasant View.—The Staffordshire, Eng., *Sentinel*, contains the following advertisement:—"Old Church, Hanley. To be let, or sold, a front pew under the organ gallery. Will seat seven persons, and commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

A Nasal Difficulty.—Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied the tragedian, "the bridge is gone."

Resignation.—An actor, on his benefit night, having a very limited audience, when he came to the often quoted passage, "'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it," heaved a deep sigh, and substituted for the last line, "We'll do more, Sempronius—we'll do without it."

Juvenile Sports.—Two little Sabbath school boys in Boston got very heated over a vexed question in their lesson, and startled the teacher, whose back was turned for a moment, with, "I tell ye it's Mary Magarine and not Magdalene," and one, thrusting his hand deep and desperately into his trousers pockets, sung out, "Now, what'll you bet?"

Wit.—During a recent debate in the Victoria Legislature a rather good thing was said by one of the members. An unfortunate loyal Liberal, whose education had been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the house, and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter; turning to his next friend, he asked anxiously, "Is that a hem or a hen?" "Oh!" replied his friend, "Call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

A Timely Caution.—A man recently ascended the column in the Place Vendome, Paris, for the purpose of committing suicide. As he was about taking the fatal step, a gendarme touched him on the shoulder and said—"My friend, be careful what you do. There is a fine of ten thousand francs for leaping from the top of this monument." The man walked down the spiral staircase, not having the means to indulge in such a luxury.

An Irish Certificate.—A young Irish servant girl, coming from Albany recently in one of the night steamers, had the ill luck to lose the recommendation which had been given her on leaving her last place. An Irishman learning the cause of her distress and being able to write, gave her the following, which she presented to a friend of ours:—"This is to say that katy o'brien had a good caractor when she left alberny but she lost it on board the vessel coming down from alberny."

Blowing on It.—A gentleman gave a friend some first rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his friend's want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. "But you said nothing of the first," remarked his host. "Oh," replied the guest, "the first spoke for itself, the second needed a trumpeter."

Mr. Charles Bannister.—The celebrated Charles Bannister was in the habit of receiving acceptances from the treasurer of the theatre when cash was low with him. Calling one morning for that purpose, he was accosted by the treasurer with—"Well, Charles, how are you?" To which he replied:—"So, so; I have no money, and have got the d——d rheumatism so bad it has deprived me of the use of my hand, and I want you to accept a bill." "If I would," said the treasurer, "you can't draw one." "No, why?" "You've lost the use of your hand." "True; but not my *right hand*."

A Canny Scot.—A pedlar in the Highlands having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. "Hoo muckle div ye want?" said she. "A pun' wi' do," said the pedlar. "I canna mak' ye a pun'," replied the woman; "I baens a pun' weight." "Weel, what weight hiv ye?" said the pedlar. "Twa pun'," said the woman. "And what is the weight?" said the man. "O, it's just the tangs." "What?" said he, "put me by in the scale, and the thither oot, and that'll be a pun'." The woman did so, as requested, but when it was weighed she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said, "It looks a muckle pur'." "O, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar, "how much is't?" "A saxpence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and departed rather hastily, lest the good woman might see her mistake.

Love and Discovery.—Josephine Gallmeyer is a charming German *soubrette*, and when starring at Hamburgh she attracted an enthusiastic young man whom she allowed to visit her salon. The acquaintance ripened until the eve of her departure, when the young man paid her another visit. She saw that something lay heavy on his heart. "What ails you, my friend?" she asked in the most encouraging tone, and the youth replied hesitatingly, "I wish to ask a favor, which you could easily grant me. Just wait a moment; I will hasten home and fetch the casket." The *soubrette* awaited his return in eager expectation. "He is so timid," she said to herself, "as not to venture to present a souvenir to me!" A few moments afterward her friend reentered the room. He held a very neat little box in his hand. "Look, miss Gallmeyer," he said, opening the lid, "these are the finest Bremen cigars. You have many distinguished acquaintances in Vienna. Please take these cigars as samples, and recommend them to the Vienna cavaliers. I am a cigar dealer, and will give you ten per cent. discount on all you sell."

THE RING.

THE RING AND ITS DETRACTORS.

IS BOXING A BRUTAL PRACTICE?

The stringent measures adopted by the law-makers of the different States for the suppression of the ring in this country render the subjoined remarks upon the subject, which we find in the latest number of *Bell's Life*, of interest, and we commend them to the careful perusal of those who may be prejudiced against the institution:—

"Sir Richard Mayne, not content with muzzling our dogs, both in and out of season—for his canine ukase still remains in full force—seems determined to adopt the like course towards all intending competitors for pugilistic honors, by having them bound over to keep the peace. His proceedings in the former case are shown, by the best medical testimony, to be admirably calculated to induce the very disease he aims at preventing; while, as regards the latter, his persistent interference, instead of effecting any commensurate benefit, will inevitably lead to the renewal of those treacherous and cowardly modes of revenge by the use of the *knife*, which have been openly condemned and feelingly deplored by the judges of the land. In these occasional fistic tournaments, *voluntarily* engaged in by men so trained that little actual harm seldom arises to either combatants, the authorities should consider whether the rules of fair play thereby inculcated are not of immense advantage in regulating those sudden differences which, in the school-room, the workshop, or wherever human beings congregate, will always occur, and which will not wait either magisterial or other arbitration. There exists in most countries a certain class of sages, or rather Cantwells, who would abolish all national sports (at least among their poorer countrymen), no matter how harmless they may be; and it behoves those who value the manly characteristics of Englishmen to set their faces against the present persecution of the professors of British boxing.

"At this juncture in the fortunes of the ring we cannot do better than quote from an early edition of *Fistiana*, the classbook of pugilism:—

"'These rules (Broughton's) laid the foundation for that manly bearing and fair play which offer so wide a contrast to the practices of barbarous ages, when every advantage was admissible where brute strength or accidental casualties placed a combatant in the power of his antagonist. It is to be lamented that even in modern times the inhuman practices of uncivilized periods have subsisted to a disgraceful extent, and hence we have heard of gouging—that is to say, forcing out the eye of an antagonist with the thumb or finger—purring, kicking a man with nailed shoes as he lies on the ground, striking him in the vital parts below the waistband, seizing him when on his knees, and administering punishment till life be extinct, and a variety of other savage expedients by which revenge or passion has been gratified; and it is remarkable that in those countries in which pugilism or prize fights have been least encouraged these horrors have been most frequent; we refer to Lancashire in particular, where even to this day that species of contest, called up-and-down fighting—that is, when a man is got down he is kept down and punished till incapable of motion—is permitted with impunity, unless indeed the death of the victim leads to the apprehension and trial of the survivor.'"

"The following extracts from a letter, headed 'Boxing Justified,' and written to the editor of the *Morning Post* by the late Barber Beaumont, Esq., a magistrate of Middlesex, we especially commend to the notice of our chief police commissioner and all other enemies of the P. R. The letter itself will be found *in extenso* in the above named edition of *Fistiana*:—

"'The effusions of humanity, which have from time to time effervesced in tirades against the practice of boxing, have lately overflown with vengeance. Two men are sentenced to the severest punishment of law, short of death, for being seconds to another man who had the misfortune to burst a blood-vessel by his own exertions in a boxing match! This is done, it is said, to put down the brutal practice of boxing. If by the sacrifice of two men the brutal practice of quarreling, fighting, and destroying could be extinguished, the good so procured would be an apology for the dreadfully severe sentence passed upon the poor men selected for an example. But no such absurd expectation is entertained; while human nature is constituted as it is, and ever has been, there will be fighting. The principle of contention cannot be eradicated from our nature; but it may be modified, and to do this is the triumph of civilization. Military discipline divests the conflicts of armed bodies of men of many of their horrors, and boxing divests their individual encounters of the ferocity and murderous terminations to which they naturally tend.

"'I boldly contend that boxing, so far from being a brutal practice, is the best corrective we know of for the brutal practices which flow out of private quarrels among the commonalty. It is not in the nature of man, nor ought he, to sit down tamely under injuries. To say that laboring men, like their betters, should always appeal to the laws when they quarrel is rank hypocrisy and an insult to common sense. They have neither time nor money to offer in sacrifices for the protection of our courts of law and equity, such as it is; they must settle the quarrels amongst themselves as well as they can, and out of this necessity have sprung up boxing and the laws of the Ring. I wish all laws had an equal portion of humanity and good sense in them. They inculcate a feeling of forbearance, of humanity and of self government, even while under the highest excitement to violence, which must elevate the character of all who share in it, and who regard it. All waylayings, all attacks by surprise, all cutting and stabbing, knocking out of brains, scooping out of eyes, jumping on a fallen antagonist, or burning him in his sleep, all secret assaults and unmanly advantages whatever, are abhorrent to fair boxing. To talk, therefore, about the brutal practice of boxing is to talk ignorantly and nonsensically. The discipline of the Ring restrains these practices. It divests combatants of their most savage means of vengeance, and saves many lives which would otherwise be sacrificed under the assaults of unbridled rage.

"'It is further objected that a boxing match draws together a vast number of thieves and blackguards. This is very true; and so does an execution, a lord mayor's show, a court day at St. James', and every interesting sight which is open to the public at large.

"'It cannot be denied, however, that boxing matches, being prescribed meetings, and unattended by any peace officers, are particularly favorable to the congregation of thieves and other ruffians. This defect of police keeps many respectable persons from such meetings who would otherwise gladly witness the exercises of the day. But lawless as these meetings are declared to be, and open as they are to the unrestrained operations of ruffians of every kind, it is remarkable that we seldom, if ever, hear of any riot taking place at any of them, or of any theft being committed beyond picking pockets. It is also remarkable that after hundreds of fighting men and their followers have traveled some score miles, and are assembled on the place of action, and the ring is formed, and their excitement is at the highest, they suffer themselves to be driven from the scene of their much loved amusement like a flock of sheep, at the bidding of some clerical or meddling magistrate. This shows an obedience to persons in authority which might hardly be expected under the circumstances, but is creditable to the parties yielding it. It seems to show that the lessons of patience under suffering, and command of temper and submission to authority, taught by the laws of the Ring, extend beyond it, and influence the habits and manners of the people connected with it in their general demeanor. It proves also that the cry against such meetings as being breaches of the peace is unfounded. It is evident, therefore, that boxing and the laws of the Ring impose a most valuable restraint upon the ebullitions of rage and the thirst for revenge amongst the lower orders, teaching them to possess their temper and self possession under suffering, to scorn unfair advantages, to defend themselves with firmness, and to exercise the virtues of forbearance and humanity towards a fallen foe, and that they are also an excellent preparative for making good sailors and soldiers. It is further evident that the anathemas and proscriptions which of late years have been leveled against the practice of boxing have tended to reduce it to disrespect and disgrace, and the same unjust and hypocritical means, if persevered in and unopposed, are likely to cast it into disuse.'"

JOHN C. HEENAN vs. MIKE McCOOLE.

THEIR PROPOSED MATCH—ANOTHER LETTER FROM FRANKLIN.

SHARP COMMENTS UPON McCOOLE'S COURSE.

The talk of a meeting upon the turf between Heenan and McCoole has not as yet entirely ceased, although the negotiations are apparently no nearer a satisfactory termination than they were when the subject was broached by the friends of the Man of Benicia. The New Yorker has not wavered in his repeatedly expressed resolve to adhere to the promise he made to his backer in Philadelphia, and the ridiculous provisions insisted upon by McCoole are seemingly all that stand in the way of a match being effected between the rival heavy weights. This is a matter of regret to the supporters of the ring, for, aside from the intense interest both here and in England, which a match between men so well known would occasion even in these days of suspicion and fraud, it would, if faithfully carried out, tend to place pugilistic matters upon a much better footing in the States. From the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, of the 19th inst., we clip the following concerning the affair:—

"After the Coburn-McCoole fiasco at Cold Springs, Ind., negotiations, as our readers are doubtless aware, were opened for a champion match between Heenan and McCoole. McCoole styled himself the Champion of America, but his claim to that distinction was disputed by Heenan, who proposed to fight him for $10,000 in the squared circle, anywhere in the States of Virginia, Maryland or Canada. The arrangement of the little affair was entrusted to the hands of John Franklin, of this city. Mr. Franklin, immediately after receiving his instructions, wrote a letter to McCoole stating that Heenan would make the match on the terms stated above. McCoole received the letter, and replied that although he had publicly stated in the ring at Cold Springs, Indiana, that he would never 'put up his hands again,' he would fight Mr. Heenan, provided the latter went to St. Louis to make the match. This letter was forwarded to Heenan, who replied that he would abide by any arrangements which Mr. Franklin chose to make. Again the self-styled champion of Canada, wrote to Mr. Franklin, stating that he was anxious to get on a match with Heenan, but that he was opposed to making the match at any other point than St. Louis. He gave as a reason that he had always been obliged to leave home to make matches, and did not propose to do so again. In reply to this, Mr. Franklin wrote the following:—

"Cincinnati, October 5, 1868.

"Mr. McCoole.—*Dear Sir.*—In reference to what you think equitable in your last communication, I will simply state that old Bill Davis went from New York to St. Louis to fight you; Jones came from Charleston, South Carolina, to this place "hunting a job," as he styled it, and you know that your last opponent lives in New York, which is more than double the distance from here to St. Louis. If you accept of the terms herein stated below, let me know at once, and I will go to St. Louis and put up the forfeit. If not, there is no use sending any more letters or newspaper communications to me, as I am acting for Mr. Heenan, and consequently can do nothing in the matter. If you wish to write to Mr. Heenan, a letter will reach him directed to the Clipper office. (Signed) John Franklin."

GOOD FIGHT FOR A SMALL STAKE.

One of the finest and best conducted fights upon record was brought off in the Birmingham district, England, on the 6th instant, between Yellow and Maley for £10. The affair had been kept snug for the best of reasons, consequently no molestation was experienced. Both are well known, having performed creditably. Yellow, who is 24 years of age, 5 feet 3½ inches high, opened his campaign very favorably with the defeat of Jack Roberts, Mick Foley and several other aspirants, causing him to be looked upon as a first class performer. The spell, however, was broken in the Bristol ring by Young Fisher, who stood some 5 inches or 6 inches over him, and since then he has come off "second best" with J. Johnson (Matchett) and Barney Mullady, of Birmingham. Mick Maley, who is a year older, and stands 1½ inches over Yellow, also started well, placing a couple of victories to his credit over Cregan and Young Cutler (a former opponent of Tom Lane, Jr.), but in his subsequent matches with E. Tierney and Mick McCabe (a most accomplished representative of the science, I know), he had decidedly the "wrong end of the stick." The spot was a well selected one, by recent experience, reached somewhat later than usual, it being 8.20 when the lads were stripped and stood up for business; five to four freely offered on Maley. Yellow looked the heavier, being much more stiffly built, while Maley had a point in height and length of reach; he was the first to attempt hostilities on the body, but was out of range, Yellow replying on the mouth and chest, when they broke away sparring, neither showing any marked inclination to assume the offensive. At length they got together, and delivered on the dial, Maley also on the body, when they closed, and some good ding-dong work resulted in the pair grassing together. Very long sparring ensued, both studying points and "taking stock." Yellow at length made a rush, and got home on the left eye, but was countered on the right cheek. They now got together, and some rapid exchanges on the dial and body resulted in Maley coming to grief, Yellow over him. In the succeeding round, after a couple of "long" investments, Maley swung his right weapon round, and planted a stinger on Yellow's left ear, from which the blood trickled down, and first event was claimed for Mick. A lively rally ensued, Maley landing well on the nose and chest, Yellow replying on the left eye, which brought them to close quarters, and a rattling dose of ding-dong work resulted in their rolling over together. Both rushed to work, and some sharp fighting followed, each beat on belaboring, and eventually they closed and grassed, Yellow being under in the fall. In the sixth bout Yellow got home twice on the right eye, which blinked again, and after some smart exchanges bored his man down, from this point gradually but surely obtaining the lead. The seventh meeting was a long and unsatisfactory one, sparring being the order, till, goaded on by their respective partisans, they dashed in on the face, and some rapid punching followed to a close, when Yellow had the best of the throw. In the ninth Yellow invested more sharply than pleasantly on the left ear, which at once swelled. Maley, in retreating, slipping, and nearly receiving a telling upper-cut, which, however "did not come off." Maley recovering himself, renewed the round, and after closing and half-arm work both came to grief side by side. Neither looked over handsome, the process of ornamentation going steadily on. The eleventh round was similar to the ninth, Maley again nearly losing his footing, but recovering himself only to be bored down. Yellow persisted in his attentions to Maley's left ear, which assumed ungainly proportions. A rattling finish, both down. From this point the battle was nearly all one way, Yellow holding trumps, and gradually fighting his man out, Maley falling away weak, and although trying bravely to "restore the ancient order of things," he had to succumb, after contending thirty-five rounds in 1h. 41 min. Both punished about the face, Maley's left ear a "caution."

BASE BALL.

BALL PLAYERS vs CRICKETERS.

On the 20th inst., at the St. George Cricket Ground, Hudson City, N. J., the English cricketers made their third appearance in a game of base ball. Their opponents were the Union Club of Morrisania, and the novel character of the contest drew together some two thousand spectators. No doubt if the game had taken place on the Union or Capitoline Grounds, which are more easy of access than the cricket field at Hudson City, the number of spectators would have been doubled. The weather was not by any means propitious, rain threatening all the afternoon, and deterring a great many from attending. The Unions were not fully represented, Martin and Smith being the absentees; and in order to still further equalize the contest Wright was sent in to pitch, it being calculated that Pabor's swift delivery would be too much for the cricketers to master. Smith opened play for the cricketers by a clean hit to the left field, which gave him a home run, and caused considerable enthusiasm. Rowbotham was not so lucky, as he hit a foul to Goldie's neighborhood, which John captured; Willsher hit an easy one to Wright, who threw it to Goldie; Tarrant made his base on a pretty grounder, but was left at third, as Lillywhite gave Austin a chance to throw him out at first base. The Unions found no difficulty in hitting Rowbotham, and, aided by several misplays on the infield and the apparent inability of the outfielders to judge accurately the fly-balls that were sent to them, made six runs. The outs were Austin on a fine throw of Lillywhite's from third to first base; Bellan on a neatly taken foul fly by Smith, who exhibited all the judgment and expertness of a Jewett behind the bat; and Goldie and Lillywhite and Willsher. In the second innings Shaw and Charlwood scored, the latter being helped round by a fine hit of Smith's, who was left on his second base by Rowbotham, being third out on a foul. The Unions added seven more to their totals on their turn at the bat, leaving the score 13 to 3. The third innings resulted in a blank for the cricketers and one run for the Unions, fielding being very sharp on both sides. In the fourth innings the cricketers made five runs on good hits, Willsher hitting clean for a "homer." The Unions followed this up for a similar number, Pabor hitting the ball clean over the fence at right field, and making a home run. The score now stood 19 to 8 in favor of the Unions, with a better look for the Britishers. In the next four innings they scored 11 runs while the Unions made but 9. In the last innings, however, the Unions batted heavily for 12 runs, which made the score quite one-sided and destroyed most of the interest in the game.

The most noticeable feature of the contest was the catching of Smith and the fielding of Shaw, Tarrant and Willsher. The latter put out fifteen at first base, and created considerable amusement by his ludicrous attempts to capture the foul balls that came his way. The out-fielding was very weak, and Charlwood, Freeman and Jupp missed many chances to make catches, being rather slow in their movements. Pabor's fly fielding was the best we have seen this season—four flies being to his credit, one of which was a very difficult running catch. Goldie at first, Austin at second, and Bellan at short, excelled on the in-field. Birdsall was, as usual, very effective behind the bat, and excited a great many complimentary remarks from the cricketers on his expertness, and particularly for standing so close to the bat.

The great disadvantage under which the cricketers labored seemed to be a knowledge of the points of the game. Their batting was good and their in-fielding remarkably fine. In throwing to bases, particularly from third to first, sufficient time was not taken, and the ball was apt to be thrown low, as if intended for the wicket. With these exceptions, they exhibited considerable knowledge of our National Game, and as they entered into it as though they liked the sport, no doubt in time they would become very expert at it.

The score of the game is appended:—

Cricketers.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	Union.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Smith, c	1	3	2	3	Goldie, 1st b	5	3	0	2
Rowbotham, p	5	1	0	2	Austin, 2d b	3	4	2	0
Willsher, 1st b	5	3	0	0	Walker, l f	4	3	1	1
Tarrant, 2d b	2	3	0	1	Pabor, c f	3	4	1	4
Lillywhite, 3d b	5	1	0	0	Wright, p	3	5	0	0
Shaw, s s	1	5	1	1	Birdsall, c	2	4	2	2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

N. C. Forrester,	Harry Mortimer,	D. Harkins,
Harry St. Leon,	Wm. H. Allen,	Geo. Carson,
Johnny Masters (2),	Harry Seymour,	S. D. Persse,
Robert Johnson (2),	C. Ames,	Frank Girard,
Fred. Berger,	B. H. G.,	Pete Lee,
John E. Murray,	Jerry Hopper,	Warren Richards (2),
A. A. Mollon,	C. Amory Bruce,	Fatty Stewart,
Edwin Booth,	Johnny Smith,	D. O. Hunter,
N. D. Roberts,	Harry Crisp,	J. A. Grover,
J. Somers,	Wm. Rolland,	Frank Converse,
C. P. Sherman,	D. B. Cary,	J. Lew King,
Harry Stone,	T. H. Jefferson,	Hiram J. Leech,
James W. Wilson,	Neil Rogers,	Hubbard Cook,
George Herrick,	Albert Enos,	Louis Henderson,
Charley St. Clair,	Chas. Slocum,	Stephen Massett,
J. H. Carter,	John K. Power,	Harry Moreland,
Frank Barry,	Harry C. Andrews,	J. H. Richmond,
Johnny Pendy,	Chas. Gleason,	John Denier,
A. F. Aymar, 43 cts.,	Geo. Gaston,	Frank Newhall,
John McVeigh,	Ned West,	Frank Ewens,
M. E. M. (2),	A. Glassford,	Ed. Morley,
Ben Cotton,	Alf Burnett,	Edwin Adams,
Chas. Kidder (2),	John Stackhouse (2),	John Overton,
Hughey Dougherty,	J. J. Showles,	H. T. Mudge,
C. W.,	Frank Kelch,	Willis Cobb,
Louis Workbon,	Fred MacEvoy,	J. W. Carner,
Low Gaylord,	Fanny Gilmore,	Nellie Jarvis,
Pauline Cushman,	Hannah Birch,	Helen De Vere,
Joan Atkinson,	Anna Sheppard,	Lillie Eldridge,
Laura Keene,	Lizzie Lauderback,	Lena Prentiss,
Mrs. Geo. Gray,	Mrs. James Conner,	Lizzie M. Clark,
Mrs. Robert Johnston,	Matilda Heron,	Fanny Herring,
Virginia Buchanan,	Jennie Gourley,	Alice Raymond,
Fannie Melmer,	Josie Booth (2),	Frances Viola,
Maggie Willett,	Jane Benerman,	Kate Raymond.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 26th, '68.

AS ELECTION DAY approaches, things theatric, dramatic and operatic begin to feel the effects of the intense excitement pervading all classes of the community; for, notwithstanding that many experienced politicians look upon Grant's election as a foregone conclusion, there are thousands who look upon Seymour's election to Presidential honors as not only possible, but probable. It is this feeling, intensified in the metropolis by the stirring canvass for Governor, that absorbs general attention, and throws everything else in the back ground. One week from to-morrow will decide the eventful question, and be the result what it may, the country will again resume its peaceful pursuits, and political issues will be set aside for another twelvemonth. With the cessation of hostilities, it is but fair to suppose that amusements everywhere will exhibit a more prosperous front, for the people will have their recreations when their time is not taken up by exciting political questions, such as always attend a great Presidential contest. All we have to say touching the candidates for the White House is "a fair field, and may the best man win."......And, speaking of chances for success, there is an old saw which says that a "miss is as good as a mile." We happened to make allusion to this, a few evenings since, in the midst of a bevy of pretty girls. "I can *see* that *saw*," says one of them, of rather fast proclivities, "and go one better, for a Miss is much better than a mile—she is good for a *league* sometimes." "A *union* league," we ventured to remark, but they gave us the cold shoulder, and turned up their darling little pug noses, as if they had heard enough......But girls were ever thus—call them pet names, and they are all love and affection, perhaps; but don't ridicule the Union. And while remarking on pet names, we may be pardoned for offering a few innocent rhymes on

THEATRICAL NICKNAMES

It's a passion we've got when old stage dodges flag,
And the usual attractions in drawing folks lag,
By nicknaming actresses, bad times to rout,
And thus newly labelled to trot our pets out.

One, who answers in size to Queen Mab, with an eye
Full of laughter and mischief, we call Firefly;
While another, whose soul teems with innocent mirth,
We salute as The Cricket—that joy of the hearth.

But where Lotta rightly her nickname usurps,
And like any cricket our fair Mitchell chirps,
There are plenty we know who more justly had fared
If to objects less graceful and sightly compared.

Some singers who strain mortal lungs to outdo,
Might borrow a name from the loud Kookatoo;
While others, whose light was not born to be hid,
In shrilliness outrival the sharp Katydid.

Some buzz like Mos-quitoes, and some ape the Owl,
Some caw like the Crow, some like tame Peccock's howl,
And some are like Parrots, or noisy Macaws,
Who think by loud noises to bring down applause.

One whose accent is most unmistakably Dutch
A foul Turkey-buzzard resembles o'er much.
While another reminds one of nothing, we vow,
So much as a meek, superannuate Cow.

The Bullfrog his counterpart frequently finds
In the *ballet*, whose features are legs and not minds:
And some for their model, sensation to make,
The frisky, and wide-stretching Grasshopper take.

There's Mam'selle De-Saut, of the lips ruddy ripe,
Who stands on one leg like a posturing Snipe;
And Miss Le Paseul, who, her fame to maintain,
Teeters down to the lights like a balancing Crane.

Every bird in the air, every beast in the field,
Every insect that crawls, striking likeness doth yield
In tone, look, or gesture, to some gifted human,
From the Lark and the Thrush to the Sloth and Ichneumon.

And so in life's daily transactions, we find
Some who thus, by their oddities, others remind
Of Spiders and Hornets, of birds with long bills,
And the Scorpion, who bites not, but with his *tail* kills.

......But man's inhumanity to woman makes a great deal of trouble and discontent. Listen:—The crimson, tented twilight was stealing over the classic plains of New Jersey, as a woman, struggling under a painful state of mental excitement and a coal scuttle sun bonnet, rushed frantically down one of the piers that jut out into the harbor of New York. At the head of this pier stood a youth clad in the garb of a sailor. He was a handsome chap; his hair was red; he wore a graceful canvas patch on the stern of his trowsers, and carried a massive quid of tobacco on the starboard side of his manly mug.

"Hen-ery, me own!" exclaimed the female, laying her head caressingly upon the shirt collar of the young mariner.

"Mariar, sweetest!" murmured he, inserting his head affectionately into the sun-bonnet.

"Then you still love me, Hen-ery, and will avenge me wrongs," cried Maria, wiping her mouth on her sleeve.

"Shiver me tarry lee-scuppers if I don't!" exclaimed the youth, fervently. "But tell me the story of your woe, sweet lady! and show me the ornery cuss that wrongest you."

"Twas to rehearse me tale, and point out the cruel willian, that I met you here," said the female, passionately. "Dost see yonder schooner floating idly on the salt sea foam?"

"I dost!" remarked Henry, "you mean that craft with the double-reefed stove-pipe, and the binnicle at her foremost-head?"

"Yes, curse her, yes!" she screamed wildly; then, sinking her voice to a hoarse whisper, she added, "the base born hound who commands yonder vessel owes me eighty-four cents for washing, and, by the gods! he must pay or die!—*do you hear me Hen-ery? pay or die!*"

"I do!" yelled the youth savagely, "stamps or blood! ha! ha! ha! stamps or blood!" and drawing an axe-handle from his boot leg he sprang into the raging tide and swam boldly for the schooner.

The lady took some vermifuge from a black bottle, concealed in her robe, and seated herself on a pile of oyster-shells to watch the progress of her daring lover. The young mariner was a swimmist of rare ability, so he soon reached the vessel's side, and, seizing the fore cross-trees, swung himself on deck.

"Might I be so bould as to ax what the blazes ye want?" asked the skipper, who was an Italian named Finnigan.

"Stamps or blood!" gasped the dripping sailor, flourishing his axe handle, and squirting a quart of salt water into the eye of his interrogator.

"Take that then, ye thavin' bla-gard!" yelled Finnigan, and [illegible] our hero a terrific smack on the [illegible], that busted his head like an egg-shell, and rolled his lifeless body through the port hawse-hole into the briny deep. A fiendish laugh burst from the lips of the murderer; but his triumph was short! The dark waters of the deep blue sea had scarcely covered its victim, when a steam pile-driver, on a trial trip, ran into the schooner with fearful force, and in an instant she went to the [illegible], engulfing all hands, together with the African hash[illegible] a pair of mules. Who can picture the heart-rending grief of the wretched Maria—*we* can't, you bet! She wandered sadly up the [illegible] with a tear-suffused face and an empty bottle. *Moral.*—Always pay your wash bills.

Note.—Any one having a Dictionary of nautical terms they would like to trade [illegible] game rooster can hear of a chance by applying at this office. [illegible] S.—We reserve the right of translation and dramatisation of this great life story......Some women are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them; some have "No Name," as [illegible] Collins would say, while a few have no end to the list of n[illegible] by which careful parents design to distinguish them from th[illegible]mon herd. Now there [illegible] was—but in verse we had better tell y[illegible] about

HER NAME.

"Tell me, fair one, tell to me"—
Thus we spake one summer night,—
What your pretty name can be—
Tell me, tell me, honor bright!
I have seen thee, to and fro,
Every evening just the same,
On the Broadway sidewalk go,
And I long to know thy name."

Back she started, with surprise,
Breathed a gentle, little sigh,
Then upturned her lovely eyes,
And to us she made reply:
While adown we bent our head,
To catch her voice's lowest tones,
"Anastasia Seraphina
Jane Matilda Nancy Jones."

......"Our Jim" never neglects an opportunity to display his imbecility and ignorance, greatly to our mortification and disgust. He has a very bad habit of edging into the sanctum when he is not wanted, and just as sure as we are engaged in earnest conversation with distinguished men, on important matters of State or the best houses on the free lunch route, just so sure is Jim to worm himself in, and take part in the discussion. While thus surreptitiously eaves-dropping the other day, he was astounded to hear one of our visitors remark that the house of Tudor was for a long time the royal house of England. And then he vented himself in this profound opinion, taken down by a short-hand reporter who happened to be on the spot:—"I think they must have been pretty mean old skunks in them days, for no matter how short they was in the early ages, I think they might have raised enough stamps to put more than *two doors* in the royal mansion!" On another occasion—for he *will* enter the sanctum when there's company present—two Native American German actors had a friendly discussion about some professional point, when Jim closed in upon them in his underhanded way. One of them is named Jake and the other William. Jim, in recounting the scene to us after the parties had gone, says that the latter steadily maintained that "his name was Wilhelm, not he was *Shake's* peer!" Jim asserts that the Dutch fool meant to say Snake's beer, but thinks he was too full of the dram-ch? to know what he was saying. Jim omitted to tell us, however, that he insulted the gentlemen by informing them in no very delicate language that "the boss didn't allow Dutchmen to shake for beer in *his* office, and they'd better git!" Such are among the annoyances we are compelled to submit to through the stupidity of one who, from the example constantly before him, should know and act better. Why it is only a short time since that Sir Berkely Berkerson called upon us, having just arrived from England. His Lordship prides himself upon the possession of a magnificent pair of whiskers, of an auburn hue. Jim saw these immaculate whiskers, and, knowing the gentleman to be a fresh arrival, took it for granted that he was green on certain peculiarities touching the dark side of our [illegible] whiskered population, so what does he do, in his simplicity—though the act was well meant—but go up to His Lordship, and say:—"Mister, I'll tell you how to get rid of them air red whiskers—kill em!" He meant to say dye em!......But it costs something for hair now-a-days, be it red, yellow, or black, for the female folk decorate themselves with it in every style, and to be without a good head of hair is to be without the pale of civilization. Lines indicative of

WHAT IT COST.

We sat beneath a spreading tree,
Out of the sun's warm glare,
And we admired, caressingly,
Her rich, abundant hair—
That, gathered behind in a pile imposing,
Threatened to keep her eyes from closing.

"What taste, what skill is shown," we said,
In admiration lost;
"And the nice arrangement of curl and braid
Much labor must have cost."
"It cost," she said, with an absent air,
"Just fifty dollars for the whole back hair!"

......Even in this instance "Jim," who is a person of poor head dress, must put in his oar by stating for the benefit of the impecunious classes of fashionable society, that "the *best* place to git hair fresh and cheap is a Camanche's *wig*-wam!"

WEDNESDAY EVENING of last week was one of those nights that try managers' temper, for not one place of amusement in the city had anything like a house full; some of them, in fact, had not one third of a house, and the auditoriums presented a dreary waste, while the few courageous persons present looked cold and cheerless, very much in keeping with "all out doors," for the weather was of that wetty sort which gives one the blues. The weather, for the balance of the week, was not a success.

HARRY PALMER, one of the lessees of Niblo's Garden, sprained his foot while coming out of A. T. Stewart's store on the 22d inst., and was obliged to use a crutch on the 24th.

LESLIE AND RAYNOR, the Ethiopian comedians, lately returned from California, and who appeared with the Frisco Minstrels the past week, join Kelly and Leon's Minstrels on Nov. 2d.

LEOTARD, a gymnast of considerable reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, makes his *debut* in this country at the Academy of Music on the 29th inst., when he will appear in his three flying trapeze act. Previous to his performance a dramatic company consisting of Charles Peters, M. W. Fiske, Steve W. Ashley, W. J. Connor, A. Glassford, Mrs. Eldridge and Lillie Eldridge, will appear in the farce of "Governor's Wife." Leonard Grover and Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett are interested in the management.

MILLIE SACKETT, a clever actress and pleasing vocalist, opens at the Olympic this evening as Burlesque in "Humpty Dumpty." For the first time since its production—over seven months ago—"Humpty" met with a slight fall the past week, but no bones were broken, as he recovered from the accident after three nights careful nursing, when he reappeared as lively as ever. The three disagreeable evenings we had the past week told heavily upon the different treasurers' returns, but the management of the Olympic cannot but be satisfied with the business since done, should it continue.

JAMES TAYLOR reappeared in this city on Oct. 19th, in the small hall of Ferrero's new building, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eight street. This hall is reached by four steps descending from the street, leading to a vestibule, about eight feet wide, with ticket offices at each end, and the entrance door directly in the centre. At the extreme end of the hall is a stage about fifteen feet deep and twenty in width, with an entrance on the right and left and in the centre. At the other end of the hall and directly over the entrance door is a small gallery capable of seating about 250 persons, while the main floor will seat about 600 persons. The chairs are cane seats, and are removable in case of the room being used for balls. The hall, which is plainly fitted up, is a neat affair, but its acoustics are not good. Mr. Taylor was welcomed by a fair audience, who applauded his every appearance and each act was deservedly *encored*. He appeared as the Nurse and Crying Child, the Schoolmaster and his Pupil, the humors of a London Assize Court, Yorkshire Sam, Dismal Doleful, Sarah Walker, and Simple Simon, all of which were given in a truly laughable and artistic manner, equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind ever before seen or heard in this country. Mr. Taylor is in every sense of the word a comic vocalist, possessing a varied facial expression and a power of distorting his features seldom witnessed in any performer. His Yorkshire Sam, a specimen of a jolly old English farmer, is a capital piece of comic acting and the make up is excellent. He was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, two very pleasing vocalists. Charles E. Collins appeared in the act called "The Cure," and in an Irish song and dance. Business was only fair during the week. He continues there for the present.

MESSRS. PALMER AND JARRETT, who appear to take the lead in the management of show affairs in this city, and who already have a lease of Niblo's Garden and the direction of Leotard, have secured a lease of the new Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth street, for the purpose of opening it on an extensive scale as a music hall, on the same plan as the Alhambra, London. We are informed that they have secured a lease of the entire building, excepting that portion used by Bryants' Minstrels, and preparations will shortly be commenced for fitting up the large hall for exhibition purposes. At present there is a stage at one end of it, also a gallery. A good stock of scenery will be placed on the stage, and the auditorium will be fitted up in a magnificent style. It is intended to have small tables, capable of seating four persons each, distributed about the room, with reserved seats in front; 25 cents will be the general admission, with extra charge for reserved seats. It is the intention of the managers to carry out in every particular the London Music Hall style. Parties can witness the performance and enjoy a drink and a cigar at the same time. Every kind of an entertainment will be included in the programme, consisting of one of the largest *ballet* troupes seen in this country, gymnastic and acrobatic performances, grand *ballet*, operatic selections and specialties of every description, including a large orchestra. Messrs. Palmer & Jarrett, who have had considerable experience in show business in this country, have visited England several times, and, with their knowledge of what ought to suit the American public, together with having seen how the thing is done in London, they are the parties to introduce the kind of entertainment here. Mr. Jarrett sailed for England a few weeks since to secure talent.

"Lucrezia Borgia," which is now in the seventh and last week of its production by the Bryant Minstrels, will be succeeded on Nov. 2d by a burlesque on "La Sonnambula," which has been in preparation for some time, and will be presented in the same excellent style as marked the production of "Lucrezia Borgia," with new scenery, costumes and a carefully selected cast. Like all places of amusement in this city there has been a slight falling off in the attendance the past two weeks; however, they are playing to a paying business.

EDWIN FORREST is in the third week of his present engagement at Niblo's Garden. On October 19 and 20 he appeared in "Virginus," followed on the 21st and 22d by "Othello," and 23d "Richard the Third," Matilda Heron finishing up the week with her impersonation of "Camille" on the 24th. Mr. Forrest's Othello was a most excellent performance. It is a character eminently calculated to display the talents of any actor, requiring, as it does, the strongest efforts of the histrionic art to support it with propriety. Mr. Forrest's figure and appearance qualify him for the representative of the Moor. His speech to the "Most potent, grave, and reverend signors," was delivered with colloquial ease, blended with dignity. His meeting with Desdemona at Cypress was tender and feeling. The third act is the touchstone of the performer. In the first scene, in which Desdemona sues for Cassio's place, Mr. Forrest displayed the ardency of his love in his open and endearing manners. With how ardent and energetic a strain did he express the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he burst out with wild earnestness:—

"Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! etc."

The concluding part of this act is one of the best in the whole piece, for here the boundless confidence and rapturous love of Othello, are changed to jealousy the most violent, and revenge of the most obdurate kind, and suffice it to say Mr. Forrest satisfied the most critical in his acting. In the fifth act he was great, parts of which were inimitable; as a whole, we do not know that we have ever seen it surpassed. Mr. F. was well supported by George Clarke as Iago, Frank Mordaunt as Cassio, and Mad. Ponisi as Emelia, the latter's performance being full of most excellent qualities. Mr. Clarke is quite a young man, and though slight his figure is good. His conception of the character of Iago was satisfactory, although not the one usually given to the personification of the villain. In the great scene in the third act he displayed qualities which indicated talent of high order. But in his scenes with Desdemona, where he feigns sympathy, his tone was one that would have deceived no one, indicating too openly that it was assumed. Many of his other scenes are deserving of praise. At present Mr. Clarke is too quick, too impetuous; he has soul, inspiration and earnestness, and possesses the elements of becoming, by hard study, a good actor, if he will not be led away by the applause of his friends and a belief that he has already reached the pinnacle of fame. This week Mr. Forrest appears as Jack Cade.

MRS. D. BOWERS and J. C. McCollam returned from California on October 22d.

SICK.—William Smith, favorably known by the minstrel profession as the champion bone player, is at present confined to his bed with pleurisy, and has been so for several weeks. Some time since Mr. Smith was obliged to undergo the exceedingly painful operation of having a bone taken out of his right arm—which had been paralyzed—in order to save amputation. Since then he has constantly suffered pain, and although he has been compelled to give up his profession, he has managed to keep up and about, having charge of the front door of Tony Pastor's Opera House, until a few weeks since, when pleurisy drove him from his post and he is now helpless. Tony Pastor has sent half of his salary to him since his sickness, but he needs something more than this. About a year ago, a benefit was gotten up for him at Butler's Variety Place, on Broadway, but what he realized from that went for Doctor's bills at the time. It is now proposed to get up a benefit for him, one that will be a benefit indeed. Tony Pastor will give the use of his house any afternoon, and a most attractive entertainment could be gotten up for him if his friends will take the matter in hand.

"THE CHINESE FESTIVAL," produced the past week at the New York Circus with so much success, will continue the concluding part of the evening's amusement for the current week. It has been very well put in the ring, with a number of auxiliaries, including a *corps de ballet* of twelve ladies. Burnell Runnells is the high-cockalorum, and perched upon his throne he witnesses the sports of the long tail Celestials who go through divers performances, such as forming pyramids of four, six and ten persons, [illegible] standing upon bottles, the Spanish tranca, the double ladder, tumbling, etc. Charley Shay, who joined the forces last wee[illegible], appeared with his trick dog Fanny, who goes through some a[illegible]tonishing tricks. In the Chinese Festival Mr. Shay appeared i[illegible], balancing a plate on the handle of the throwing a dagg[illegible] sharp point rested upon his chin, and many dagger while the [illegible] as pleasing feats. The performance of the other difficult as w[illegible] on the horizontal bar is one of the best the Levantine Broth[illegible] Wednesday evening, when the weather we ever saw. Excepti[illegible] building was crowded each evening, also was quite stormy, the [illegible] Wednesday afternoon [illegible]

THE GRAND DUTCH [illegible] was revived the past week by Kelly [illegible] Minstrels, to a s[illegible] succession of fair houses. In the first [illegible] Davies and J. C. Ca[illegible] occupy the ends. In the Olio [illegible] Brothers—who join[illegible] the company two weeks ago—[illegible] in a sentimental song and dance, and were *encored* [illegible] times each evening. They are from their great [illegible] their appearance is enough [illegible] the Giant Clogist[illegible] which they are very clever [illegible] in addition to [illegible] received each evening. One of [illegible] been well rec[illegible] the past week was the [illegible] Edwin Kelly and R. [illegible], and done as well as [illegible] Bowery actors; to [illegible] small piece of soap in [illegible] they fight in a deter[illegible] will shortly give [illegible] & part the C[illegible] appeared two or three height called t[illegible] to create laughter, performers, and have [illegible] the most pleasing acts pe[illegible] quadruple broad sword combat [illegible] Davies, received with shouts of [illegible] we ever saw it by the most exper[illegible] heighten the effect, the fightists place a s[illegible] their mouths, and frothing at the mouth [illegible] mined manner.

MR. STEPHAN MASSETT is in this city, and his "Sixty Minutes in China and Japan."

THE WORRELL SISTERS have, we are pleased [illegible] obtained possession of their bijou theatre, Mi[illegible] ing suddenly disappeared from the establishment [illegible] 13, leaving in charge his book-keeper, who had been [illegible] door-keeper, who, in turn, became *non est* after the [illegible] on October 17. The manager, at the time of his dis[illegible] was, we are told, in arrears to the company for salary. On the morning of October 19, the com[illegible] charge, agreeing to play on the commonwealth prin[illegible] Harry Watkins as manager. A performance was gi[illegible] 19th and 20th to a slim attendance. The house was [illegible] the evening of the 21st, but no performance was giv[illegible] company had become tired of playing for nothing. D[illegible] past two weeks the local piece of "Out of the Streets" [illegible] the attraction, but the attendance was very light.

LINGARD, with his specialties, W. H. Hilton in his [illegible]quialisms, and the Susan Galton English Opera Bouffe [illegible], continue the attractions at the Theatre Comique, wher[illegible] seen large and appreciative audiences each evening.

THE "LANCASHIRE LASS" is to be produced at Wallack's [illegible]tre this evening.

BRUTAL.—It is pretty well known to the profession th[illegible] of those connected with the circus business who take ap[illegible] to teach them to ride and do circus business [illegible] resort to considerable lashing of said apprentices in [illegible] make them proficient. We have been eye witness[illegible] the tutor has given some poor apprentices a good cutt[illegible] a knotted rope, raising huge lumps upon their bodi[illegible] otherwise maltreating them. No matter how ha[illegible] apprentices strive to do what they are bid, if they make the slightest balk, away goes the lash of a whip or a rope's end at their fragile limbs. About two years ago we were obliged, owing to his brutal treatment, to give a certain popular performer a sharp talking to for abusing his children. He is a powerfully built man, with two children, his own—whom he postures. He opened an engagement at the New Theatre Comique with his boys, who are very smart and exceedingly hard working children, about fourteen and sixteen years respectively. During their posturing one of the boys happened to make a slight mistake, and notwithstanding the performance was enthusiastically applauded and the children called out, the father actually kicked one of the boys as he was leaving the ring, which was noticed by many of the audience. Not satisfied with this, he beat him so outrageously in the dressing room that blood oozed from his nose and mouth, saturating his clothes, and the screams of the child brought to his rescue several of the company, who threatened the brute of a father with bodily injury if he dared to punish them again in such a manner in their hearing. We ventilated the affair at the time, and it had the effect of staying his ill treatment for the time being, only; for we learn from members of the Circus Company with whom he has traveled this season that on several occasions he has abused them in a shameful manner. He has reappeared in this city, and has again resumed his inhuman punishment, such as putting their heads in a bucket of water and holding them there until they can scarcely breathe, and then kicking them with his big feet, and actually picking them up and throwing them against the side of the room, and otherwise ill treating them. It seems almost incredible to believe that any so called man, and he a father, could descend so low as to so abuse his children; but what we have stated is true, and not in the least colored. We write this hoping it will have the effect of staying him in his treatment, for he has got two of the smartest boys in the profession, who are wholly undeserving of such inhuman treatment. If the father continues in his course, we shall be compelled to speak a little plainer. We trust, however, that there will be no farther cause of complaint.

MANAGER GRAU reopened the French Theatre on Thursday evening, Oct. 22d, bringing up his reserves, and opening a heavy fire with his new Armstrong, "Genevieve de Brabant," officered by Desclauzas, Fontanel, etc. Grau seems to have undressed "Genevieve" to suit the popular taste; and the *Tribune*, in its delight over the physical charms there brought to view, gives the performance this first rate puff, without money and without price:—

"Mr. Grau has distinguished himself by producing at the French Theatre the most revolting mass of filth that was ever shown on the boards of a reputable place of amusement in this city. The new opera is dirty without any excuse or qualification, and the dirt is not gilded with wit, nor enriched with sensuous charms; it is merely brutal—the sickening horrors of the bagnio, without the gayety or the gilding. Out upon the insolence which offers such beastly exhibitions to a decent community! Shame upon the spectators who can tolerate such an insult to their good fame! 'Genevieve' is not merely indecent, but it grovels in a low depth, even below decency. No lady can look at it twice without sacrificing her reputation, and no respectable person can look at it at all without feeling degraded by the spectacle."

Now, we hope that this is honest criticism, and not the result of any little private "difficulty" in front of the house, in the matter of free seats, personal affronts, or anything of the sort, for if such should prove to be the truth, then the first rate puff would lose its force. However, it is a little singular that nothing has been said against this nastiness until Grau took it up. Bateman, who introduced this "opera bouffe" dirtiness to a New York audience, and who has been running it off and on, for months, was given free scope to display the immoralities of the French stage, and our critics rather encouraged the "revolting mass" than otherwise. Does Bateman control *all* the newspaper critics? Or why is it that Grau is made the target and Bateman permitted to go untouched. If this buffer operatic war is to be a free fight let it be conducted on fair principles. Give Grau a chance as well as Bateman; let Desclauzas revel with her *jolli jambs*, and so forth, as well as the Tosteecated Tostee. Come, gentlemen, a fair field for the buffers. We cannot stand by, and see Grau maltreated. If we *are* to be dosed with this French nastiness, let us have it out in its full strength. Bateman began this buffer scrimmage, and we must see that his opponent, Grau, has a fair shake. Clear the ring.

SCOTT SIDDONS makes her *debut* this evening in a selection of Shakespearean readings, at Steinway Hall, and on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, she will appear for the second time.

"NO THOROUGHFARE" will be retained for the present at the Broadway Theatre, with Mr. Florence in a variety of afterpieces.

WALLACK'S STANDARD PLAYS did not prove a standard attraction, the attendance being somewhat queer and discouraging, so they will be shelved for a time.

ON THE EAST SIDE of the city the German element is looked after by Hermann Hendricks, who appears in "Die Marie Von Lowood" and other suitable plays.

MISS KELLOGG appears for the last time on the 28th inst., at the Academy of Music, prior to her departure to Boston.

WOOD'S BEAUTIES continue to fascinate Young New York at the Metropolitan Theatre and Museum. Blonde or brunette, take your choice.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS, having terminated their traveling season, opened in this city under canvass on the lot on Thirty-fourth street, near Broadway, on the 19th inst., and continued throughout the week to a most excellent business. The principal features are James Robinson and his pupil Clarence, the Buislay Family, the Bell Family, Charley Sherwood and Lucille Watson, with Frank Whittaker and Sam Long as clowns. Lucille Watson, a pleasing and dashing equestrienne, is riding a most excellent act. Jimmy Robinson is doing his hurdle act and carrying Clarence. His losing his old horse prevents him from doing his somerset act. The Buislay Family do a good trapeze and La Perche, while the Bell Family appear in classic poses, a principal pad and a carrying act. Charley Sherwood's act of "Pete Jenkins" is one of the most pleasing acts of the kind put in a ring and is always well received. Charley is immensely funny as Pete. The entertainment throughout was first class and gave great satisfaction. The attendance throughout the week was quite large, and as the managers have fitted the place up in a comfortable manner—the reserved seats being chairs on a raised platform—the concern will remain there as long as the weather and business permits. On the 24th the managers spread a large two centre pole canvas.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are giving one of the best entertainments in the burnt cork line that has been witnessed in this city for a long time, and their hall is largely attended every evening. The performers work well together and the result is that what they do gains favor with their audiences. The quintet is an excellent one and it would be a matter of no small difficulty to find three such voices as those of Wambold, Scott and Templeton. The singing of "Oh! Kiss Me Again," by Mr. Wambold, was a musical treat seldom enjoyed. The sympathetic characters of the singer's voice added greatly to the pathos and sweetness of the song itself. Harry Leslie, from California, appeared in a stump speech in the olio and with Raynor in their specialty called "The Rhi-nos-er-ous-ous," and were favorably received.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON is announced as in the eighth and last week of its stay at Pike's Music Hall, but will be transferred from the west side of the city to Irving Hall, on Nov. 4th, for the purpose of giving the east siders an opportunity of witnessing it.

THE NEW ALHAMBRA, located at 616 Broadway, opens this evening with a variety company, with Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle as the leading attractions.

"JEEMS PIPES"—Stephen Massett—arrived from California, during the past week.

BROUGHAM'S THEATRE, on Twenty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, will open about the middle of November. Workmen are busily engaged fitting the establishment up. A large stage has already been built. The parquet is a small one, but there are two large circles.

"THE CRIMSON SHIELD" still continues at the Old Bowery Theatre, under John E. McDonough's management.

HARRY WALL is expected to arrive from England early in November.

MESSRS. THOMPSON AND RIGGS, dramatic agents, have a number of cards in this week's issue particularly interesting to the show world. They have on their books a number of first class performers. They have also opened a Dramatic College at 189 Bowery, where those who pant for histrionic honors can learn how to strut the stage.

THE COUTELLIER BROTHERS, gymnasts, appear at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. Billy Sheppard is also announced to reappear. Business continues quite large at this establishment.

"IXION" has proved one of the greatest successes of the day, and is being nightly performed at Wood's Museum to crowded and delighted audiences, who are charmed at the many local hits in the burlesque, as well as the acting, singing and dancing of the troupe. The "Water Witches" precedes the burlesque each evening.

THE "EUREKA" is the title given a new dramatic agency just opened in this city, at 636 Broadway, by Charles Foster, an actor late of the Bowery Theatre.

THE RETURNS of the different places of amusements in this city for the month of September, as returned to the different revenue collectors are as follows:—

Niblo's, including two performances in Brooklyn	$33,103	San Francisco's	$12,695
Olympic	30,783	Bryants'	11,076
New York Circus	21,576	New York Theatre	9,367
Kelly & Leon's	19,435	Bowery Theatre	9,165
Theatre Comique	17,634	Tony Pastor	7,772
Wallack's	14,767	Sig. Blitz	1,432
		Broadway (no returns given)	

Dramatic.

EDWIN ADAMS closed a six nights' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 17th inst., and the great character actor, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, succeeded him, opening on the 19th in "Sam," which was cast as follows:—Sam, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau; Bill Crocket, Claude Hamilton; Geo. Cropley, Francis Foster; Gen. Roslyn, Wm. Davidge; Edward Ashton, D. Myron; Jenkenini, E. Lamb; Arthur Shafton, J. Morton; Euphemia, Mrs. Muzzy; Blanche, Minnie Lannier. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"Mr. Chanfrau's Sam has lost none of its freshness, and is as amusing as ever. He was favored with a very large audience on his opening night, but since then business has been a little shy, owing to counter attractions and very disagreeable, Marchy weather. Mr. Davidge's Roslyn, Mr. Lamb's Dick, and Mrs. Meek's Laura were capitally given and admirably acted. Mr. Hamilton gave an excellent rendition of the character assumed. 'Sam' was repeated on the evening following. A dramatization of Mrs. Southworth's 'The Hidden Hand' was given on the 21st and 22d, Mr. Chanfrau appearing as Wool, Mr. Davidge as Hurricane, and Mr. Hamilton as Capitola. Mr. Chanfrau gave a good delineation of the Southern darkey. I doubt if the authoress ever intended that Wool should figure quite so prominently as he is made to in the drama, for Mr. Chanfrau makes him say considerable. The play, however, presents an interesting plot, and it was very well sustained throughout by the company. The Capitola of Mrs. Hamilton was really a treat to witness. The same may be said of the Old Hurricane of Mr. Davidge. This evening, 23d, the plays consist of 'Solon Shingle,' the 'Widow's Victim,' in which Mr. Chanfrau imitates noted actors, and the 'Golden Farmer.' To-morrow evening, 'Sam,' and Monday, the 26th, the new De Walden comedy, 'Joe.'......Considerable preparation is being made for the production at Wall's of the sensational drama of 'Foul Play.' The theatre has been closed since the 19th, and the initial production is announced for the 24th. Mr. D. H. Harkins, Miss Hawthorne and others of note are embraced in the cast."

AT THE NATIONAL, Cincinnati, Miss Marietta Ravel was the attraction last week, appearing on Monday and Tuesday in the "Angel of Midnight;" on Wednesday in Poole's play, "Marco the Mute;" on Thursday in the "Dumb Boy of Manchester;" on Friday, for her benefit, in the "Flying Dutchman," and on Saturday in the "French Spy." In the first named play she performs a speaking part, with a noticeable French accent. Her dances and combats display remarkable agility and grace, and she has drawn very fair houses. On each evening she gives a tight rope performance without the aid of a pole. As in her previous engagement, she has been supported by Mr. George Maxwell, an actor with a good figure and voice. On Monday and Tuesday Mr. M. V. Lingham, the stage manager, appeared as Paul Bernard. On Thursday C. P. De Groat was added to the company. The company performs this week in Covington, Ky., with Miss Ravel as the star, opening on Tuesday evening in the "French Spy." In the meantime the theatre will be occupied by the Richings Opera Troupe in "Barbe Bleue." On Monday evening, Nov. 2d, Mr. John E. Owens begins an engagement of two weeks. The theatre is again in new hands, Mr. R. E. J. Miles being sole lessee and manager, the Messrs. Bates having retired. Mr. Bennett Lewis, formerly connected with Wood's Theatre is the treasurer, and Mr. Lingham, as before, stage manager.

WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., will be opened with a dramatic company during the first week in November by Messrs. John Allen and G. W. Zebold, Mr. Miles having retired from the enterprise and taken charge of the National. Mr. Allen is a well known manager, having conducted Wood's before Newcomb's Troupe took it.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted by J. T. Musselman for the purpose of opening the new Opera House, Logansport, Ind., and go thence on a traveling tour. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

"LONDON AFTER DARK," one of the latest English productions, is advertised for sale in another column by Charles Foster.

DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, Cincinnati, O., have several advertisements in our columns. Managers and stars will do well to note them.

THE OLD PITTSBURGH THEATRE 's advertised to rent. See card elsewhere.

THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE opened its regular fall and winter season on Oct. 19th under the management of Mr. A. Roig. Our correspondent, "Guy," says:—"The house was comfortably filled, and everything passed off smoothly for an opening night. The company is, without doubt, the best that has appeared on the boards in this city for many a year. Here I wish to mention the superior manner in which the theatre has been renovated and improved in regard to the new arrangement of seats and other particulars. The parquet, which has been raised, inclines gradually to the stage, with French boxes extending around the outer circle. The dress circle has also been remodeled and divided into French boxes, some containing eight chairs and others holding six. The lobby running round the rear of the boxes and parquet is more roomy and open, and is a great improvement on the old circle. The decorations, fittings and scenery of the house have been repainted and touched up, giving them a fresh and new appearance. The inauguration pieces were 'The Honeymoon' and 'Sketches in India.' In the former piece Walter Grisdale appeared to advantage as Duke Aranza; Miss Caroline Carson rendered the part of Juliana creditably; G. F. Macdonough as Rolando, is deserving of more than a passing notice. He evinced a correct conception of the character and displayed considerable talent. W. R. Hayden as Count Montalban; W. D. Shields as Balthazar; J. P. Reynolds as Campillo; Miss Blanche Bradshaw as Zamora, and Mrs. Chas. Henrie as Volante, filled their parts with ability. In the afterpiece Geo. Pardey, as Tom Tape, succeeded in keeping the house in a perfect uproar of laughter, and may be 'dubbed' as a Mobile favorite. Mrs. Chas. Henri made a hit—a palpable hit—as Sally Scraggs, with songs. Joey Pardey also was very pleasing as Poplin, with songs. Stage manager Geo. W. Herbert has remedied a great nuisance which has been the case heretofore of not raising the curtain as soon as the orchestra has finished; now it goes up punctually, with no long waits to weary the audience out."

F. S. CHANFRAU plays in New Haven, Conn., on Nov. 6th and 7th; Hartford, 9th and 10th, and Springfield, Mass., 11th and 12th, under Lowell and Simmond's management.

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, commences its dramatic season on Nov. 9th, with the production of "Blow for Blow" and "Lancashire Lass," the latest London productions.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY consisting of S. W. Ashley, G. Stanley, L. R. Beneux, G. Maddox, L. E. Barker, Mary Barker, Rose France, Miss Wilton, Harry G. Clark, E. Haviland, E. W. Marston and Mrs. E. T. Stetson were to give a performance of "Toodles," "Therese" and the "Persecuted Dutchman," at Paterson, N. J., on the 24th inst.

MISS F. B. PRICE concluded her engagement at Toledo, O., on the 24th in "Foul Play." She commenced an engagement at Griswold's Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 26th.

THE REGULAR dramatic season of the Logansport, Ind., theatre is to commence on the 25th inst., with a good company in a local extravaganza by A. Daly, called "The Logansport Revels." For further particulars, read advertisement in another column.

MARBLE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed in Red Wing, Minn., on October 19th, with a benefit to Nellie Boyd, and went thence to Stillwater and Eu Clair, Wis.

A NEW THEATRE is being built in Oakland, Cal., on the southeast corner of Twelfth and Broadway, similar in design to the late Academy of Music, San Francisco. The size of the building is to be 56 feet wide by 100 feet long. The auditorium will be 50x60, and the stage 50x33. The parquet and orchestra will be of about 500 seating capacity, and the gallery 200—700 in all. The house will be elegantly decorated and upholstered, and suitable dressing rooms will be connected with the main building. The estimated cost of the structure will be between $25,000 and $30,000.

A NEW THEATRE is building in Carson City, Cal. The frame is already up. The dimensions of the auditorium will be 30 by 80 feet, and will be so arranged as to be made available either as theatre, concert room, or ball room. The stage will be in the rear and supplemental to the main building, and ample arrangements will be made for dressing rooms, etc.

SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE gave three entertainments at Brants' Hall, Harrisburg, last week, producing "Pearl of Savoy," "Fanchon" and "Caste" each evening, the houses being crowded, our correspondent says, and adds:—"During a short season of six weeks manager Sherry has given fifteen performances in our city, in which time his receipts have been over $5,000." They opened in Williamsport on the 22d for three nights, and commenced an engagement at Lock Haven for six nights on the 26th.

JENNINGS' "UNDINE" TROUPE were at Lancaster, Pa., last week.

EDWIN ADAMS was to have opened an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 24th inst. in "Hamlet." He remains six nights, when the company will probably leave for Quebec.

VIOLET CAMPBELL, who has been performing at Theatre Royal, Montreal, in "Leah," "Thirteenth Chume," "Creole," etc., is said to have been favorably received, the press speaking in highly laudatory terms of the lady. Mr. Belvil Ryan was also well received. Mr. Ryan has been engaged by Messrs. Jarratt & Palmer for Boucicault's drama of "After Dark," shortly to be produced at Niblo's.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY were at Winona, Minn., the week ending Oct. 17th. They performed "Hidden Hand" on the 17th, with Mrs. C. Plunkett as Capitola, J. F. Breyer as Black Donald, R. B. Richards as Hurricane and Mrs. T. F. Breyer as Dorcas.

W. C. WEMYSS, whose office is at 8 Astor place, this city, states in an advertisement elsewhere that he is prepared to furnish professionals and managers with all the standard plays of the day. He also has on hand all the latest comic song books of the day, including Lingard's specialties, etc. Amateurs should send to him for a late publication particularly interesting to them.

"EXTREMES" was performed at the Salt Lake City Theatre on Oct. 9th, followed on the 10th with the "Rag Pickers of Paris." J. C. Graham was up for a benefit on Oct. 13th.

THE DEARBORN THEATRE, Chicago, fitted with all the modern improvements, iron opera chairs, Booth pattern, and capable of seating 1,500 persons, will be ready to open on the 1st of December. Acting and stage manager and general talent is wanted, also first class pantomimists. See advertisement in another column.

MR. AND MRS. NORRIS—Mattie Wren—are at present taking a rest in Penn Yan, N. Y.

N. C. FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY open in Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 27th inst.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON opens an engagement in "Rip Van Winkle" at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Nov. 9th.

PHILADELPHIA is a large city, a *very* large city, its population numbering, it is thought, fully eight hundred thousand souls; yet with this great population it has but few places of public amusement, and those few are by no means liberally patronized. In fact, Boston, with a population about one-third as large as that of Philadelphia, gives far better support to its theatres than does the second city in the Union bestow upon its public resorts. If Philadelphia crowds one or two places, the others suffer in consequence; it is rarely that *all* are well attended at the same time. That such is the case is evident to all lovers of amusement in the Quaker City, as well as to managers. During the past week the Arch Street Theatre, with Lotta as the star, was crowded nightly, while the Walnut and Chestnut, the former with E. L. Davenport and the latter with the Hanlon Combination, both most excellent in their respective lines of business, had very meagre audiences. The American, however, was well attended, as it has been ever since the season opened. These four constitute the dramatic temples of that city; for the Academy of Music seems not to be counted in among the regular theatres as it is only opened spasmodically, when an operatic troupe or something of that sort comes along. With such a vast population every theatre in that city ought to be well supported, provided the proper attractions are offered......E. L. Davenport, one of the best exponents of certain Shakespearean characters now on the stage, opened an engagement at the Walnut on the 19th inst., and appeared during the week in a round of his best impersonations, but the attendance was by no means commensurate with the performance offered; so this week Mr. Davenport throws Shakespeare aside, and produces for the first time a new sensational drama in five acts, written expressly for him, entitled "F.; or Branded," the scene being laid in London and Paris, and in which piece Mr. D. will assume four characters, viz: Duke Tyrrell, a gipsy; Felix Reybauld, a spy; Montani, an Italian refugee, and Hector de Riviers, a French Lancer. As the drama is of a highly sensational type, full of incident and horrors, and all that go to make up a play to suit the tastes of the present age, it is quite probable that "F." will be branded as a success, and another instance will thereby be afforded of the superiority of matter over mind; but that's no matter so long as the people demand it and will pay to see nothing else. We expect to chronicle a success for Mr. Davenport in our next issue......Lotta produced her new play of "Fire Fly" at the Arch Street Theatre on the 19th, and it was kept on the boards during the week, attracting very large audiences. On the first night a few admirers of Miss Price cast three large boquets on the stage for that lady, while Lotta was present. Of course, the young gentlemen have a right to bestow their favors where they like, but in this instance was it in very good taste to take the opportunity to make their offerings while the little stranger was in the scene? Could not another occasion have been selected? However, Lotta received that hearty applause which is far more acceptable to an artist than floral tributes or anything similar. "Fire Fly," as a play, did not meet with favor; but Lotta, with her vivacity and vim, carried the piece through successfully, and it is announced for the current week, which is the closing one of Lotta's engagement, and on Monday next, November 2d, a new five act drama, called "He's Got Money," will be presented for the first time, Mr. Drew appearing in one of the principal characters......The American Varieties Theatre, Philadelphia, has had a successful run of business ever since the season opened, Manager Fox having given his patrons a series of very interesting entertainments, the *ballet*, very well gotten up, proving his strong card. "The Grand Duchess," and "Double Can Can" have met with such favor that they are retained on the bills, the principal Terpsichorean *roles* being interpreted by Ermina Venturoli and Mlle. Augusta, both holding places in the front rank of *danseuses*. Miss Annie Chase, jig dancer, is added to the already large array of attractions for the current week. Appreciating the services of his treasurer (Wm. J. Gillmore) Manager Fox, on the 19th inst., presented that gentleman with a valuable gold watch and chain. ......The Hanlon Combination, comprising gymnastic and other talent of a very high order, occupied the Chestnut Street Theatre during the past week, but failed to receive that liberal patronage which their exhibitions so well deserve. They give place to the Worrell Sisters, who were to open in the "Grand Duchesse" on the 26th inst. If it were not that Lotta and election excitements are in operation, we should look for large audiences at the Worrells' performances......That new theatre for Laura Keene is still talked about, but we have heard nothing definite in regard to its erection. Will the people support another theatre? That is the rub. If a new place is to be supported it will be at the expense of those already in existence. A theatre on the New York plan, with a stock company composed wholly of the best material, capable of doing justice to the best standard plays, might meet with encouragement, but not otherwise. If it is the idea to make the proposed new theatre such a place, well and good; if not, better let it alone.

THE LEFFINGWELL COMBINATION opened at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on the 19th inst., for six nights, producing on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, "Cinderella," and "Too Much for Good Nature," with Leffingwell as Clorinda. Mrs. Leffingwell as Prince, and Blanche Chapman as Cinderella. Louise Sylvester, the new *soubrette*, for the first time since the opening of the season, had an opportunity of displaying her talents as Dandini, and installed herself in the graces of the audience. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, "Fra Diavolo," and "Aladdin" were played, with Leffingwell as Beppo. Helen Western is the star this week.

J. C. MYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY performs in Springfield, Mass., on November 11th, 12th and 13th, and return on Dec. 5th.

FRANK MAYO, supported by a dramatic company, performs in Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 23d, and remains there all the week.

THE SEFTON DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of J. O. Sefton, are traveling through the oil regions, doing, we are told, a good business. [illegible] the leading attraction, and is supported by T. W. Keene and E. Eberle.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY open in Petroleum Centre, Pa., on Nov. 15th for one week.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, after a successful engagement of three weeks at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., bade adieu to their admirers on the 24th inst., upon whom they had created favorable impressions. "Barbe Bleue" was given this (last) week, and was put upon the stage in an attractive manner. Miss Sophie, although indisposed the better part of the week, looked and acted charmingly in the male character of Blue Beard. Irene as Fleurette, was pleasing, and acted her part in an easy and graceful manner. Jennie as the lively Boulotte, was very captivating. The Worrells left Baltimore on the 25th inst., for Philadelphia.

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Mo., Brougham's "Lottery of Life" held the boards the past week, with Albaugh as Terry, Winters as Mordie Solomons, Evans as Oil Tommy, Duncan as Sir Wylton, Fanny Stoqueler as Polly, and Mrs. Berrell as Miss Tartar. The piece, says a correspondent, "is put on the boards in good style, and will probably have a run. The management have in preparation a dramatization of Dickens' 'Mutual Friend' and Boucicault's 'Octoroon.'"

AT DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, the Max Maretzek Combination of German and Italian Opera Troupes occupied the boards the past week, producing on the 12th "Il Trovatore," 20th "Faust," 21st "Ernani," and 22d "Fidelio." On the 23d "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" was given, on which occasion Giorgio Ronconi made his first appearance in that city as Figaro. Oct. 24th, "Martha."

IN BOSTON Selwyn produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor" for the first time at his theatre on the 19th. The cast included every gentleman in the company, Miss Fanny Morant, Mrs. Thos. Barry and Miss Louise Anderson. Our correspondent, "Penfold," says:—"Griffiths was immense as Sir John the corpulent, and the rest of the characters were well sustained by the fine company. Miss Fanny Morant dressed with her usual good taste, as did also the two other Merry Wives. The piece will be played alternately this (last) week with 'Ladies' Battle' and 'Simpson & Co.' Monday, 26th, 'The Hunchback,' with Mrs. Chanfrau as Julia and Mrs. Barry as Helen. Miss Eva Brent will make her first appearance here in the extravaganza of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' and not in 'La Somnambula' burlesque, as stated in my last......Edwin Booth continues to draw fine houses at the Boston. He played 'Hamlet,' 19th; 'Richelieu,' 20th; Claude Melnotte and Petruchio, 21st; Richard III, 22d; and the 23d Brutus and 'Don Cæsar' for his benefit; 24th, matinee, Hamlet, and in the evening Macbeth......The Museum has played 'A Dangerous Game' this week to fair business. Monday, 26th, they produce 'Surf,' after months of preparation...... Janauschek has not done a good business at the Olympic this week, but her audiences are very select, which fact may console her. She has a far better support than when here last season. ......The Howard still prospers. De Rosa, Schlager, Francisco Sisters, Kate Pennoyer, Annie Hindle (Vivian's wife), Jennie Benson, the cloggist Devere, Bertha and Clinetop Sisters, with Delehanty and Hengler, Harry Bloodgood, Budworth, Prof. French, Bob Smith, Leavitt and Joe Buckley are a few of the attractions offered. Vivian will begin a short engagement here soon. A new military drama is in preparation......Morris Brothers are doing fairly with the Gregory Family as stars. ......The Comique is doing well with Bonfanti, Regl, and the rest. 'Undine' runs this (last) week......The following are the receipts of a portion of the theatres and minstrel halls during September:—Selwyn's, $16,679; Howard, $15,202; Museum, $12,775; Morris Bros, $9,138; Comique, $4,443. Total, $58,237. The Boston and Continental have not returned yet. The receipts of six of the places of amusement for the year ending August, 1868, are as follows:—Boston Theatre, $220,561; Museum, $161,474; Howard Atheneum, $110,948; Morris Bro's, $104,248; Comique, $67,018; Continental, $39,840; Selwyn's, from Oct. 28th, 1867, to Aug., 1868, $156,691. Total, $864,780. A pretty good business for 'a small city with crooked streets!'"

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—By the overland mail we have advices up to Oct. 3d. "La Belle Helene" was presented at the Alhambra, San Francisco, in addition to the California Minstrels, until Oct 1st, when George Coes took a benefit, when Dick Sands and Ashcroft appeared in a clog dance, Johnny Mack and Coes in an act called "Baldy Sours;" Master De Solla sung the "Bay of Biscay," Bamford gave his operatic scena, Ashcroft sang "My Father Sould Charcoal," and M'lles Lehman and Marzetti executed a dance. On Oct. 5th the Norwegian pantomime troupe were to appear, and the "Grand Duchesse" was to be produced......The subscription season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan terminated on Sept. 28th with the third performance of "Robert Le Diable."......J. A. Herne made his reappearance at the Opera House on Sept. 30th as Rip Van Winkle, and made a decidedly favorable impression, so much so that the same piece was repeated the rest of the week, and at last accounts was announced to be performed until further notice ......"Barber Bleue" is in active preparation at the Alhambra......Harry Hawk has joined the company at the Olympic. Joe Murphy continues there......A benefit was to have been given to Mr. Maguire, at the Metropolitan, on Oct. 5th, tendered by the Italian Opera Troupe, when "I Lombardi" and an act of "La Figlia del Reggimento" were to be presented......Mrs. D. P. Bowers sailed for New York by the steamer of Sept. 30th, accompanied by J. C. McCollam......Later news up to Oct. 10th. Holly, the Ethiopian Comedian, has recovered from his attack of the small pox and reappeared at the Olympic. ......S. Wylde Hardinge copyrighted a new play entitled, "Cigarette; The Child of the Flag," on Oct. 6th. The play is a dramatization of Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags."......Harry Courtaine was again jugged on Oct. 6th, for twenty days...... The Parepa Rosa Concert Troupe, consisting of Parepa Rosa, Brookhouse Bowler, Signor Ferranti, Carl Rosa and George T. Evans, were to give their initial concert of their interior and overland trip at San Jose on Oct. 13th. The troupe will then return to San Francisco, where Parepa Rose was to make her last appearance in opera on Oct. 14th. The Concert Troupe will then depart for Stockton, singing there on the 17th and 18th; Sacramento on the 19th and 20th; Marysville on the 21st and 22d; Grass Valley on the 23d; Nevada on the 24th; Virginia City on the 27th and 28th. From thence the troupe will proceed overland to St. Louis, concertizing *en route* at Denver, Salt Lake and other points. Signor de Vivo, Mme. Rosa's agent, left for Stockton on Oct. 9th, and precedes the troupe through the interior and overland...... Natali-Testa was presented with a beautiful ring, set with diamonds and emeralds, at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Oct. 9th. ......There has been a rupture in the Bates-Daniels dramatic company recently playing in Portland, Oregon, and the seceding members, Daniels and Fanny Young, were expected to arrive in Frisco on Oct. 10th. Mr. Bates also comes down by the same steamer for the purpose of organizing another company. The troupe had been successful in Portland and Salem, but "professional jealousies" waxed stronger and stronger, and finally broke the golden egg of prosperity. Previous to the rupture arrangements had been entered into with Charles Wheatleigh for a Portland season, and it is probable that matters will be re-arranged so that Mr. Wheatleigh will accompany Bates on his return......Manager Maguire took a benefit at the Metropolitan on Oct. 5th, but the attendance was not large.

MARRIED.—Charles Wilkinson, comedian, and Lillie L. Marden, of Bidwell & Locke's company, were united in marriage at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Alden, of the Baptist Church. The interesting ceremony was conducted quite privately at the residence of the clergyman, Mr. Converse, the agent, Miss Winslow, and the venerable William Dennett, an old friend of the bridegroom, only being present.

IN CHICAGO the long-looked for pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" was presented at Crosby's on Monday night, October 19th to a crowded house. Our correspondent "Loiterer," under date of October 21, writes as follows:—"The curtain did not rise until after half-past eight, and much displeasure was manifested by the audience thereat. The piece dragged fearfully, and it was eleven o'clock before the curtain descended on the first act, having gone down once during the act to allow stage hands to recover a lost border. It was nearly one o'clock before the curtain descended for the last time, and then upon a half-arranged transformation. The stage had been so steadily occupied by the opera troupe that sufficient time was not allowed for rehearsal, and really the play should have been postponed for one night. Too great praise cannot be bestowed on Denier, Auriol, Sloan and Leslie for the cleverness with which they introduced by-play and *impromtu business* to cover some awkward stage wait or blunders of carpenters and scene shifters. Tony as clown, and Sloan as Pantaloon, are exceedingly funny, and the audience was kept in good humor almost solely by their efforts. Leslie as Harlequin and Auriol as Columbine are both graceful, assiduous and pleasing. Goodrich, the skater, does a very funny and awkward, as well as a fancy display of parlor skating. As 'Grandeur Dignity,' this gentleman in making an *overstrained fall*, overstrained the texture of his snow white tights, and the result must have lowered his dignity in proportion, as it convulsed the audience. The *ballet*, led by Pepita, is small, but very efficient and right up to its business throughout. Pepita is a new dancer in Chicago, and reminds me very much of the great Morlacchi, both in form, feature and school of dancing. The charming Alexandria is the leading second, and she was well received, being favorably remembered at McVicker's last summer. Last night the piece ran much smoother, but a reform is needed in the carpenter's department, as many blunders lately have attested. The houses are very large and I preduct a long and successful run for the pantomime......'Midsummer Night's Dream' still holds the stage at McVicker's, and from the large attendance no change is likely to be called for some time......Frank Aiken has produced a new Irish drama entitled 'Poul a Dhoil,' which is a trashy rehash of 'Colleen Bawn,' 'Peep o' Day,' 'Green Bushes,' &c. The characters are all well taken, especially that of Dillon, who as Oma Omadhan, is made to summarily dispose of some dozen or fifteen villains during the play. The farce of 'Turning the Tables' precedes the drama. Business as usual, excellent, rain or shine, and it's two rains to one shine now-a-days.......At Arlington Hall, the funny men and troubadours continue to delight their many patrons. Howard, in specialties, being the chief attraction. The following named people will compose in part the company Billy Warren takes out with Joe Jefferson:—Mrs. McWilliams, Katie Putnam, Joe Everham, T. B. Uhl, Harry Wentworth, Johnnie Barrett, J. B. Magill, and the Perkins Children. They open in Milwaukie on Monday, 26th."

JOHN E. OWENS closed his engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa, on October 24. He commenced his second and last week with "Self." For his benefit on October 23d, "The Poor Gentleman" and "Toodles" were given. J. H. Hackett is the current star.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY opened in Dover, N. H., with "East Lynne," and "Dodging for a Wife," on October 23d, and remained there two nights, opening in Haverhill, Mass., October 26th, for five nights, and go thence to Lynn and Salem. Business is excellent. Manager Locke met with a very serious accident at Gloucester, Mass., on the 17th. In going to his room in the hotel he ascended the flight of stairs from the front hall, and there being no light on the landing he walked down a flight of stairs directly opposite, fracturing his lower jaw and otherwise severely bruising him about the head and back. It was a very narrow escape from instant death. He is now at his home in Lowell and recovering, so that in a couple of weeks we may expect to see him out again.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS is in Chicago, Ill., recovering from her late illness and will shortly reappear on the stage.

HELEN WESTERN can be secured for brief star engagements by addressing her agent, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter opened at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 19th, with the play of "Dora" one week, closing with "Chimney Corner" on Oct. 24th. Leffingwell and his Burlesque Combination succeed them on the 26th for six nights.

"MILLINQNERZ, THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG" is a new war drama from the pen of C. H. Romaine, an operator of the W. U. Telegraph Company, of Indianapolis. It is in six acts, with thirty-five speaking characters and is running at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis.

J. HOLMES GROVER made his appearance in Oswego, N. Y., on Oct. 23d, in his own new comedy drama of "The Way of the Wicked," which is pronounced a success. A correspondent says:—"Notwithstanding the political demonstration, a large audience was present, and the new play was enthusiastically received. The rapidity with which he changes from the difficult character of the vagrant to that of the laughable son of the Emerald Isle, the ever jolly Dutchman, the Dundreary fop, the wiry Frenchman, and again to himself, were excellent. He was supported by J. C. Myers' company. The piece was such a success that Mr. Myers secured Mr. Grover to open in Syracuse on the 26th for one week."

ZOE commences an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 26th inst., in a new romantic play by Chandos Fulton, in four acts and six tableaux, entitled "Nita, or Woman's Constancy," written expressly for Zoe.

MADAM SCHELLER continues her engagement at the Helena Theatre. She appeared during the week ending October 10th, in the "Naiad Queen" (with new scenery by J. Guido Methua), "Child of the Regiment," "Pauvrette," and "Pearl of Savoy." She was to start Oct. 26th for Salt Lake City to play a four weeks' engagement. John McCullough plays for four weeks, and Madame takes a rest and then commences another engagement, producing the "Naiad Queen," "Moses in Egypt," and other biblical dramas. There will be a perfect biblical revival, which will create, no doubt, intense excitement in Salt Lake City.

GEO. PAUNCEFORT gave a Dickens' reading at Helena, to a good house, on Oct. 7th. He is pronounced a clever exponent of the characters in Dickens' novels.

PHIL MARGETTS played Rover, in "Wild Oats," to a crowded house, for his benefit, at the Salt Lake Theatre, and Mr. Lindsay, Louis XI.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" has reached Salt Lake City and will flash across the stage during Madame Scheller's engagement.

OUR NEW ORLEANS advices are up to October 21st, under which date our correspondent "Nat Ormsby" says:—"On October 16th "London Assurance" was presented at the Varieties Theatre, followed on the 17th (matinee) with East Lynne, with the following cast:—Sir Francis Levison, W. E. Sheridan; W. J. Cogswell as Archibald Carlyle, George Ryer as Lord Mount Severn, H. W. Mitchell as Richard Hare, J. H. Power as Justice Hare, Mr. Slevin as John Dill, J. Pierson as Meredith, Master Willie Seymour as William, Alice Grey as Lady Isabelle and Mad. Vine, Belle Freeman as Barbara Hare, Isabelle Preston as Miss Corney, Annie Vaughan as Joyce, Miss Mary Merston as Wilson, Mrs. Seymour as Mrs. Hare and Miss Kate Wood as Susanne. The play was well put upon the stage, and the characters as well sustained as could be wished. The two principal parts, played by Alice Grey and W. E. Sheridan, were good pieces of acting. On Saturday evening the "Hunchback" was presented, George Ryer sustaining the character of Master Walter, W. E. Sheridan as Sir Thomas Clifford, W. R. Floyd as Modus, Vining Bowers as Fathom, W. J. Cogswell as Lord Tinsel, H. W. Mitchell as Master Wilford, J. H. Power as Master Heartwell, M. Slevin as Gaylove, Alice Grey as Julia and Josie Orton as Helen. The evening's performance closed with the laughable farce of 'My Neighbor's Wife.' On Oct. 19th, 'East Lynne' was again produced to a good house. On Oct. 20th, a repetition of the 'Hunchback,' closing with 'My Neighbor's Wife.' Wednesday (to-night) the 'Knights of the Round Table,' with the full strength of the company in the cast, will be given for the first time this season. The 'Lady of Lyons' and some of Shakespeare's plays are shortly to be produced at this house. In deference to public sentiment there will be no dramatic performance at this establishment on Sunday evenings."......The Academy of Music season opened as announced on Oct. 19th, to what may be termed 'a full house,' but not 'crowded to suffocation,' as the press often say. For an opening performance everything passed off well. A better working company has not graced the boards of the Academy for many a night. The entertainment opened with an overture by the orchestra, followed by a characteristic dance,' by Hannah Birch; 'Tyrolean Warblings,' by Leon De Berger; 'Spanish Dance,' by Malvina Evers; 'Triple Clog,' by Sam Collyer and sons; 'Vocal selections by Billy Pastor; Nicodemus Johnson, by Charley Pettingill; Aerial Trapeze, by Dave Hawley; Vocalisms, by Jennie Engle; The Three O'clock Train, by Messrs. Pettingill and De Berger; Banjo Solo and Song, by Billy Carter; *Ballet Divertissement*, by Mons. Szollosy, M'lles. Sohlke, Cherribelli, Evers, and *corps de ballet*; Double Song and Dance, by Masters Dan and Eddie Collyer; 'De Ole Grey Goose,' by Messrs. McAndrews, Edwards and Pettingill; Hungarian Polka, by M'lle. Sohlke; Club Exercises, by Sam Collyer; and 'Album of Living Pictures,' by Billy Pastor; the entertainment concluding with 'A Quiet Family,' embracing the following cast:—Barnaby Bibbs, W. B. Cavanagh; Benjamin Bibbs, Welsh Edwards; Peter Parker, De Berger; Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs, Kate Quinton; Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs, Jennie Engle; Miss Sommers, Madeline Hardy, and Snarley, by Viola Howard. The same programme will be repeated to-night. Bonfanti, Turnour, Chas. Vivian and Delehanty and Hengler, are underlined to appear......The new additions to the Olympic company since last week are Signora Lopez and her children, Amelia Garcia, vocalist, and Joe. Mairs, late of the Skiff and Gaylord troupe. The audiences are not quite as large as previous to the opening of the Academy, but taking everything into consideration the management have naught to complain of. The old favorites are well received, particularly Diamond, Lamoreaux, Whitney, Gardner and Henrietta.

HELEN WESTERN terminated her twelve nights' engagement at the Academy, Omaha, Neb., on the 17th inst. Her four performances during the first week promised, says a correspondent, "a successful engagement, but the opening of the second week in 'Camille' *cured* the public for the remainder of the engagement. The lady's little eccentricities upon that occasion had a visible effect upon the house during the remainder of the week ......Leo Hudson opened on the 19th in 'Mazeppa,' to a house packed from pit to dome. The performance gave the most complete satisfaction. Messrs. Jordan and Rainforth kept the audience in good humor, while the heavier business was as usual well looked after by Irwin, Vohles, and the company generally. The piece will be kept on for six nights."

SHOT.—Mrs. Hernandez is reported to have been shot in Omaha, Neb., on Oct. 20th, by her husband, who at last accounts was in jail awaiting the result of her injuries. Mrs. H. is a sister of Mrs. Selden Irwin.

LANERGAN'S COMPANY appeared in "The Long Strike," in Columbus, Ohio, on Oct. 22d, to a large house. The company closed there on Oct. 24th.

THE "UNDINE" COMPANY were advertised to open in Columbus, Ohio, on Oct. 26th, under the management of B. F. Whitman and R. E. J. Miles.

THE GALVESTON, TEXAS, THEATRE is said to have been liberally patronized during the week ending Oct. 17th. "Pizarro" and "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" were presented on Oct. 12th, followed on the 13th by "The Maid of Croissey" and "Ireland and America;" 14th, "Lucretia Borgia" and "Child of the Regiment;" 15th, "Our American Cousin," which was repeated on the 16th and for the *matinee* on the 17th; "Connor the Rash" was presented on the evening of the 17th, and "Under the Gaslight" was announced for the 19th. A correspondent says:—"Sam E. Ryan's as Asa Trenchard is a very fine performance. E. A. Eberle did well as Coyle; Knight was fair as Lieut. Vernon; C. H. Matthews, as Binney, played the part nicely; Nellie Johnson, as Florence Trenchard, was better than usual; Mrs. E. A. Eberle, as Mountchessington, was excellent. In 'Connor the Rash' R. D. Ogden, as Connor, was very good; Nellie Johnson and Mrs. E. A. Eberle did very nicely, and the piece throughout was dressed handsomely and correctly. A Spanish dance was performed during the piece and executed in a fine manner by C. H. Thompson, Mrs. S. E. Ryan and Misses St. Leon and Wesner."

GEORGE CLAIR has quitted the stage and is located in Troy, New York, as professor of elocution at the Troy Academy. He is also giving Sunday evening lectures to large audiences. A New York speculator, it is said, is about to run him through the large cities in the east soon after the election.

MAGGIE MITCHELL appeared at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st, in "Fanchon" and "Lorle." She was welcomed by crowded houses, and her Fanchon is deserving of all praise.

THE FUSI YAMA JAPS appeared at the Opera House, Rochester, New York, on October 19th, 20th and 21st, and "Under the Gaslight" filled out the week.

MANAGER CANNING, of the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., publishes a card in another column, setting forth that J. E. Hartel, late leader of his orchestra, and W. A. Gregson, actor, left him in an abrupt manner.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE opened at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on the 19th inst., to a large and fashionable audience, although, says a correspondent, the weather has been very unpropitious during the past week. Our correspondent adds:—"The success of the troupe has been of the most decided character. The season opened with the 'Bohemian Girl,' followed by the 'Czar and Zimmerman,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Norma' and 'Maritana.' 'Martha' was to have been given, but owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Seguin the 'Bohemian Girl' was substituted. Mrs. Seguin was suddenly taken ill on the trip from Richmond to Baltimore, and by the advice of her physician she decided not to appear during the week. As a consequence the audiences have been greatly disappointed. Mrs. Richings Bernard has, however, filled the void on several evenings with satisfaction. On the 26th inst. Mrs. Seguin, it is thought, will be sufficiently recovered to appear in 'Martha.' On the 22d inst., in 'Fra Diavolo,' Mr. S. C. Campbell sang 'Let all Obey' in his usual artistic manner, and was compelled to repeat it. Mrs. Bernard sang with her accustomed spirit, ably assisted by Miss Edith Abell (a new acquisition, who possesses a sweet voice) and the old favorites, Messrs. Campbell, Bernard, Castle and Peakes. The chorus contains many new and fresh voices. The orchestra is well conducted and the performances excellent."

THE HANLON BROTHERS open at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 26th inst., in connection with Pfau, the Russian athlete, James Blamphin, the harpist, Miss Emily Thorne, vocalist, and others.

Negro Minstrelsy.

R. M. HOOLEY opened the old Odeon, Williamsburgh, L. I., on Oct. 19th as a first class minstrel hall. Extensive alterations have been made in the hall, and everything has been done to study the comfort of the public before the curtain as well as the performers behind the stage. The stage, formerly a narrow platform, has been rebuilt, and is now thirty-three feet deep. The seats in the auditorium have been upholstered, the house brilliantly lighted, the scenery and stage furniture all new, and the drop curtain is a creditable affair to any place of amusement. The hall was densely crowded on the opening night, and hundreds were unable to obtain even standing room. There were sixteen performers in the first part, with Cool White as interlocutor, and S. S. Purdy and Archy Hughes on the ends. Joe Emmett, the Dutch comedian, Ricardo, Billy West and T. H. Jefferson are in the company. The performance concluded with the burlesque of the "Grande Duchesse," previous to which, however, Cool White appeared before the curtain and in behalf of Mr. Hooley returned thanks, at the same time asking indulgence for the partial incompleteness of some of the details.

J. G. H. SHOREY is organising a minstrel band to be known as Shorey's New Orleans and Metropolitan Troupe, and intends starting out after election.

WASH NORTON, with a small minstrel company called the Christy's, arrived in Cape Town, on Sept. 2d, and were announced to open there shortly. C. Steele is musical director, and Wash Norton secretary.

DAN SHELBY is organizing a minstrel band in Chicago, Ill., consisting of Joe Lang, Dan Shelby, Bob Lindley, A. B. Kennedy and Frank Fisher. They give their show at Kankakee, Ill., on Nov. 9th.

MINSTREL PERFORMERS are wanted by Treago's Minstrels, now organizing for '68 and '69. For address see card elsewhere.

DAVE REED re-appears with Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, this week, after fulfilling an engagement with the Morris Brothers, in Boston. The programme offered by manager Hooley for the current week is replete with some of the choicest acts in minstrelsy, including Prof. O'Reardon in his act called "Tumbleronicon;" John Mulligan and Dick Carroll in specialties, and Stevie Rogers in a clog dance.

THE SEASON in Cincinnati for Newcomb's Minstrels closes with this week. During the last two weeks of their stay they have been offering something new in the shape of inducements to visitors. This consists in the distribution of $2,600, in sums of $200 each evening, and $100 for the Saturday matinees. A lottery wheel is brought upon the stage, and the holders of three lucky tickets in the dress circle and parquet receive $50 each, while two of the gallery visitors are favored with $25 apiece. The drawing is superintended by Mr. Newcomb himself, the wheel being of glass, and the whole operation perfectly *bona fide*. A number of well known citizens have taken prizes. The enterprise has proved a profitable experiment, as the theatre is packed each night. The performances have been good as usual; Johnnie Queen appeared in a new burlesque on the "Grecian Bend," and Sweatnam and Oberist gave a good sketch entitled, "Rooms to Rent." Johnnie Hart and Ryman gave several specialties. Hart has improved considerably since he has been put upon the ends. The company begins to travel in November, their place being supplied for the winter by a dramatic company, which will probably open next week.

THE FOURTH STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, a very cozy and well fitted little temple, is to be known hereafter as Emerson, Allen & Manning's Opera House, and will be occupied by their troupe of burnt-cork opera-tors, which were to open on Monday of this week. Kelly and Leon made it pay a few seasons ago, and as the three managers above named are personally popular in Porkopolis, it is very probable that they will be successful.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS peform in Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 1st, and will be followed on Dec. 12th by Newcomb's Minstrels, and 24th, 25th and 26th, by Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels.

SANFORD AND MORTIMER'S COMPANY, after a short tour of the oil regions, are once more quartered in Pleasantville, Pa.

AT WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, the past week Fred Wilson's Grecian statues, "Ridiculous Reading," by Kemble and Bray, Withers' flute solo, and a song and dance by Bray, were given. The afterpiece was "Opera on the Brain."

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNINGS' showed at Greencastle, Ind., October 19th; Terre Haute, 20th and 21st; Crawfordsville, 22d, and Lafayette, Ind., 23d and 24th. They return to Porkopolis on the 26th and open the Fourth-Street Theatre for the season.

CHARLEY DAY has been secured to go ahead for Arlington's Minstrels, who start from Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 10.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS were to appear in Dubuque, Iowa, on Oct. 22d.

Music Halls.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," under date of October 19th, "still continues in the full tide of success, the house being crowded nightly with a more refined audience than has ever assembled here heretofore. Manager Bowzer seems to know just what suits his patrons, and gives it to them. On the 13th Miss Lillie Beckett put in an appearance; she displays but little musical talent as a vocalist; her voice is very strong, but anything else than musical, but her 'style' makes up for her lack of musical talent, and she is destined to become a favorite with the *habitues*. Johnny Redden in his songs and dances and negro comicalities is growing more popular every night, and Johnny Keegan, stage manager, never fails to receive his *encores* with his clogs. Billy Carter left on the 13th for the Academy of Music, New Orleans. Miss Lottie Starr does a very sweet ballad and a fancy dance nightly. This week's programme consists of the 'Two Scamps,' 'Post Office Sam,' and 'In and Out of Place,' with Lillie Becket in the principal *role*, sandwiched with songs and dances."

M. JOHN DENIER is performing at the Theatre Comique, Leavenworth, Kansas, where a fair company is engaged under the management of Wm. Scott, who was announced to take a benefit on Oct. 21st. The pantomime of the "Red Gnome" was in active preparation at last advices. "The French Spy" was produced on Oct. 20th with M'lle Elise as Mathilde.

A DANSEUSE BADLY BURNT.—During the performance at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Louisville, Ky., on the evening of Oct. 20th. Kate Hayden, one of the *corps de ballet*, advanced too near the footlights, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Four other girls were upon the stage at the same time, but were too much panic stricken to afford assistance. A gentleman in the audience had the presence of mind to throw his overcoat about the unfortunate woman, which in some measure suppressed the fire. Miss Hayden was removed to the green room and medical assistance called into requisition, and all was done that was possible to alleviate her sufferings. It was discovered that she had been [illegible] all parts of her person, and was

but a scorched and withered relic of her former youth and grace. She was subsequently conveyed to her boarding house, her piercing cries and heart rending groans piercing the cool night air. It was scarcely thought possible that she could survive till morning. Scarcely a moment after the dreadful calamity and the audience had regained its composure and the merry plays, light dances and jolly buffoonery were proceeded with. In one room lay the poor girl suffering the tortures of death, while in the next the music and revelry went on with undiminished ardor.

KATE RAYMOND, supported by O. B. Collins, is performing the "French Spy" on horseback this week, at the Atlantic Garden, Philadelphia.

THE MUSIC HALL business continues good in Baltimore. The Opera House and Davis' Music Hall are both doing well. The company at the Opera consists of La Grange, Carrie Carner, Berkeley, Hart, Heywood and Eph Horn, Jr., (?) said to be "a chip from the old block," and others. They anticipate closing this hall in a few days for the purpose of improving it, and when repaired a new company, engaged for the purpose, will open it.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, the usual olio is given, the principal features being "Midnight Watchman," "Gambler's Fate," "Lunch Guards," Powers' song and dance, and characteristic polka by Tassani and Fannie Beane. The afterpieces the past week were "The Stage Struck Barber" and "Highwayman's Last Crime."

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, is crowded every night, a correspondent informs us, to witness the *ballet* of the "Grand Duchess," which is mounted in splendid style, in which M'lle Venturoli, M'lle Augusta, M. Baptistin and a very full *ballet* troupe appear. The olio given is an attractive entertainment, and is arranged with such speed and good management, that the American Theatre is an established success and can boast of having some of the best talent in this country.

THE RACE STREET VARIETIES, Cincinnati, is represented to be flourishing, under the management of J. C Davis & Co., with Charles Benedict as stage manager and W. H. Post as leader of orchestra. The company consists of Benedict and King, with Misses Ida, Maggie Mayling and Lizzie Jackson. "Humpty Dumpty" was the principal play last week. The admission charged is but ten cents.

MISS KATE ATWOOD, vocalist and *danseuse*, Kate Castello and M'lle Jeresena, late of B. F. Whitman's "White Fawn" *ballet*, appeared at the Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 19th inst. E. D. Gooding is now stage manager. George C. Thompson and Johnny Bowman are on the ends, with E. D. Gooding as interlocutor.

BOWMAN AND HARRIS' traveling snap, with Sol. Yewell as agent, closed up on account of the death of Alice Iferd and the withdrawal of Celia Iferd and Belle Miller from the troupe. They returned to Indianapolis on the 20th.

THE COURT STREET MUSIC HALL, Indianapolis, Ind., after playing to poor business for some time, lowered its standard on the 19th and is now a free concert hall. Lew Cavana and Tommy Adams, song and dance men, commenced there on the 19th inst. R. F. Tyrell quit and is now with the Emerson, Allen and Manning party.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE is the title given the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, lately occupied by R. M. Hooley, with his minstrel band, and which has been leased by J. C. Gregory, who will open it as a variety place of amusement. Talent of all kind is wanted.

MILLIE TURNOUR, the daring young female gymnast, continues at the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., where her performances in the single trapeze have stirred up the Smoky Cityites the past week. H. W. Williams, George R. Edeson, J. S. Clarke, Melinda Nagle, Lucy Clifton, Cara Burton, Ada Harland and Jennie Farquer continue in the company. During the past week a local absurdity called "The Nymph of the Monongahela" was played.

THE CRYSTAL VARIETIES is the name of a place of amusement opened in Action Hall, Third street, near Callowhill, Philadelphia, under the management of A. McCrystal, with Billy Chambers as stage manager. The company engaged the past week consisted of Miss Frank Parker, Mary Frazier, J. C. Keene, Ella Parker, Billy Chambers, Millie Smith, Billy Wright and Mell Kurtz. The Gilmore Sisters were to appear on the 26th.

Circuses.

GARDNER & KENYON'S CIRCUS did a good business at Camden, N. J., on the 22d inst. A correspondent says that "the ring performance was splendid. James McGuire was well up in his business as clown, William Morgan rides a first-class act, and George Cutler brings down the tent with a first class bar act and manipulation of cannon balls. Among the attractions also is Mrs. George Cutler's act on the wire. George Derious, Hunt, Matthews, Rivers and the King Brothers are also with the company. They intend to bring their tour to a close on or about November 1st.

MR. GEORGE W. ORRIN had a narrow escape while performing on the trapeze with his brother Edward, in Panama, on October 1st. Everything went on well until he came to the feat of hanging by a strap around the nape of the neck from the top beam; as he adjusted the strap around the neck and allowed his full weight to bear upon it, the strap gave way and he was precipitated to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. A wild cry went up from the spectators, every one supposing him killed, but he picked himself up, got on the trapeze again, and finished the act. The party were to have left for Central America on the 10th inst., but letters sent to Panama will reach them.

EQUESTRIANS, male and female, are wanted for the winter season by Albisu's Circus, Havana. See advertisement.

LAKE'S CIRCUS pitches tent in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on Oct. 26th and Florence, Ala., Oct. 31st.

DAN RICE'S SHOW exhibited in Philadelphia during the past week, and, when the weather permitted, attracted large assemblages. El Nino Eddie is one of the attractions of this show, and the "People's Choice for President" is another.

BRYAN'S IMMENSE ANIMAL COLLECTION will invade Philadelphia on Monday next, Nov. 2d, and exhibit for two weeks at the Skating Rink, Broad and Wallace streets. In the collection of animals is a "monstrosity" called the "Cowallupus." Should wind and weather permit, this great exhibition ought to do well.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS opened in St. Louis on the 19th inst., to a good house, and had a continuance of the same throughout the week. A correspondent says:—"They give a good show; James Reynolds and Wambold are the clowns. Bailey will continue his exhibitions for a couple of weeks yet, and will then go into winter quarters here, in a new building erected for them."

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS closes the season at Dayton, Ohio, on Oct. 30th.

JAMES DEMOTT AND WIFE can be secured for the winter season. Their address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS exhibited in Meadville, Pa., on Oct. 20th and 21st, after which the concern went into winter quarters at Girard, Pa. While at Titusville on Oct. 15th, the seating arrangements gave way owing to the ground being frozen, and some half a dozen were injured. One lady had her thigh fractured.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE close their tenting season on Oct. 30th.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS closed their season at Jackson, Mich., on Oct. 21st, and the stock reached Detroit on Oct. 22d, where it will be wintered. They made twenty-seven and a half weeks, starting from Greenfield, Ohio, and went as far west as Topeka, Kansas. The season has been a laborious one—hard on the people and horses on account of long routes and excessive hot weather. Business is said to have been good up to within a month of the time of closing, when political excitement had its effect with them, as well as all other shows.

Miscellaneous.

UNION HALL, Johnston, Cambria Co., Pa., situated in a good show town, has a seating capacity of 809, stage well stocked with scenery and convenient dressing rooms, will be ready to rent to first class entertainments in November. See advertisement in another column.

A STEREOPTICON is advertised for sale, by Nelson Read, in another column.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, Louisa Brent and Oscar Shaffer are traveling in the Provinces. They were at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Oct. 14, and were to go thence to Halifax, and through the towns of Nova Scotia to Newfoundland. Wm. McGill is business manager.

WYMAN, the ventriloquist and wizard, commenced a short season on the 19th inst, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., and has been attracting large audiences. His performances are much enjoyed, the feats of the Professor in ventriloquism being a feature of the entertainment. Greenbacks, tons of coal, cords of wood, hardware, cutlery, dry goods, groceries and fancy articles are probably distributed at the close of each exhibition to holders of lucky numbers.

A FEMALE BEAR is advertised for sale, in another column, by E. R. Hunter.

A TENOR VOCALIST, a good reader, is in want of an engagement. See card elsewhere.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA was billed at Hyde Park, Mass., Oct. 24th, and Waltham, 26th.

MAHAN'S NEW HALL, Lexington, Ill., capable of seating 600 persons, having a stage, dressing rooms and drop curtain, is advertised to rent.

EDWIN RUPERT has closed in Detroit, Mich., and joined the Zanfretta and Siegrist Troupe, who were playing the past week at the Olympic, Detroit, under the management of E. W. Palmer.

HARRY GURR, the celebrated swimmer, advertises that he is prepared to negotiate to give his performance of "Natator the Man Fish." See his card.

JOHN SIVORI continues to teach the violin and banjo day and evening at 290 Sixth avenue, this city.

THE HANLON BROTHERS appear in Wilmington, Del., on Nov. 2d and 3d.

HARRY ROBINSON, vocalist, with his mechanical donkey, can be engaged for two or four weeks after the 7th of November. See his card elsewhere.

A MANAGER wants an energetic man with small capital. See advertisement in another column.

JOHN MAC EVOY publishes a card in another column notifying the public that he has copyrighted the title of Mac Evoy's Hibernicon, and all parties are cautioned against infringing on the same.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Logansport, Ind., which has been thoroughly overhauled, redecorated and enlarged, can be rented by the week or single night by traveling companies, as will be seen by a card in another column.

GREGORY'S COMBINATION appears in Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 26th, 27th and 28th.

J. GASSETT gives a concert in Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 30th.

A STEREOPTICON is to be exhibited in Springfield, Mass., all next week.

STEPHENS, the Psychologist, holds forth on Nov. 9th and 10th, in Springfield, Mass.

WHISTON, the humorist, who is making a detour of the New England towns, puts in Nov. 14th at Springfield, Mass., where he remains five nights.

JAMES E. MURDOCH is about to emerge from his retirement of some months past, and will give a reading of selections from Dickens and Shakespeare, in the town hall of Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst. He has also prepared a lecture on "Abraham Lincoln," interspersed with poetical quotations and recitations, which he will soon deliver in the east.

THE CINCINNATI RINK is open for roller skating three evenings of each week, and is well patronized by the lovers of the exercise of both sexes. Eugene St. Clair is master of ceremonies, and made his appearance last week in a burlesque act entitled the "Grecian Bend."

THE CINCINNATI ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, an exhibition gotten up by the artists of that city, is now open.

HENRY C. DOBSON continues to manufacture his patent Banjo. See his card in another column.

FOOTNER & SCHMIDT, theatrical wig makers, advertise elsewhere.

A JUGGLER AND ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN is wanted by George McLear for his Novelty Troupe. See advertisement.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, opened for the season on the 20th inst., in "She Stoops to Conquer." Young Marlowe was personated by A. J. Ray, Tony Lumpkin by J. H. Carter, an Insurance President, and Old Hardcastle by W. Kennedy. These were well done, as was the little part of Diggory by O. J. Dodds. Miss Hardcastle by Mrs. Moore, and Miss Neville by Miss Smith, were nicely taken......The Davenport Club, of the same city, is to attempt Henry VIII this week, and the Shakespeare is about to essay "The Twelfth Night."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRES.—"The Rightful Heir," by Lord Lytton, was produced at the Lyceum on Oct. 3d. It is a revision of the same author's play of "The Sea Captain," produced at the Haymarket in 1839. It was well received and continued the attraction up to last advices......During the peregrinations of the company in the provinces the Haymarket has been redecorated. The season was to open on Oct 19th, with Kate Bateman in "Leah," supported by Chippendale, J. B. Howe, Mrs. Chippendale and others......The Olympic was re-opened [illegible] same management as before, with "The [illegible]

has taken place at the Surrey, Astley's and Alexandria Theatres, or Holborn Amphitheatre......At Sad'er's Wells "Romeo and Juliet" has been revived, and played in conjunction with "London by Gaslight."......"The Scamps of London" and "The Lonely Man of the Ocean" have been the attraction at the Victoria"...... The great attraction at the Pavilion has been Onra, who has appeared in a series of gymnastic feats...... Charles Dickens gave the first of a series of farewell readings on Oct. 6th, at St. James' Hall......Boothroyd Fairclough opened an engagement at Sadler's Wells on Oct. 2d, in "The Merchant of Venice," supported by Miss Haslewood as Portia. The sensation play of "London by Gaslight" was the afterpiece...... The Royal Alfred Theatre opened on the 12th under the direction of Amy Sedgwick......"Land Rats and Water Rats" keeps the stage at the Surrey......Buckstone, with all the company from the Haymarket, was announced to appear at the Standard Theatre on the 12th, for one week, being his first appearance at that theatre......"Blow for Blow" is doing well at the Holborn......Brough's burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" was performed at the Strand on Oct. 12th for the 158th time.

MAD. CELESTE appeared in Brighton, England, on October 5th, in "Green Bushes."

KATE SAVILLE, at the termination of her engagement with Barry Sullivan in Liverpool and Bristol, resumes her provincial tour with the drama of "Ruth."

MRS. RACHEL BOOTH died in Walworth, England, on October 5th, in the 56th year of her age.

W. G. GILBERT, low comedian, died in Sussex, England on October 3d.

AYNESLEY COOK, who was in this country with the Cooper English Opera Troupe, appeared in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne on October 5th, as General Boum in the "Grand Duchess."

KATE REIGNOLDS and T. H. Glenny commenced an engagement in Glasgow, at the Prince of Wales Theatre on the 5th inst., in a play called "Stolen" ("Nobody's Daughter.")

JOHN S. CLARKE opened in Dublin on October 5th, in Wellington De Boots, and his reception was very enthusiastic. The Nelson Sisters were to follow him on October 12th.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Our latest accounts from the Australian Colonies are up to August 16th. During the previous month scarcely anything worthy of note had transpired in the theatrical world. Walter Montgomery had been performing in Adelaide, also Lenton and Smith's Japs. The Nathan Juvenile Troupe, who opened at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on July 20th, terminated their engagement on Aug. 1st, and were followed on the 3d by Miss Cleveland, who re-appeared in the *role* of Leah. For her benefit on Aug. 17th, Walter Montgomery was to volunteer......The Duke of Edinburgh Theatre was opened early in August, once for the benefit of the late employees; second, for Mlle. St. Denis and Dolly Green; thirdly, for the educated poor of the Melbourne Society; and fourthly—Aug. 15th—under the management of Spiller and Marsh, with a poor company......At the Princess' Theatre, W. B Gill took a farewell benefit on July 20th, producing "Caste" and "Lady Audley's Secret," the latter piece re-introducing to a Melbourne audience Mrs. Harry Jackson after a long absence in California. Grace Egerten and George Case took a benefit on July 24th. On July 25th Mr. Simmonds became lessee and opened the house with a mediocre company.

JULIA SEAMAN, late of the London, Plymouth and Manchester theatres, wishes the American public to know that the lady lately performing in Brooklyn, N. Y., under that name, is not the original, as that lady intends shortly to visit America.

J. L. TOOLE has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in Byron's drama of "Dearer than Life."

MISS JOSEPHINE FIDDES has been playing a round of characters at the Theatre Royal Swansea.

A LETTER FROM BRUSSELS says.—"The Marchioness de Caux—or, as it seems she still prefers to be called, Adelina Patti—has signed an engagement for three representations at the Grand Opera here, to be given in the middle of November, when the prima donna comes here *en route* for St. Petersburgh. As she has never sung at Brussels before, the expectations are as high as the prices of the places probably will be, and the manager (M. Letellier) is much complimented upon his success in these negotiations."

ALEXANDER DUMAS' drama "La Conscience," has been revived, with complete success, at the Odeon, Paris.

"STAGE AND STATE," a version, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, of Legouve's "Beatrix; ou La Madone de l'Art," has been played at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Miss Neilson supporting the part of the heroine.

"L'ARMURIER DE SANTIAGO," a drama in five acts and a prologue, by M. Joseph Bouchardy, is the latest novelty at the Chatelet, Paris. It is founded upon the idea of "The Man in the Iron Mask." A political prisoner. the Duc de Bragance, is ordered to wear a silver mask. His daughter is brought up by the Armourer of Santiago, who, finding an opportunity, relieves the duke of his inconvenient incumbrance and aids him to escape. The governor of the prison, knowing that a visit from the inspecting admiral is at hand, and dreading the consequences of a discovery of the prisoner's escape, assumes his cloak and mask. Thus disguised, he is strangled in place of his supposed captive, for whose death the admiral brings an order.

CHARLES OSBORNE'S adaptation of M. Victor Hugo's drama of "Hernani" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on Oct. 5th.

A NEW FIVE ACT DRAMA, by M. Ernest Rasetti, has been produced at the Theatre la Gaite, Paris.

E. P. HINGSTON took a benefit on Oct. 2d, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, and the affair was a great success.

J. B. BUCKSTONE appeared with the Haymarket Company, from London, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Oct. 2d, when he took a benefit in "Married Life," "Shocking Events," and "The Dead Shot." The company closed there on the 3d in "School for Scandal."

GARDINER COYNE commenced an engagement at Paisley, Eng., on Oct. 5th, in "The Irish Emigrant."

THE RING.

WORMALD AND ROOKE'S EXHIBITION.

Between three and four hundred persons passed through the portals of the lower hall at 600 Broadway on Saturday evening, 24th inst., then for the first time thrown open to the fistic element, upon the occasion of a joint sparring entertainment given by George Rooke and Joe Wormald. It is safe to presume that the majority had gone there especially to see Wormald set-to, but in this they were disappointed, as Joseph was absent from the city, having, it was apologetically stated by Father Tovee, "gone on to Boston to meet his wife and children and hadn't got back yet." As is always the case, more's the pity, the posters promised much more than was performed, and it was rather amusing to the "knowing ones" to note some of the names anounced. Among the number was Ed. Wilson, who seldom if ever set-to in public with the gloves, and Sam Collyer, who, being unfortunately something less than two thousand miles away, and unable to return by telegraph, could not appear. It is not probable, however, that this served to mislead the public to any extent, as past experience has taught them to place no reliance upon "bills of the play" in these days when fraud is the rule and the opposite the exception. It is useless to harp upon the folly of this practice, however, as the fraternity do not appear capable of perceiving the injury it works. The entertainment commenced with a set-to between Abe Hicken, who had arrived from Philadelphia during the day, and Leon, not the burlesque *prima donna*, but a tall knight of the goose. As the tailor makes little pretensions to boxing ability, and had gone on merely for a starter, Abe had everything his own way, though Leon took his gruel willingly, and caught Ebenezer, or Abraham, whichever it is, several times on the frontispiece, gaining much applause therefor. A diminutive but "knowing" youthful hunchback, who is to be seen at every exhibition, and dubbed "Jack of Clubs" by Riley (not the one-eyed chap of that name, but "Corn Beef Tom,") was next ushered on by Tovee, and gave a song and dance, followed, on an *encore*, by "Captain Jinks." A brace of kids succeeded him, and they in turn were followed by Young Gallagher and Connelly; the last was a rattling engagement, but Connelly was altogether too weighty for the boy with the auburn ringlets, who nevertheless stood up to the rack without flinching. Both are "up to snuff" and had they been more of a size the meet would have been more interesting. A young fellow, named Cotter, then went through a few evolutions with Kehoe's clubs, after which Omealia and Larkins boxed each other for a spell, and gave place to Dooney Harris, the artful, and Mike Costello. Though age begins to tell upon him, Dooney gave evidence that his hands had not yet forgot their cunning, and with his dodging and manœuvring frequently placed Michael at fault, though the latter propped him pretty heavily more than twice. The antics of the old 'un created much merriment, and altogether it was by far the best meet of the evening. A brace of "chumps," who, from their actions, one would judge had never before seen a pair of boxing gloves, next mounted the stage and pummeled away for the space of fifteen minutes, during which their futile attempts to hit each other kept the lookers-on in a continual roar. The bout wound up in a tame display of wrestling, both dropping the gloves and taking collar and elbow holds, but they finally desisted by mutual consent, being evidently afraid of "mussing their clothes." An apology was now made for Wormald's non-appearance, and then, after returning thanks on behalf of Rooke, Tovee introduced the *beneficiaire* and his quondam opponent, Tim Hussey, who had consented to appear instead of Joseph. It was expected that the rivalry between these men and a desire on the part of each to prove the truth of their respective representation of the "true facts of the case" in connection with their recent room fight, would lead to a slashing encounter, but it fell short of expectations. In science Rooke showed himself to be infinitely superior to Jim, who is the more muscular and went in on the rushing principle throughout, which brought them to a clinch almost before a blow was struck and so deprived the set-to, in a great measure, of the interest it would otherwise have possessed. This "wound up the sports of the evening," *vide* Uncle Tovee, and the crowd quietly went their several ways. We understand that in consequence of Wormald's non-attendance Rooke will be compelled to accept the entire receipts.

CHARLEY GALLAGHER WILL FIGHT JIMMY ELLIOTT.

Of late the old grudge between Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott has burst forth afresh, and there seems now a prospect of the talk resulting in something more satisfactory than it has hitherto done. Gallagher appears perfectly sincere in his expressed desire for a second meeting, and if Elliot really cares to fight anybody he ought to give Charley the desired opportunity. Just before going to press we received a long communication from Gallagher, of which press of matter compels us to give only the substance, which is as follows:—

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 23, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—The day Mr. Elliott and I drew our stakes he refused to take $150 and put the fight back for three weeks, but took $150 to draw the stakes, giving me his word and honor that when I got well and could raise any money he would give me the first chance for any amount, large or small, if it was only $100. Now I am well and have raised $300, which I am very anxious to fight him for, and wish to have it open for $500, to fight from one week to eight weeks from signing articles, and the fight to take place in Canada, where it can come off without interference. I have learned since my fight with Davis that he said in the ring, while I was out of time, that it was all a sham—that I was a cur—after being pronounced dead by Dr. Dennelly. He is the only man living I wish to fight, and I will meet him with my money in his own town, Detroit, to sign articles any day he may appoint inside of two months; the sooner we meet in the ring the better, to prove which is the cur.

Yours, etc., CHARLES C. GALLAGHER.

THE O'BALDWIN-WORMALD MATCH.

Nothing of special note has occurred in connection with the championship match between Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald, which, should nothing further transpire to compel a postponement, will probably be decided ere another impression of the CLIPPER is struck off. The Giant commenced preparatory work at Coburn's Harlem Hotel, 125th street, on Tuesday, 20th inst., with J. H. O'Conner as his mentor, and during the week [illegible] the 22d instant Wormald proceeded to Boston, ostensibly for the purpose of meeting his wife and child, and up to the hour of going to press had not returned to the metropolis, although having a benefit, in conjunction with Rooke, on the night of the 24th, which fact has given rise to suspicions not very flattering to Joseph, although they may prove altogether undeserved. Rooke obtained a telegram from him on the morning of the 26th, stating that he was detained at the Hub in consequence of the non-arrival of the vessel on board of which were his family. Taken altogether, the affair wears a very curious aspect, and it was expected that the meet at Coburn's, on the 26th, would clear up the mystery surrounding it.

FISTIC MATTERS IN THE HOOSIER STATE.—Dick Hollywood appears to be doing right well among the Hoosiers, which we are pleased to know. On the 17th inst. he set a lunch at his hostelrie in Indianapolis, the "New White House," when there was quite a congregation of the fancy resident in that section, some of whom made matters lively by mimic combats with the mittens. It was expected that Mike Donovan, of Chicago, and Jac Boyne, of Peru, would be on hand to complete a proposed milling match, to take place in six weeks' time, but the latter failed to raise the necessary "blunt." The "Nonpareil" and his brother-in-law, Dooney, wound up the exercises by an interesting [illegible]

AARON AND EDWARDS MATCHED—WILL ANYTHING COME OF IT?—On the evening of Tuesday, 20th inst., P. Campbell, a prominent official of the City of Churches, dropped into Florence's, Broadway and Houston streets, and while there the conversation turned upon the proposed boxing match between Billy Edwards and Barney Aaron. The former was present and was asked by Mr. C. if he would fight. He responded in the affirmative, when Campbell turned to one of "the brothers," and asked for his opinion of Billy. He replied that he thought well enough of him to go $250 in a match on his behalf against Aaron, whereupon the Brooklynite said he would find the balance, and back Edwards against Aaron at 122 lbs. Jim Collins was acting as spokesman for Barney (who was in Springfield, Mass.), and after seeing some friends, covered the $250 posted by Campbell and Cale for Edwards, the latter holding it. It was arranged that the men should fight at 122 lbs. in one month from the 20th inst., and agreed that the party failing to be on hand to draw up articles and increase the deposit to $500 a side, on the 27th inst. should forfeit that already planked. The announcement of the match caused quite a breeze in fistic circles, but from present indications there is little prospect of its going on, as the official mentioned don't seem inclined to carry out his expressed intention at the time of making the match, giving Edwards (who says he is willing to fight Barney at said weight if anybody will back him) no satisfactory answer when asked for the wherewithal necessary to place him in a proper way to get fit. After so much talk it will be a pity if the match is allowed to fall through now. However, this (Tuesday) evening will settle the question, when the second meeting is to be held at Florence's.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—The pending pugilistic encounter between Abe Hicken, formerly of Wolverhampton, England, but now of the city of Quakers, and Pete Maguire, of Fishkill, New York, for two thousand dollars in green paper and the title of light weight champion, as yet creates no excitement, owing to the length of time which will elapse ere the arrival of the day agreed upon for the passage at arms. It is looked upon as an event of considerable importance, however, and when the day draws nigh doubtless much of the ready will be invested by the friends of the men. The adherents of the Englishman pin their faith upon his fine science, artfulness and great knowledge of ring tactics, while Pete's partisans, besides claiming for him great ability and endurance, place much stress upon the fact that he will be several pounds the heavier man upon the day. The third instalment of two hundred and fifty dollars a side was staked at the CLIPPER office on Monday, 26th inst., Hicken, who had come on from Philadelphia on the 23d inst., attending in person, accompanied by Billy Edwards, while the money on Maguire's behalf was put up by his brother, Barney. This makes a clear thousand now in the hands of the temporary stakeholder, and the next deposit of $250 a side has to be tabled at this office before 4 o'clock P. M. on Monday, November 9th.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF GEORGE SEDDONS.—On Tuesday evening, 20th inst., a sparring exhibition was given at Waitt's Hall, South Boston, for the benefit of Jemmy Welsh, trainer of George Seddons for his recent fight with Tom Kelly at the Isle of Shoals. The authorities were on the alert for George, and as it was understood that he would be present, several State constables were posted in the neighborhood, ready to pounce upon him. Contrary to expectation, he was found on Broadway and taken into custody by Constables Merse, Mooney and Maguire, who subsequently committed him to the Tombs to await examination. He was arrested on a complaint based on the 17th section of the 160th chapter of the General Statutes, which provides for the punishment by a fine not exceeding $5,000 or by confinement in the State Prison for a term not exceeding five years, of any resident of the State who leaves the State for the purpose of engaging in a prize fight. On the morning of the 23d inst. be was arraigned in the Criminal Court and, in default of $5,000 bail, was committed for trial.

MILLING MATCH NEAR BALTIMORE.—A little "difference" having occurred between a couple of sports resident in the Monumental City, and named respectively Lute Montgomery and Charley Hicks, they, after considerable argument, concluded to adjust it by a passage with nature's weapons, and to make it more interesting $200 a side is said to have been dependent on the issue. Montgomery, who is about 20 years of age and stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height, was seconded by Tom Montgomery and Mike Kehoe; Hicks is six years older, 5 ft 7 in. in stature, and was esquired by Billy White and George Morgan. The battle took place on the Frederick road, a short distance from the city, and was in favor of Lute all through, Hicks being outfought at all points, and going down or being knocked down in nearly every round up to the sixteenth, when, seeing no chance of his winning, his seconds tossed up the sponge in token of defeat.

KELLY'S MONEY STILL UNCOVERED.—On Saturday, 24th inst., George Rooke called upon us and stated that he was willing to make a match to fight Tom Kelly, providing the latter would alter the period of sealing until the morning of the day agreed upon for doing battle, and promised to make his word good by covering the latter's deposit of $50 on the 26th. Up to the hour of going to press, however, George had failed to show up. Has he changed his mind, or will nobody back him against Thomas

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.—In justice to Tim Hussey, and in order to remove the false impression created by the caption of the report of his battle with George Rooke in our last issue, we would state that the latter was *not* the victor in said fight, but that it was declared a draw, and, as stated in the body of the article, each man received half the amount fought for. Tim says he "thought he was in condition, but he wasn't," and is willing to have another go at any time Rooke feels inclined.

HICKEN'S BENEFIT.—Abe Hicken, the scientific English light weight, now matched to box Peter Maguire, an old opponent of Tommy Chandler, has secured the lower hall, 600 Broadway, for Saturday evening, 31st inst., when he will be the recipient of a sparring testimonial. His brother Harry will "show" in the metropolis for the first time in a long while on the occasion, and for the wind-up Abe is down with Billy Edwards.

BARNEY AARON AND BUTT RILEY gave a sparring exhibition at Montague Hall on the night of the 20th inst., which was a success pecuniarily, if not fistically. Too many "infants" appeared before the "professors" came on, and the performance was preluded by a rough and tumble between two Springfield plugs.

A CORRESPONDENT states that a mill took place near Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 22d inst., between F. Goodwin and J. G. Rial, for a purse of $500. He says that the former won, but neglects to mention time and rounds.

BILL WARD, a prominent bookmaker and backer of pugs, who arrived from England a short time ago, left for California last week.

BOB BRETTLE was announced to take a benefit at Waitt's Hall, South Boston, on the night of the 26th. Patsy Sheppard, who is traveling with Bob, was to assist.

TOM KELLY AND PATSY REARDON had arranged for a joint exhibition at Spring Hall, Cincinnati, O., on the night of the 24th inst.

AARON JONES is said to be in bad health at present.

HOME AGAIN.—Jem Ward arrived out in the City of Antwerp during the latter part of the week ending October 24th.

☞ We have letters for Butt Riley, Tom McAlpine, Jack Goulding, Johnny Lafferty, and John Dorsey.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM,
BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET.
Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Two performances daily. Afternoon, at 2; evening, at 8 o'clock.
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE.
Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee.
IXION, THE MAN AT THE WHEEL,
"Is the greatest success of the season. It is the brightest and wittiest, the best mounted and best played burlesque we ever had.
THE LOVERS OF FUN LIKE IT.
THE LOVERS OF MUSIC ARE PLEASED WITH IT.
THE LOVERS OF BEAUTY GROW WILD ABOUT IT."
To be preceded by THE WATER WITCHES.
Every other afternoon, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE by the company throughout the day.
ALL THE WONDERS OF WOOD'S MUSEUM.
Admission 30 cts., including the upper tier of Theatre. 30-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.
JAMES E. HAYES......Lessee and Manager.
C. W. TAYLEURE......Business Manager.
GREATER CROWDS THAN EVER BEFORE.
Only standing room at 9. Throngs turned away.
OCTOBER 26.
251st Performance of G. L. FOX's Reconstructed Pantomime,
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
The inimitable American Comedian and Clown,
MR. GEORGE L. FOX.
MLLE. SANGALI AND THE ITALIAN BALLET.
The Best Ballet Troupe in America.
Fairy Marvels, Fairy Enchantments, Comic Tricks, — NEW BALLETS. — Grand Ballets, Witty Burlesques, Gorgeous Spectacles.
C. K. Fox......Pantaloon — F. Lacy......Harlequin
Mrs. C. Edmonds......Romance — Millie Sackett......Burlesque
Messrs. Tarr, Gillett, Howland, Quinlan, and others.
H. D. MATINEES 1½ WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

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Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
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WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
RARE COMBINATION OF ATTRACTIONS!
THREE CHAMPION RIDERS
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MLLE. CAROLINE ROLLAND,
WHO ACHIEVES, ON A BAREBACKED STEED,
the most difficult feats attempted by other lady riders on a broad saddle or "pad."
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UNEQUALED GYMNASTS AND ACROBATS.
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DIVERSIFIED ACTS IN THE RING,
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LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK.
LEON'S GRAND DUTCH "S" "At Home" every evening.
LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK.
MONDAY EVENING NEXT,
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JACK CADE.
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SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31,
MATILDA HERON,
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Seventh and most positively last week of
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which must be withdrawn, notwithstanding its great success, to give place to an Original Burlesque,
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The uncontrollable Public Excitement occasioned by the great
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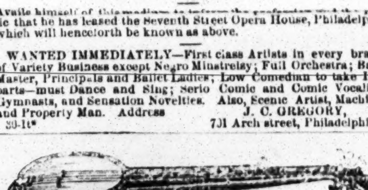

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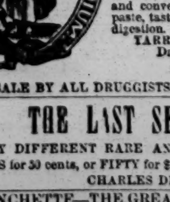

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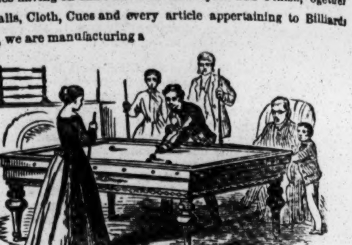

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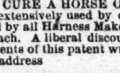

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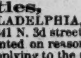

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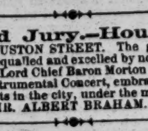

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